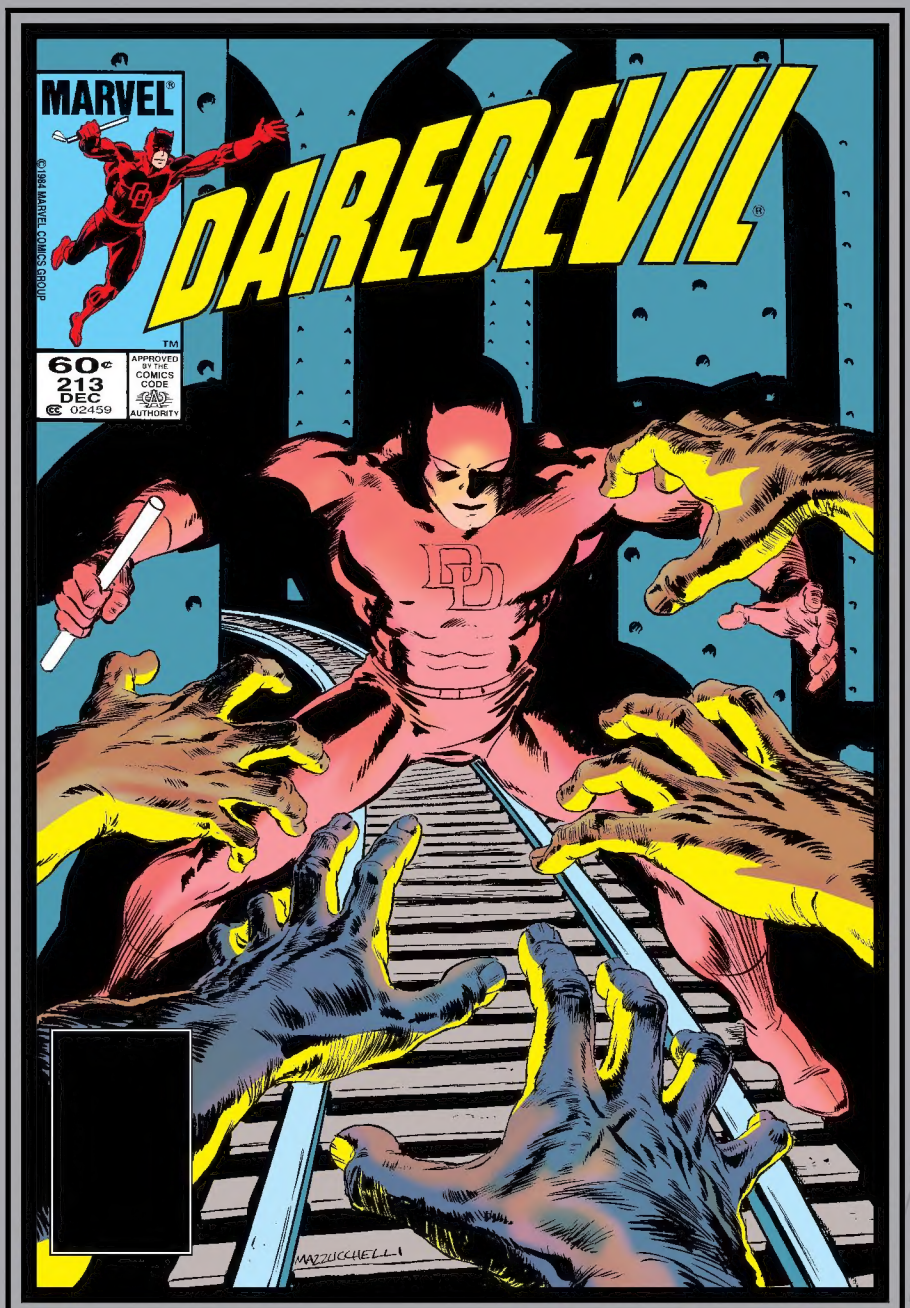
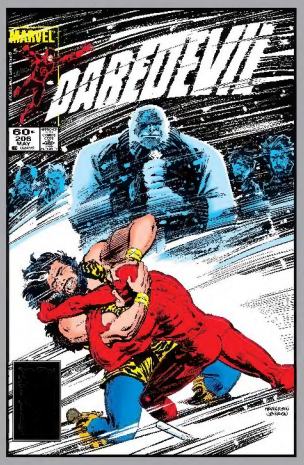
MARVEL MASTERWORKS
DAREDEVIL
VOLUME 19



DAREDEVIL Nos. 204-214
DENNIS O'NEIL & DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
NIGHT OF THE GAEL!

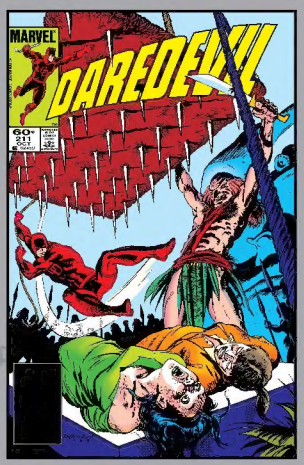

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
HUNTED BY HYDRA!

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
THE DEADLIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
KEEP AWAY!
HELP ME!

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL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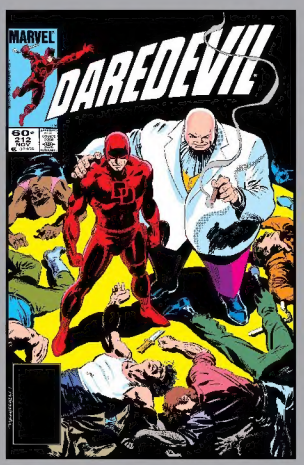
DAREDEVIL


MARVEL
DAREDEVIL

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
SYNN... NO MORE!

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

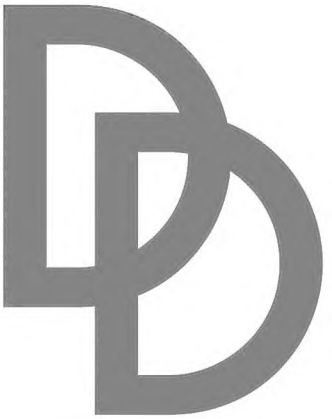
PRESENTS

VOLUME 19

COLLECTING

DAREDEVIL Nos. 204-214

DENNIS O'NEIL • DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI



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MARVEL MASTERWORKS
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NOS. 204-214

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Special Thanks: Michael Higgins & Ralph Macchio

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INTRODUCTION
BY MICHAEL HIGGINS

Frank Miller had turned *Daredevil* into one of Marvel's top-sellers and a fan favorite. Now he was gone, and I was the assistant editor recently assigned to the title. One thing for certain was that we were going to have an extremely difficult act to follow. Although he returned to ink Ed Hannigan's cover to *Daredevil* #206, Klaus Janson—who had been finishing Frank's pencils, then layouts, and who had stayed on for a few more issues in an attempt to keep the art style consistent—had also decided to leave the book. Klaus had been inking *Daredevil* for years even before Frank showed up.

Denny O'Neil had been editing *Daredevil* for most of Frank Miller's groundbreaking run. Now the book had been reassigned to our new editorial team, because Denny O'Neil had been chosen to write the book. Denny seemed an obvious choice, having spent a number of years writing Batman, and the art was assigned to newcomer William Johnson, who had exactly four issues of *Master of Kung Fu* to his credit at this time. Danny Bulanadi had also come aboard as regular inker. When I became the assistant, this was the regular *Daredevil* team, already with several issues under their belts. These guys really were in the hot seat, and they knew it.

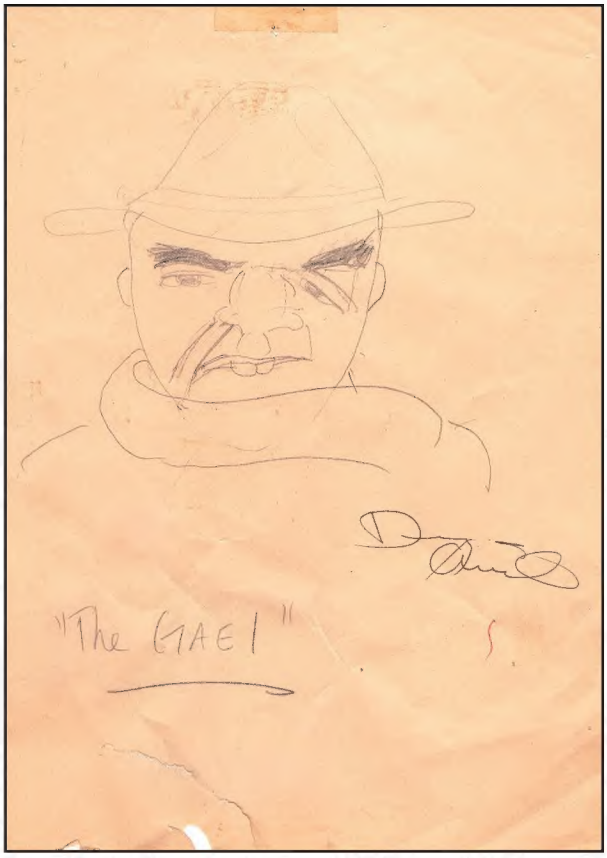
A plot conference with Denny, frequently over lunch at the nearby Abbey Tavern, was pretty much bare bones. Denny was always prepared with his "macguffin," a plot device often employed by the likes of Alfred Hitchcock—or famously in *The Maltese Falcon*—a sort of contrivance that advances the plot but in and of itself is unimportant. This is the type of thing Denny was a big fan of. Naturally, in the office we referred to these as "McMuffins." Denny would also have some rough idea for whatever new antagonist he might be creating, and Denny wrote full scripts, rather than plots that would be scripted after the art was penciled, in what was then considered the DC method. He would often be seen during the early hours in his office struggling over his typewriter working out the details.

Bullpenner Morrie Kuramoto remembered the days when a much younger Denny first worked for Marvel in the 1960s, before he'd ever worked at DC. According to Morrie, Stan Lee actually let Denny go at the time, because whenever he saw him, all Denny seemed to be doing was pacing around the office smoking his pipe. You could do things like that in offices back then. Anyway, to Stan, it apparently appeared that smoking his pipe was the only thing Denny was doing. Denny had obviously refined his work habits over the years, maybe even as a result. There was no more smoking and no more pacing.

I liked William Johnson and I liked his work. Unfortunately, having suddenly been tossed into the deep end of the pool, William had a little trouble meeting the tight, monthly deadlines. That's how Luke McDonnell, currently Denny's regular collaborator on *Iron Man*, ended up penciling the first story in this collection, *DD* #204, pitching in to give William a breather. This issue featured the return of Micah Synn, a character who debuted in #202 that Denny was hoping would become to Daredevil what his Ra's al Ghul had become to Batman…but unfortunately, fans didn't really warm up to the character the same way. I suspect that after the gritty, inner-city tone of the Miller years, a Tarzan-like character simply didn't resonate with readers at the time.

Then Denny came up with a character called the Gael for issue #205. With editor Bob Budiansky away on vacation, Denny decided to come talk to me one day. He was especially displeased with the visual for the Gael when he saw the pages, which he didn't think captured his intent, the more incendiary nature of the character. He thought the Gael just looked like some ordinary guy, and I saw his point. I asked Denny if he could show me what he had in mind, and right then and there

Denny picked up a pencil and drew a quick sketch. I kept this extremely rare piece of Denny O'Neil original art all these years, and I even got him to sign it! Denny also didn't think the cover to *DD* #205 was exciting enough, and once again I agreed with him. Denny and I had staff colorist Paul Becton work up a sketch for a new cover. It was something like you might see on an old Shadow pulp, with the silhouette of hands reaching menacingly toward the figure on the cover. Denny was pleased with it, thinking it better captured the feel of the story he was trying to tell. With Denny and I on the same page, we pleaded the case to have the Gael considerably reworked throughout the issue and to have the new cover drawn, but we were overruled. Instead, Daredevil's radar sense was added to the cover, ostensibly to "save" it, and nothing at all was done about the Gael's appearance throughout the issue. By the way…when the Gael appeared a little later in *Daredevil* #216, he looked quite a bit more like the way Denny envisioned him.



With issue #206, Micah Synn was back, and there was another "fill in" penciler. A short time earlier, as fate would have it, I had lettered the very first story David Mazzucchelli ever penciled for Marvel. It was an issue of *Master of Kung Fu*, #121. Several years earlier, I had also lettered the first few *Daredevil* features that Frank Miller ever wrote, and I also lettered the title on the first page of *Daredevil* Frank ever penciled, way back in *DD* #158. Given the mismatched style of the inker he was paired with, I think it is safe to say David's *Master of Kung Fu* debut wasn't an auspicious launch that foretold his remarkable career. And, with *Daredevil* #207, William Johnson was back, and so was the Gael, still looking a bit more like a leprechaun than a super villain, in what turned out to be William's final outing on the title. This time, William's cover pencils were inked by the one-and-only Bill Sienkiewicz, the one and only time they ever collaborated! What can I say? Bill was a good buddy and a fantastic artist.

For personal reasons, Denny was forced to miss two issues, but he had someone special in mind to take his place in the interim—legendary science fiction and television writer Harlan Ellison! I first saw Harlan on an episode of the *Tomorrow Show* in 1974 featuring a reunion of a few of the *Star Trek* cast members. Harlan was arguing that *Star Trek* was nothing more than a cop show. Roy Thomas had done a Hulk story and a couple of issues of *The Avengers* with him some years earlier and Roy had also adapted *"Repent Harlequin!" said the Tick-Tock Man* in *Unknown Worlds of Science Fiction*, with some extraordinary art by the Amazing Alex Niño. I loved all that stuff!

It seemed a little surreal to find myself actually working with Harlan—to actually be speaking with him as part of my job—but even though the story was conceived by Harlan, the majority of the work on the two issues was done predominantly by Arthur Byron Cover. Harlan was always a big

proponent of Arthur's work. More than a decade earlier Harlan had bought Arthur's first story…but it wasn't published till decades later after Harlan died. Arthur went on to a fairly successful career, not only as a sci-fi writer, but also in animated TV. His television credits include *The Transformers* and *Defenders of the Earth.* I worked on the comic adaptations of both those series for Marvel.

We were already working on issue #209 and we were ready to send issue #208 off to be printed… when word came from above that we would have to come up with something else instead. They told us Harlan hadn't realized he would have to sign a work-for-hire agreement, as none had been required earlier. Harlan was reluctant, and without that agreement, we couldn't publish his work. Thankfully, Marvel's VP of Publishing, Michael Hobson, stepped in and spoke with Harlan. As it turned out, all Harlan wanted was a few minor adjustments to clearly exclude work not done for Marvel…and after a few very minor revisions were agreed upon and initialed, Harlan was back on board, and we were able to send the issues out.

Despite Harlan's cantankerous reputation, I had only good experiences with him. A short time later, in the days before the internet, I still had his phone number from working with him on these *Daredevil* issues, and I called Harlan up with a question from a friend of mine who was teaching at Brooklyn College and had his class reading *"Repent Harlequin!" said the Tick-Tock Man.* I think he had a question about some World War II flying ace referenced in the story. What better way to get the answer to a question about the story than from the man who actually wrote it? Harlan was extremely gracious and generous with his time. A few years later, Roy Thomas gave Harlan my home phone number when he was looking to contact Gerry Conway. It was mighty strange to be woken up by Harlan Ellison, but that was what happened…and I was glad to sort of be able to return the favor and the courtesy he had shown me.

When the deadlines got to be too much for him, William Johnson decided to leave Daredevil behind. We understood his reasoning, but we were sorry to see him go. I'm not sure whatever became of William. After he left *Daredevil*, William did one issue of *Transformers* (#7), a *Rom Annual* (#4) and a few pinups for *Savage Sword of Conan* #105. As far as I know, William left the comic world completely behind. As a result, what started out as a temporary assignment when David Mazzucchelli was chosen to do the Harlan Ellison/Arthur Byron Cover issues became a permanent assignment instead. David Mazzucchelli would be staying on as our penciler, and he also plotted issue #210, which was scripted by Denny O'Neil upon his return. Ironically, David was plotting the book, but he still didn't get to ink it.

As time went by, David made it clear that if he had his way, that's what he wanted to do. In addition to penciling, David also wanted to be inking the book, too. His style was rapidly developing, and neither he—nor I—felt that Danny Bulanadi was the best match for his pencils. David's work was becoming more graphic and stylized, maybe even abstract, to a certain degree…and, fine inker though he was, Danny's hard, sharp delineation wasn't catching the expressiveness, the looseness, the subtlety of David's pencils. Their styles just weren't a great match. David was given the chance to draw his first cover with *DD* #208, this time inked by Bob Wiacek, but there were extensive in-house revisions to the main Daredevil figure. Then, in a sort of prelude of things to come, David was finally given the opportunity to ink his own pencils for the very first time on the cover of *DD* #209. Finally, fans were able to see David's work as he intended it. Then for *DD* #210, we were able to get a striking cover penciled and inked by Mike Zeck. David inked his own pencils again on the covers to issues #211 and #212. Not only that…but these issues also featured the long-awaited return of the Kingpin, who had risen to the top of the super-villain hierarchy during Frank Miller's run. It's fair to say that David's version of the Kingpin became as iconic as Frank's had been. More and more, we were seeing that David and Frank shared a singular vision of the character. Little did we know what was to come. Things were really starting to look up again for DD fans!

And right about then, after the death of Sol Brodsky, who had been Stan Lee's right-hand man during the early years at Marvel, there was some re-division of responsibility as the Editorial Department was restructured a bit to encompass what up until then had been Sol's domain. Marvel's Special Projects Department was no longer a separate entity from Editorial. During this restructuring, some editors adopted new responsibilities and others found themselves promoted. And, in the process, the editorial reins on *Daredevil* were handed over to Ralph Macchio, who had been Denny O'Neil's assistant editor on *Daredevil* when Frank Miller was writing and drawing the series. Pat Redding, another assistant editor at the time, was recruited to lend a hand on the inks for issue #212. Pretty much the entire time David was on the book, he'd been campaigning for the chance to ink his own work, but up until now, his numerous entreaties had been routinely denied. It wasn't until the request fell on new-editor Ralph Machhio's ears—on either side of the prominent proboscis made famous by long-time Marvel staff artist Marie Severin—that David's appeals were finally heard…and his request granted! After penciling and inking the covers to *DD* #213-214, David was finally given the go-ahead to pencil and ink his own artwork on the interiors of *DD* #214. I would venture to say, this is really what the book should have looked like all along…or imagine if Klaus Janson had decided to stay on the title just a little longer. I think it would have been great if Klaus had managed to get a crack at David Mazzucchelli's pencils, but I guess the fates had other plans.

Incidentally, Ralph later recruited Danny Bulanadi for a long run as regular inker on another title he was editing, none other than the World's Greatest Comic Magazine, *Fantastic Four.* There, Danny was partnered with a penciler he was more suited to. And, even though I was no longer one of *Daredevil*'s editors, I did end up doing the logo for Ralph that would run on *Daredevil* #215-226 and the letters page logo, "Devil's Advocate," that would begin running in issue #214. Just tossed in for good measure, I also lettered "The Phone Call," the Denny O'Neil/Ralph Macchio fumetti piece you'll find at the end of this volume in with the special features.

Before signing off, I also want to mention Joe Rosen, one of the unsung heroes who really helped make *Daredevil*—and Marvel—what it was back in the day. Joe lettered many thousands of pages for Marvel Comics. He was fast and professional—with flawless balloon lettering, titles and placement—and an extremely nice man as well. He demonstrated an incredible work ethic and *never* missed a deadline. His greatest pleasure in life was the afternoon walk he took every day in the area of Brooklyn where he worked and lived. Not only did he letter every page of each and every issue of Daredevil in this collection, over the years he lettered more than 125 issues of *Daredevil* in all—not to mention the classic Silver Age issues lettered by his brother, Sam…although it looks like I just did!

Anyway, with David's distinctive style finally fully revealed in all its glory…*Daredevil* was positioned once again to take the comic world by storm. A new era of greatness was about to begin. At the time, however, no one was aware of just how big a turning point this was actually going to be! Amazing things lay just ahead for the Man Without Fear!

Michael Higgins started his career with Marvel in 1978 as a Bullpen production staffer and over the next decade rose through the ranks, eventually becoming a full-fledged editor. After leaving his editorial position, Higgins continued to work for Marvel until 1999, writing, inking, coloring and lettering dozens of titles including Conan the Barbarian, *Wolverine in* Marvel Comics Presents, Punisher, Excalibur, Cable, X-51 *and* The Avengers.

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CROSSBOW
--HE AIMS TO
KILL!

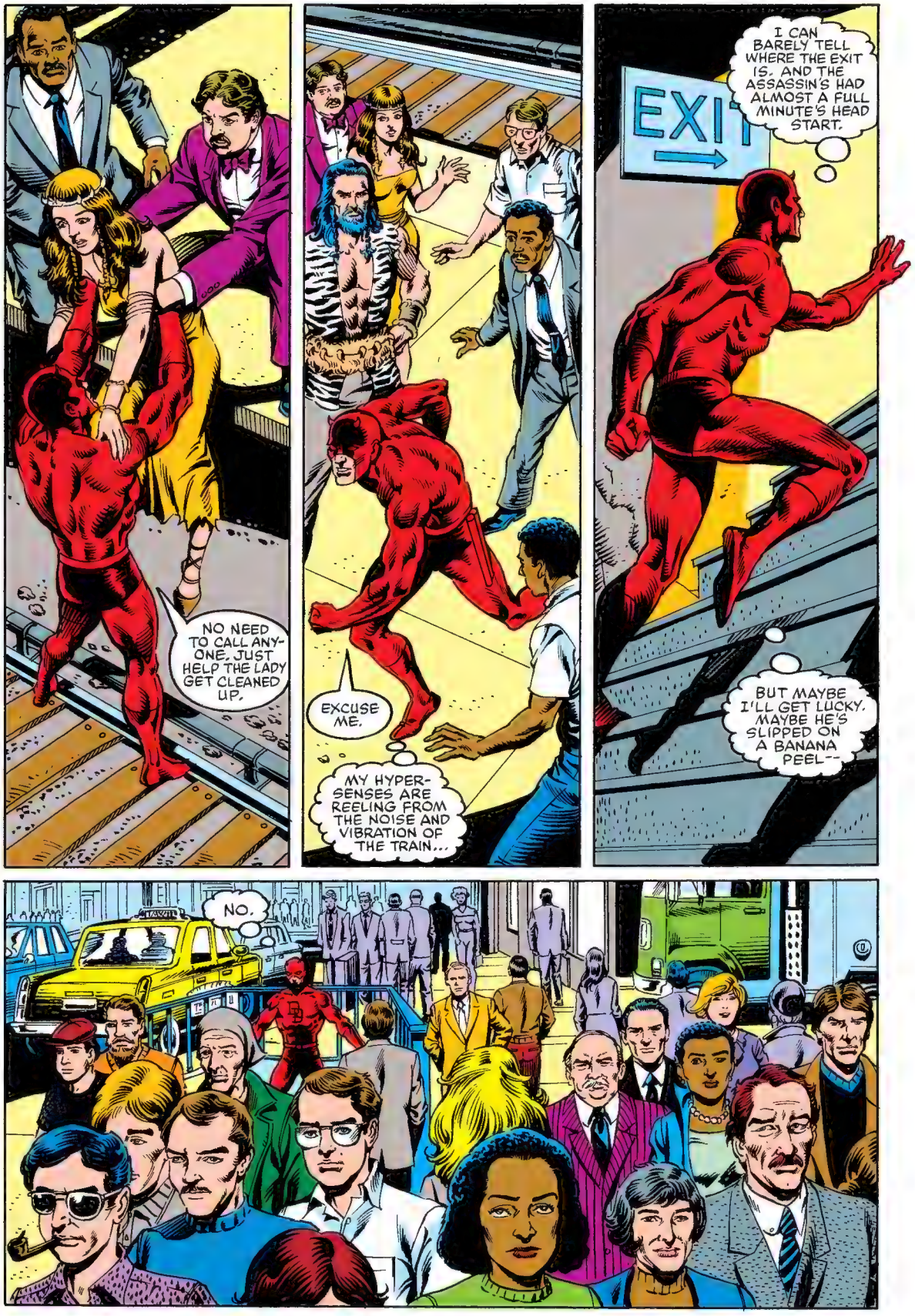
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
HEY, CHIEFY, LOOK OVER THIS WAY.
...CHIEF MICAH AND HIS WIFE ABOUT TO TAKE THEIR FIRST RIDE ON A NEW YORK CITY SUBWAY...
COULDJA SMILE, CHIEF?
OOOO... GET AWAY FROM ME.
GOT A QUATAH, LADY?
CAN'T THE POLICE DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS KIND OF TRASH, FRANKLIN?
AW... HE'S NOT DOING ANY HARM.
SUBWAY DOWNTOWN 6
VENGEANCE OF THE VICTIM!
DENNY O'NEIL SCRIPTING
LUKE McDONNELL PENCILING
DANNY BULANADI INKING
BOB SHAREN COLORING
JOE ROSEN LETTERING
BOB BUDIANSKY EDITING
JIM SHOOTER LEADERSHIP

MR. NELSON... CAN YOU SAY A FEW WORDS?
UH... OF COURSE!
I GUESS.
FRANKLIN NELSON, ATTORNEY FOR CHIEF MICAH AND THE KINJORGE TRIBE.
THIS IS MY WIFE, DEBBIE!
HI, THERE! HEL-LO!
AS YOU KNOW, MICAH AND THE KINJORGE WERE RECENTLY DISCOVERED IN EASTERN AFRICA.* THEY'RE THE DESCENDANTS OF A GROUP OF SEVENTEENTH-CENTURY ENGLISH EXPLORERS. THEY'VE HAD A TOUGH TIME OF IT--
*AS EXPLAINED LAST ISSUE-- BOB.
-- DISEASE, FAMINE, ATTACKS FROM HOSTILE NEIGHBORS... TERRIBLE STUFF. AWFUL.
ANYWAY, PROFESSOR PIPER HAS HIRED OUR FIRM-- NELSON AND MURDOCK, ATTORNEYS AT LAW -- TO REPRESENT THE KINJORGE'S INTERESTS--
FRANKLIN -- HE'S LEFT!
SUBWAY
COME ON!

'SCUSE ME.
SUBWAY
THERE THEY ARE.
EXIT
WHAT'S YOUR IMPRESSION OF NEW YORK, CHIEF?
UGLY. SMELLS BAD. BE NO FIT PLACE FOR A FREE MAN. BUT BE NICE TO VISIT.
CHIEF, WHAT DO YOU THINK OF AMERICAN WOMEN?
THIS IS GETTING TIRESOME... THIS TAILING ALONG WITH MICAH. BUT THE FIGHT I HAD WITH HIM YESTERDAY *CONVINCES ME HE'S GOING TO GET IN MORE TROUBLE--AND THAT MEANS GRIEF FOR NELSON AND MURDOCK.
* DD # 202-- BOB.
BE A LOT EASIER IF I COULD SHOW MYSELF, BUT I DON'T WANT TO CONNECT DAREDEVIL WITH NELSON AND MURD--
EH?
MY RADAR SENSE...
...PICKING UP SOMEONE ON THE PLATFORM WITH SOME SORT OF WEAPON--

THWANG
THOMPF
I CAN HEAR THE ASSASSIN RUNNING UP THE STAIRS TOWARD THE STREET. BUT I HEAR SOMETHING ELSE--
--A TRAIN ENTERING THE STATION...HEADING STRAIGHT FOR MICAH'S WIFE.
SHE'S NEVER SEEN ONE BEFORE. SHE DOESN'T REALIZE THE DANGER SHE'S IN.

THE REST OF THESE PEOPLE WON'T BE QUICK ENOUGH TO REACH HER IN TIME.
NO CHOICE, I'VE GOT TO LET THE WOULD-BE KILLER ESCAPE--
KRRRROOOOAAARR
RRRRRRRRR
SKREEECH
SOMEBODY BETTER CALL A... A...

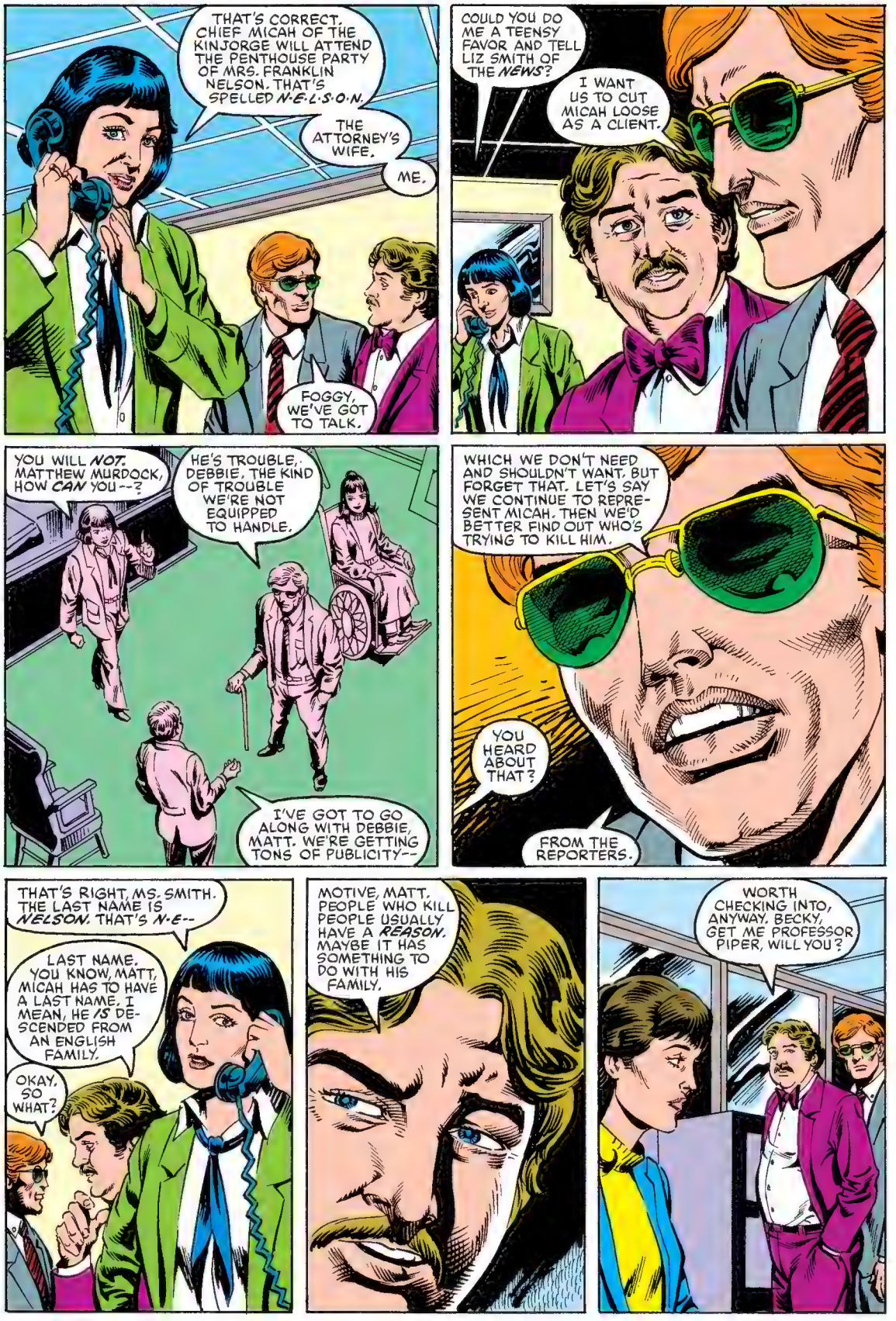

NO NEED TO CALL ANYONE, JUST HELP THE LADY GET CLEANED UP.
EXCUSE ME.
MY HYPER-SENSES ARE REELING FROM THE NOISE AND VIBRATION OF THE TRAIN...
EXIT
I CAN BARELY TELL WHERE THE EXIT IS. AND THE ASSASSIN'S HAD ALMOST A FULL MINUTE'S HEAD START.
BUT MAYBE I'LL GET LUCKY. MAYBE HE'S SLIPPED ON A BANANA PEEL--
NO.

"HE COULD BE ANYWHERE."
D'YOU MEAN TO TELL ME, DEAR BOY, THAT YOU HAVE FAILED?
THIS SCUMSCULLION OF A CITY--
--IT'D THROW ANY LADDYBUCK OFF HIS AIM, BUT NEXT TIME, LORD SYNN...NEXT TIME IT'S SKEWERED HE'LL BE.
PROMISES ARE NOT EXACTLY COIN OF THE REALM, CROSS-BOW. AND SPEAKING OF MONEY...YOU DO KNOW, DON'T YOU--
--THAT I SHALL NOT PAY YOU THE REST OF THE FIFTY THOUSAND POUNDS UNTIL MICAH IS FOOD FOR WORMS?
SO YOU KEEP TELLIN' ME, BUT YOU KNOW I'M NOT DOIN' IT FOR THE PROFIT OF IT--
--BUT FOR THE NEED I SEE TO PUT MICAH IN THE GROUND.
NOT THAT I WON'T TAKE THE FIFTY THOUSAND!
THE NEED. INDEED, THE NEED...
TEE HEE.
HE'S OF MY FAMILY, THIS MICAH...MY BLOOD RUNS IN HIS VEINS...SYNN BLOOD...BLOOD THAT MUST BE SPILLED BEFORE ANYONE LEARNS THAT HE AND I ARE OF THE SAME ANCESTRY.
HE IS A BRUTE, AN ANIMAL, A HEATHEN, A SAVAGE--A BLOT ON THE SYNN HONOR.
YOU SHALL REMOVE HIM.

I WILL. AND IT COULD BE I'LL THROW IN THE MEDDLER IN THE RED COSTUME AS A BONUS!
"WHOEVER HE IS."
DAREDEVIL?
GEE, I DON'T HAVE ANY IDEA WHERE HE WENT. WHY DO YOU ASK, CHIEF?
BUSINESS I HAVE WITH HIM ...I AND THE GREAT GOD MOW!
YOU REFERRED TO THIS GOD MOW BEFORE. COULD YOU TELL US SOMETHING ABOUT HIM?
FRANKLIN-- LOOK!
THE GIRL... SRA. SHE'S SICK!
PROBABLY THE SWAY-ING OF THE SUBWAY CAR GOT TO HER.
MAYBE SOME-THING SHE ATE! SHE'S NOT USED TO THE FOOD...
HA HA HA HA HA HA

THAT MICAH...IS HE *LAUGHING* AT HER?
THEY HAVE DIFFERENT... CUSTOMS. MAYBE THAT'S HIS WAY OF SHOWING...
...OF SHOWING CONCERN.
DO YOU REALLY THINK SO?
WE'RE COMING INTO A STATION--
--I HAVE A DOCTOR FRIEND JUST UP THE BLOCK.
YOU'LL BE FINE IN A FEW MINUTES, SRA.
WELL, CHIEF MICAH, WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THE SUBWAY?
LINDA
BOB
BIG JIM
TOM
DIRTY. BUT IN...IN ...INTER...
INTERESTING?
YES. IN-TER-EST-ING!
BUT *FASCINATING*, FRANKLIN--

--ABSOLUTELY, SIMPLY FASCINATING! CHIEF MICAH IS JUST AN *INCREDIBLE* FIND.
BUT DO YOU THINK HE'D FIT IN? AT THE PARTY, I MEAN?
LIKE THE PROVERBIAL PETUNIA IN A ONION PATCH, HE WOULD!
HUSH, BECKY.
YOU'VE *GOT* TO LET ME INVITE HIM, FRANKLIN. IT WOULD ABSOLUTELY *MAKE* MY LITTLE SOIREE.
WELL, OKAY.
FRANKLIN, YOU DEAR!
WHERE'S THE PHONE?
HERE.
HELLO, INFORMATION? GIVE ME THE NAME OF THE *NEW YORK TIMES* SOCIETY EDITOR.
I SAW MICAH AS FAR AS HIS HOTEL--
--AND THAT'S THE END OF MY PLAYING GUARDIAN ANGEL TODAY. I *DO* HAVE ANOTHER LIFE TO LIVE AS--
MATT!
BE QUIET. I'M TALKING TO A SOCIETY EDITOR.


THAT'S CORRECT. CHIEF MICAH OF THE KINJORGE WILL ATTEND THE PENTHOUSE PARTY OF MRS. FRANKLIN NELSON. THAT'S SPELLED N·E·L·S·O·N.
THE ATTORNEY'S WIFE.
ME.
FOGGY, WE'VE GOT TO TALK.
COULD YOU DO ME A TEENSY FAVOR AND TELL LIZ SMITH OF THE NEWS?
I WANT US TO CUT MICAH LOOSE AS A CLIENT.
YOU WILL NOT, MATTHEW MURDOCK, HOW CAN YOU--?
HE'S TROUBLE, DEBBIE, THE KIND OF TROUBLE WE'RE NOT EQUIPPED TO HANDLE.
I'VE GOT TO GO ALONG WITH DEBBIE, MATT. WE'RE GETTING TONS OF PUBLICITY--
WHICH WE DON'T NEED AND SHOULDN'T WANT. BUT FORGET THAT. LET'S SAY WE CONTINUE TO REPRESENT MICAH. THEN WE'D BETTER FIND OUT WHO'S TRYING TO KILL HIM.
YOU HEARD ABOUT THAT?
FROM THE REPORTERS.
THAT'S RIGHT, MS. SMITH. THE LAST NAME IS NELSON. THAT'S N·E--
LAST NAME. YOU KNOW, MATT, MICAH HAS TO HAVE A LAST NAME. I MEAN, HE IS DESCENDED FROM AN ENGLISH FAMILY.
OKAY, SO WHAT?
MOTIVE, MATT. PEOPLE WHO KILL PEOPLE USUALLY HAVE A REASON. MAYBE IT HAS SOMETHING TO DO WITH HIS FAMILY.
WORTH CHECKING INTO, ANYWAY, BECKY, GET ME PROFESSOR PIPER, WILL YOU?

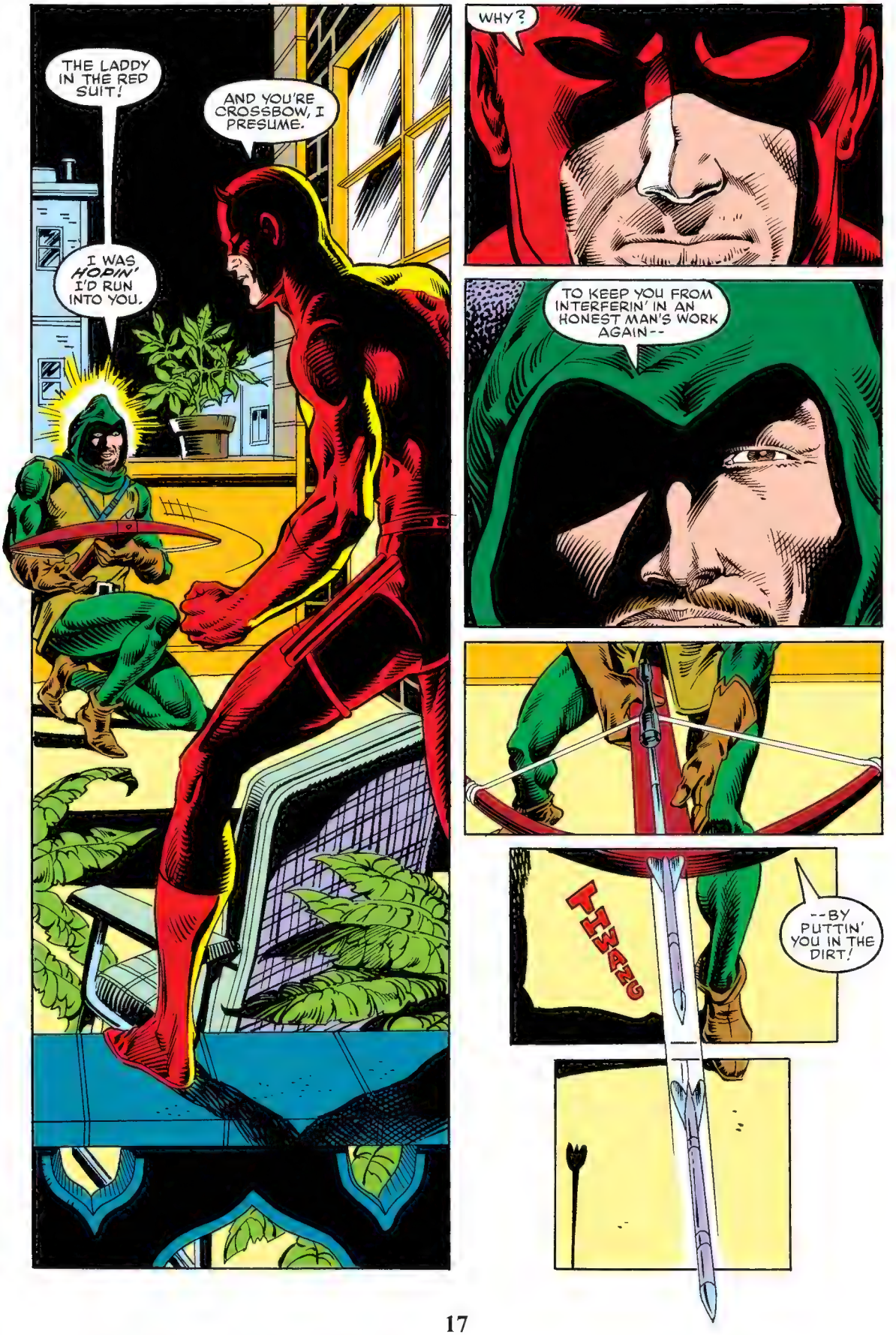
...SO PROFESSOR PIPER BELIEVES MICAH IS DESCENDED FROM THE SYNN FAMILY. THEY'RE SUPPOSED TO DATE BACK TO KING HENRY THE FOURTH.
I KNEW THERE WAS SOMETHING REGAL ABOUT HIM.
ANYWAY, MATT'S TRYING TO FIND OUT IF MICAH HAS ANY LIVING RELATIVES. AND IF SO, WHERE THEY ARE.
I DON'T THINK IT'S PROPER WHAT MATT DOES... A BLIND MAN TRAIPSING AROUND, ESPECIALLY WHEN HE HAS A PARTY TO GO TO.
HE'D BETTER NOT BE LATE. I'LL NEVER FORGIVE HIM.
I HEAR SOMEONE AT THE DOOR. IT MUST BE THE CATERER.
OH, I ALMOST FORGOT. I RAN INTO TONY STARK, THE MILLIONAIRE PLAYBOY INDUSTRIALIST INVENTOR. THE ONE WHO'S ALWAYS MENTIONED IN SUZY'S COLUMN? HE SAID HE'D COME TO THE PARTY.
WONDERFUL, DEB.
MILLIONAIRES, NOW. MATT, YOU BETTER SHOW UP OR I WON'T HAVE ANYONE TO TALK TO.
I SHOULD BE GETTING TO FOGGY'S. BUT BECKY FOUND OUT THAT LORD BARRINGTON SYNN IS IN TOWN... CHIEF MICAH'S ONLY LIVING RELATIVE.
COULD BE A COINCIDENCE--
--BUT I CAN'T GO WRONG CHECKING IT OUT.
I OUGHT TO BE DIRECTLY ABOVE SYNN'S ROOM.
HOTEL

PHONE RINGING. HE'S WALKING ACROSS CARPET, PICKING IT UP.
IS THAT YOU, DEAR BOY? YES, YES... I'VE MADE INQUIRIES. THE NEWS REPORT ON THE TELLY WAS TRUE. HE WILL BE THERE. YOU'LL SEE TO HIM?
WHEN I CONFIRM HIS... DEMISE, I SHALL PAY YOU THE REST OF YOUR HONORARIUM.
TA TA.
KRHRAASH
WHAT IS THE MEANING--
YOU WERE TALKING TO AN ASSASSIN. YOU WERE DISCUSSING THE MURDER OF MICAH SYNN.
N-NO...
DON'T LIE TO ME. DON'T SAY ANOTHER WORD THAT ISN'T TRUE. JUST DON'T.
WHO IS THE KILLER? WHAT'S HIS NAME? WHERE IS HE?
C-CROSSBOW... HIS NAME IS CROSSBOW. HE SHOULD BE ARRIVING AT THE RESIDENCE OF A FRANKLIN NELSON--

D-DON'T HURT ME...
HE'S... GONE?
THIS IS LORD SYNN. I WISH TO CHECK OUT IMMEDIATELY.
MEANWHILE...
HI THERE. HEL-LO. COME ON IN, TONY--
-- I MAY CALL YOU TONY, MAYN'T I, MR. STARK? AND MAY I SHOW YOU AROUND OUR NEW HOME? THE PENTHOUSE?
OF COURSE, IT'S JUST AWFULLY EXPENSIVE--
--BUT FRANKLIN'S DOING SO WELL IN HIS LEGAL PROFESSION...

...AND I FEEL A PROPER HOME IS SO IMPORTANT TO A SUCCESSFUL MARRIAGE...
DEBBIE...THE GUEST OF HONOR--
MICAH! HOW NICE OF YOU--

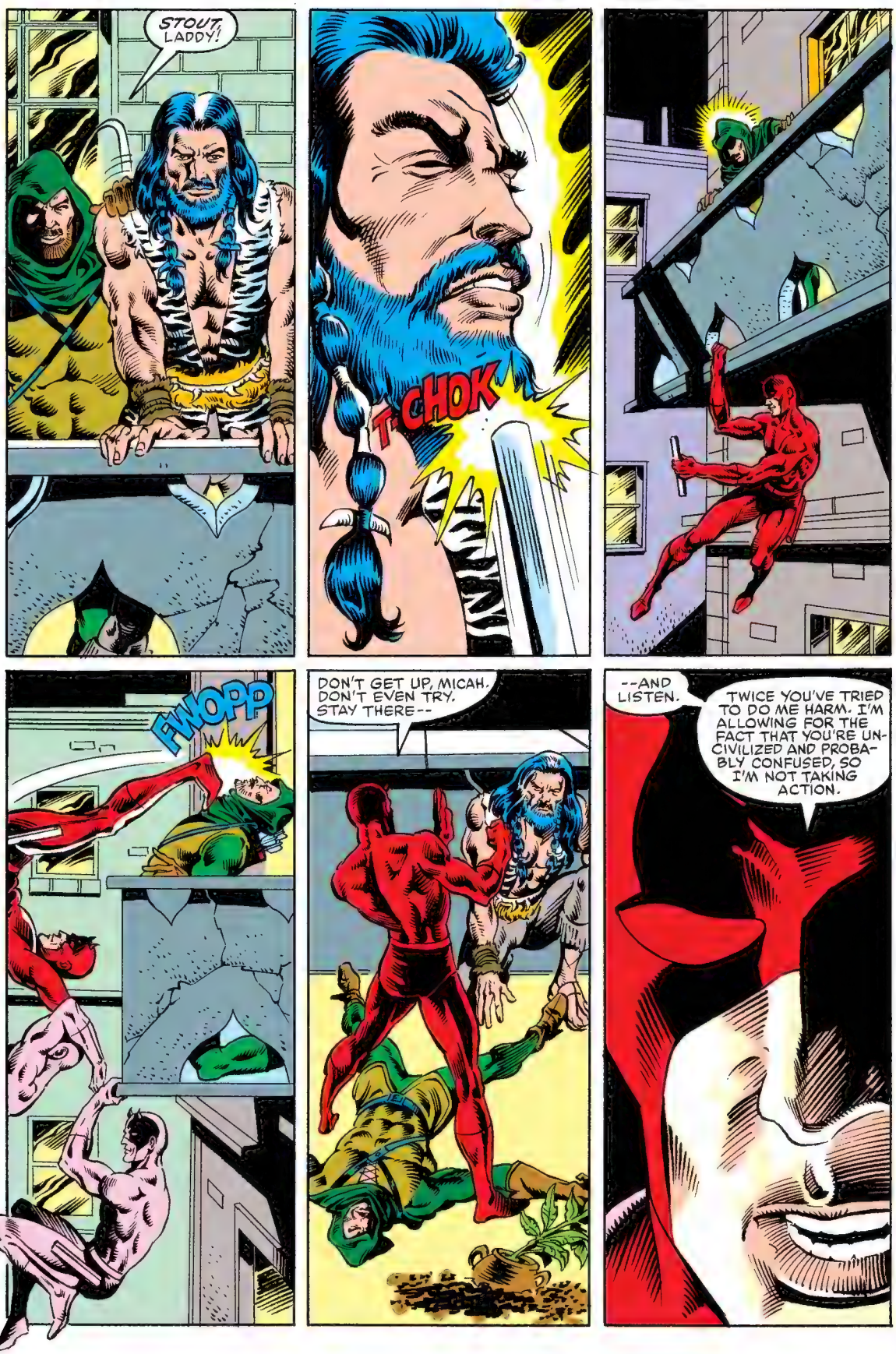
PAH-FWEWWW
C-COULD... I SHOW YOU AROUND, CHIEF?
ISN'T HE MAGNIFICENT?
I THINK OUR DEBBIE WOULD AGREE!
IN HERE IS THE MASTER SUITE--
--WITH ITS OWN BATHROOM AND AIR CONDITION-ING UNIT AND...
...AND...
DON'T DO IT!


THE LADDY IN THE RED SUIT!
AND YOU'RE CROSSBOW, I PRESUME.
I WAS *HOPIN'* I'D RUN INTO YOU.
WHY?
TO KEEP YOU FROM INTERFERIN' IN AN HONEST MAN'S WORK AGAIN--
THWAZ
--BY PUTTIN' YOU IN THE DIRT!

THOD
UNNGHF
REAL SLIPP'RY, YOU ARE.
I SHOT ME BOLT, IF YOU DON'T MIND A JOKE--

--BUT I'M NOT PACKIN' IT IN *YET*, IF YOU DON'T MIND--
OH, I DON'T MIND--
--NOT A BIT.
BUT YOU REALLY OUGHT TO CONSIDER ANOTHER LINE OF WORK!
FANCY FOREIGN KINDA FIGHTIN'... NOT *FAIR* TO A WORKIN' MAN.
OKAY, BEFORE I GET ANY FANCIER ...WHAT'S YOUR STORY? WHY USE SUCH AN ANTI-QUATED WEAPON?
I'M NOT ONE WHO LIKES THE WORLD I SEE 'ROUND ME THESE DAYS...SO I PUT MESELF AT HIRE TO ANYONE WHO WANTS TO MAKE THINGS PROPER AGAIN.
AT LEAST THAT STORY'S *DIFFERENT* FROM WHAT I'M USED TO HEAR-ING.

FOOTSTEPS;
HEAVY BREATHING/ HEARTBEAT; EXERTION--
DANGER!
YOU HAVEN'T FORGIVEN ME FOR INTERFERING WHEN YOU TRIED TO KILL THE COP AT THE HOSPITAL, HAVE YOU?
JUST AS YOU DIDN'T FORGIVE HIM FOR GASSING YOU WHEN YOU WERE TEARING UP THAT MARKET!
FIGHT... SUPER HERO FIGHTING...
...I CAN HELP... I'M A SUPER HERO TOO...
STARK! GET OUT OF HERE!
I WAS DISTRACTED FOR LESS THAN A SECOND... BUT IT WAS ALL HE NEEDED--


STOUT, LADDY!
T-CHOK
FWOPP
DON'T GET UP, MICAH. DON'T EVEN TRY. STAY THERE--
--AND LISTEN.
TWICE YOU'VE TRIED TO DO ME HARM. I'M ALLOWING FOR THE FACT THAT YOU'RE UNCIVILIZED AND PROBABLY CONFUSED, SO I'M NOT TAKING ACTION.

THIS TIME.
NEXT TIME IT'LL BE DIFFERENT-- AND YOU WON'T LIKE IT.
I PROMISE YOU THAT.
WHAT'S GOING ON OUT HERE? CHIEF MICAH? MR. STARK? AND WHO'S THAT ON THE FLOOR?
SHOULD I CALL THE POLICE?
I ALREADY HAVE, FRANKLIN--
THEY SHOULD BE HERE ANY SECOND.
WHY ARE YOU CRYING?
I DON'T KNOW, FRANKLIN--
--I HONESTLY DON'T.

THE END.

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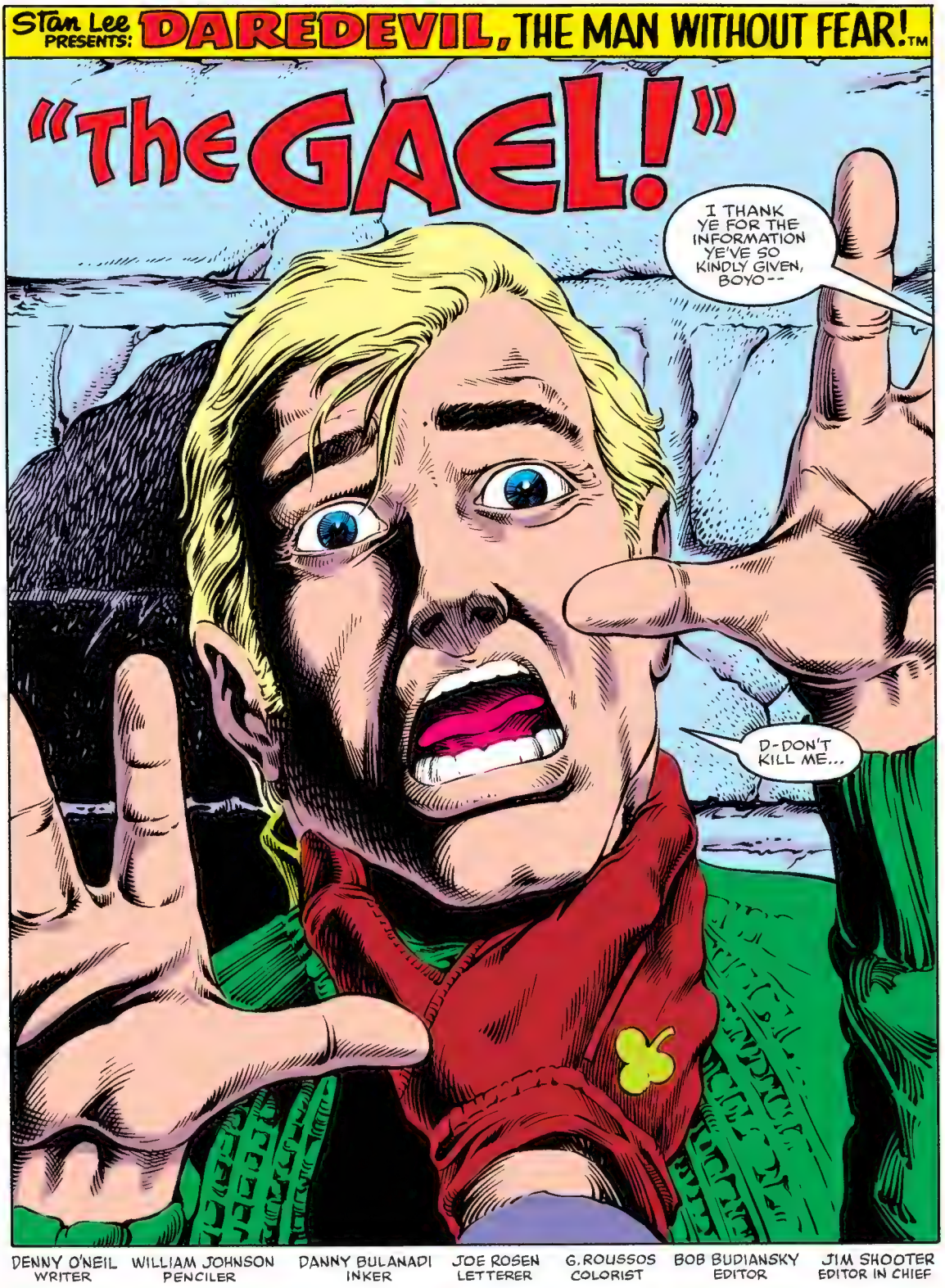
NIGHT OF THE GAEL!


Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
"The GAEL!"
I THANK YE FOR THE INFORMATION YE'VE SO KINDLY GIVEN, BOYO--
D-DON'T KILL ME...
DENNY O'NEIL WRITER
WILLIAM JOHNSON PENCILER
DANNY BULANADI INKER
JOE ROSEN LETTERER
G. ROUSSOS COLORIST
BOB BUDIANSKY EDITOR
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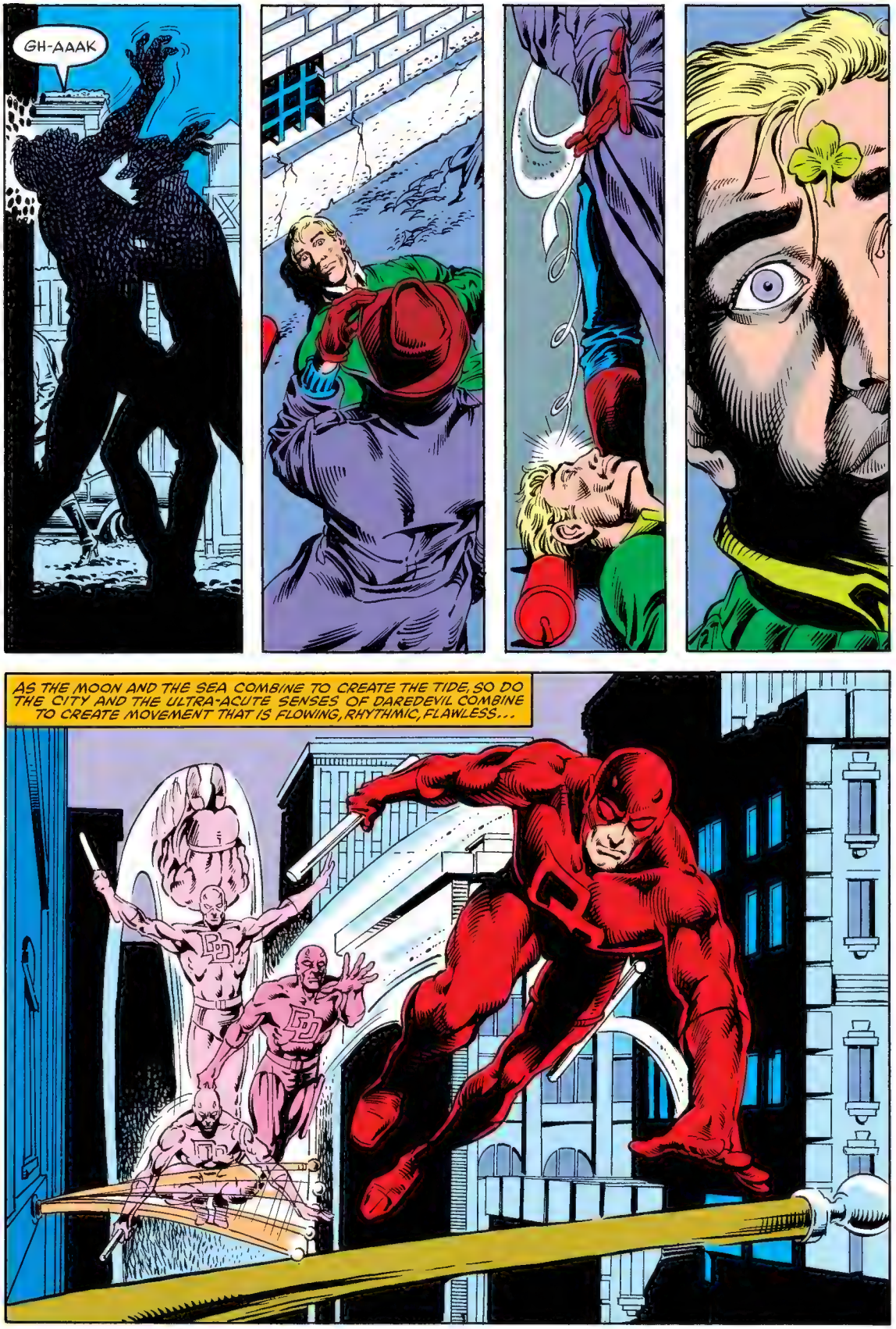
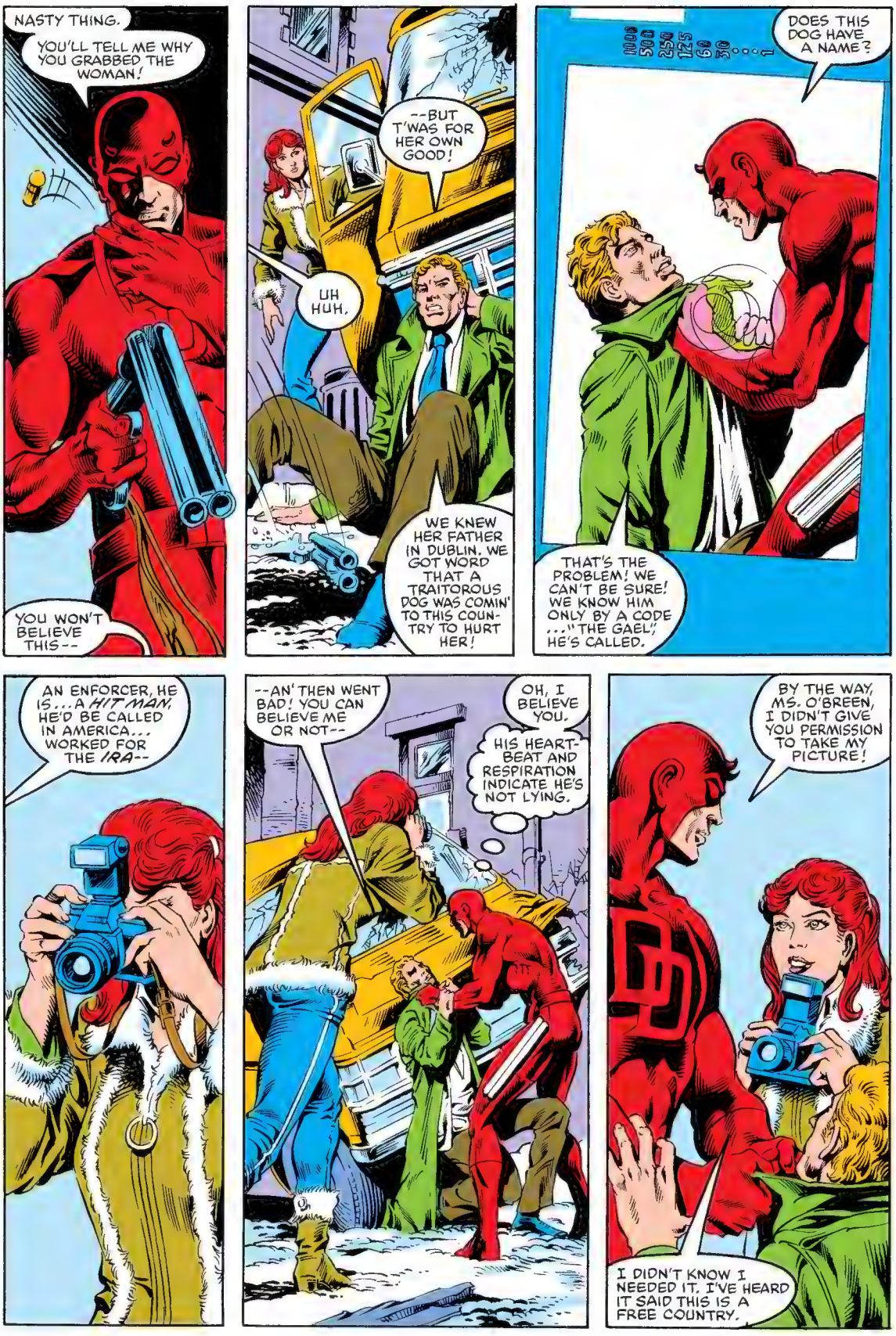

GH-AAAK
AS THE MOON AND THE SEA COMBINE TO CREATE THE TIDE, SO DO THE CITY AND THE ULTRA-ACUTE SENSES OF DAREDEVIL COMBINE TO CREATE MOVEMENT THAT IS FLOWING, RHYTHMIC, FLAWLESS...

GIRL BELOW...NO, A WOMAN, WALKING ALONE, NOT A GOOD TIME OF NIGHT FOR THAT.
WEARING A PERFUME NOT AVAILABLE IN THE UNITED STATES--RECENTLY ARRIVED IN THIS COUNTRY, HEART BEATING FAST --FRIGHTENED OR AGITATED, TURNING INTO--
--FOGGY NELSON'S BUILDING!
SO MY LAW PARTNER HAS A FOREIGN VISITOR! I SHOULDN'T USE MY HYPERSENSES TO EAVESDROP--
--BUT I'M CURIOUS!
--I HADTA LEAVE IRELAND, AUNT DEBBIE...
...I WAS IN TERRIBLE DANGER...
PLEASE, DEAR...DON'T CALL ME AUNT. IT MAKES ME SOUND SO...OLD! AND I AM YOUNG ENOUGH TO BE YOUR SISTER.
AREN'T I?
GO ON WITH YOUR STORY, GLORIANNA.
MY FATHER...FERGUS O'BREEN, HE IS, Y'KNOW ...WELL, HE WORKED FOR THE IRA...THE IRISH REPUBLICAN ARMY--THE ANTI-GOVERNMENT REBELS...
GO ON.
WELL, THERE WAS A TRAITOR AN' THEY THOUGHT IT WAS DAD, ONLY IT WASN'T... HE WAS AFRAID FOR ME SO HE SENT ME HERE, TO AMERICA...

...SAID THAT IF I EVER NEEDED TO KNOW WHO THE TRAITOR REALLY IS I'D FIND THE ANSWER IN MY CAMERA...
I'M NOT SURE WHAT HE MEANT. I'D BEEN TAKIN' SOME SHOTS OF A FRIEND'S GARDEN, HOPIN' TO SELL THEM TO A MAGAZINE--
THAT'S RIGHT! YOU *ARE* A PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER!
HOW CAN WE HELP?
I THOUGHT MAYBE YOU COULD FIND ME A PLACE TO STAY...
WE DON'T HAVE ROOM, BUT I *DO* HAVE AN IDEA--
--YOU CAN STAY IN MATT'S HOUSE... FRANKLIN'S EMPLOYEE--
ACTUALLY, HE'S MY PARTNER--
HE LEFT US THIS KEY WHEN HE WAS VACATIONING IN JAPAN.
HE WON'T MIND, THIS MATT?
OH, NOT A BIT! I'LL WRITE DOWN HIS ADDRESS FOR YOU.
I WAS FOGGY'S BEST MAN! I ACTUALLY *HELPED* HIM MARRY THAT WOMAN!
MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE STREET--
SHE WENT IN ABOUT TEN MINUTES AGO, 'COURSE, I CAN'T BE POSITIVE IT'S THE O'BREEN GIRL--
IF SHE MATCHES THE DESCRIPTION, 'TIS PROBABLY HER, GOIN' TO HER AUNT!
THANKS FOR KEEPIN' AN EYE OPEN FER US, HANNIGAN.
HAPPY T'BE OF SERVICE T'THE *IRA*.

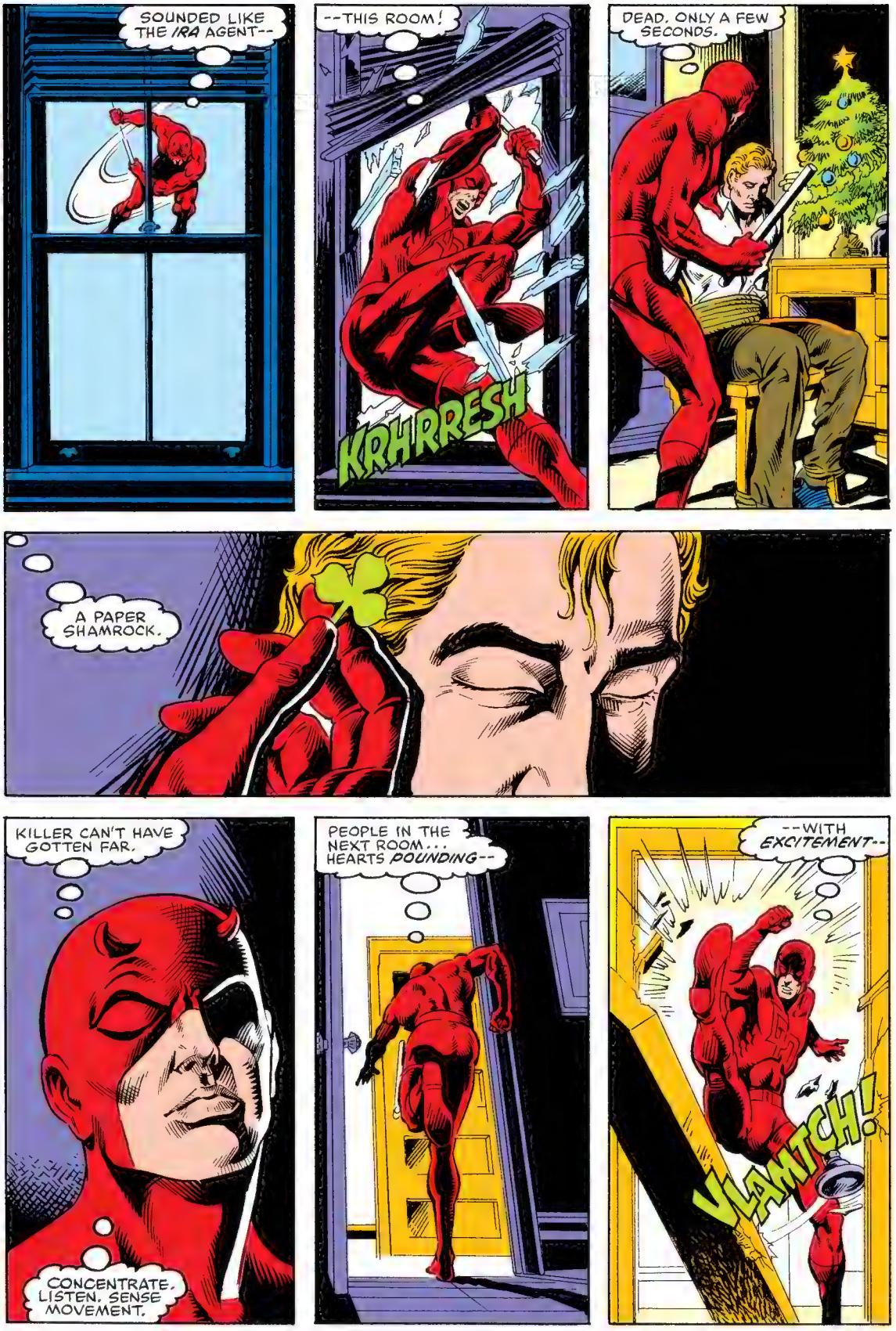
LOOK! 'TIS HERSELF--!
YOU'LL BE COMIN' WITH US, LASS!
INTO THE LORRY WI' YOU!
BE STILL, LASS! WE'LL NOT BE HURTIN' YE!
DOWN THERE, AT THE END OF THE ALLEY--
--SOMEONE BLOCKIN' OUR EXIT!
WELL, RUN 'IM DOWN, MAN, AN' WE'LL PRAY FOR HIS SOUL LATER!
TUNK
THOP!

KRHASH!
YOU'VE GOT A WEAPON UNDER THAT COAT! IF YOU REACH FOR IT, YOU'LL BE SORRY--
--VERY, VERY SORRY!
GO TRY SCARIN' A WEE GIRL, MR. FANCY BRITCHES!
THUDD
WHOWF!
BOK!


NASTY THING.
YOU'LL TELL ME WHY YOU GRABBED THE WOMAN!
YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS--
--BUT T'WAS FOR HER OWN GOOD!
UH HUH.
WE KNEW HER FATHER IN DUBLIN. WE GOT WORD THAT A TRAITOROUS DOG WAS COMIN' TO THIS COUNTRY TO HURT HER!
DOES THIS DOG HAVE A NAME?
THAT'S THE PROBLEM! WE CAN'T BE SURE! WE KNOW HIM ONLY BY A CODE ..."THE GAEL", HE'S CALLED.
AN ENFORCER, HE IS... A HIT MAN, HE'D BE CALLED IN AMERICA... WORKED FOR THE IRA--
--AN' THEN WENT BAD! YOU CAN BELIEVE ME OR NOT--
OH, I BELIEVE YOU.
HIS HEART-BEAT AND RESPIRATION INDICATE HE'S NOT LYING.
BY THE WAY, MS. O'BREEN, I DIDN'T GIVE YOU PERMISSION TO TAKE MY PICTURE!
I DIDN'T KNOW I NEEDED IT. I'VE HEARD IT SAID THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY.

I WON'T DIGNIFY THAT WITH A REPLY.
FINE WORDS, COMIN' FROM BEHIND THE MASK!
I'LL WANT TO TALK WITH YOU FURTHER, AFTER I ESCORT MS. O'BREEN TO MURDOCK'S. WHERE DO I FIND YOU?
SEEIN' AS HOW Y'COULD'VE TURNED ME INSIDE OUT AN' LEFT ME TO DRY, AN' DIDN'T, I'LL TELL YOU. WE'RE STAYIN' AT ST. BRIGID'S HOSTELRY.
I'LL MEET YOU THERE.
AN' HOW IS IT YOU KNOW I'M STAYIN' AT MATTHEW MURDOCK'S, MR. MASKED MAN?
I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS, MS. O'BREEN.
OHHH... A MASKED MYSTERY MAN! I'VE GOT TO HAVE A PICTURE OF THAT!
ANYTHING YOU CAN TELL ME ABOUT THE GAEL?
ONLY THAT THEY SAY HE LEAVES A PAPER SHAMROCK ON HIS VICTIMS.
THIS IS MURDOCK'S. THE GUEST ROOM IS ON THE SECOND FLOOR REAR. I WOULDN'T WANDER AROUND IF I WERE YOU.
NOT THAT SHE'D BE LIKELY TO DISCOVER MY LITTLE SECRETS.
AN' WHERE WILL YOU BE, MR. MASKED MYSTERY MAN?
FINDING OUT ABOUT THE GAEL--

BECAUSE UNTIL I DO, I MAY BE STUCK WITH THE PICTURE-SNAPPING MS. GLORIANNA O'BREEN AND THAT IS NOT THE GAME PLAN OF EITHER MATTHEW MURDOCK--
--OR DAREDEVIL!
WHILE-- I WANT TO THANK YOU FOR WRITIN' DOWN ABOUT MURDOCK AN' DEBBIE WHITMAN AN' ALL. WHAT I'M GOIN' TO DO NEXT YOU MIGHT THINK A BIT STRANGE.
REMOVE YOUR GAG, REASON IS, I DIDN'T NEED NOISE WHILE I WAS PERSUADIN' YOU TO GIVE ME THE INFORMATION, BUT IT RELAXES ME TO HEAR THE SOUND YOU MAKE--
--WHEN I DO THIS!
AAAHGHHH
A SCREAM! FROM INSIDE ST. BRIGID'S.


SOUNDED LIKE THE IRA AGENT--
--THIS ROOM!
KRHRRESH
DEAD. ONLY A FEW SECONDS.
A PAPER SHAMROCK.
KILLER CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR.
CONCENTRATE. LISTEN. SENSE MOVEMENT.
PEOPLE IN THE NEXT ROOM... HEARTS POUNDING--
--WITH EXCITEMENT--
VLANTCH!

OH, UH, THAT IS... MARY ALICE HAS JUST AGREED TO BECOME MY BRIDE AND WE WERE, UH...
NO NEED TO EXPLAIN--
--NOT TO ME. SORRY FOR THE INTERRUPTION. AND BEST OF LUCK.
NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THE KILLER NOW. HE COULD BE BLOCKS AWAY.
BUT HE IS NOT. NO, HE IS A BARE TWENTY FEET AWAY, SITTING SILENTLY, ALMOST SLEEPING, SAVORING THE GREAT PEACE WHICH POSSESSES HIM WHEN HE HAS DONE AN ACT OF CRUELTY, OF UGLINESS, OF VIOLENCE...
SOON...
...SO WE HAVE TO ASSUME YOU'RE IN DANGER, MS. O'BREEN.
PERHAPS WE CAN HIRE A BODYGUARD TOMORROW.
COULD IT BE THE ONE IN THE MASK? DAREDEVIL, YOU CALLED HIM?
NO CHANCE. HE'S NOT FOR RENT.

ANYWAY, WE'D BETTER START TAKING PRECAUTION--
EXCUSE ME.
KRRING
HELLO.
JUST A MOMENT.
FOR YOU.
MS. O'BREEN? MRS. NELSON GAVE ME THIS NUMBER. ME NAME IS O'HANLON...YOU MIGHT REMEMBER ME?
PADDY O'HANLON? CERTAINLY. HOW ARE YOU?
NOT TOO GOOD. I'M AFRAID I HAVE BAD NEWS. YOUR FATHER, ME FRIEND FERGUS ...HE'S GONE TO HIS REWARD--
--MURDERED BY THE GAEL. I'M TERRIBLY SORRY. I'VE SOME OF HIS THINGS I'LL BE BRINGIN' BY IN THE MORNIN'...
MISS O'BREEN? ARE YOU THERE ?

LET IT OUT, GIRL. LET IT ALL OUT...
A FEW HOURS LATER...
HIYA, MATT. IN EARLY, I SEE.
GOOD DEAL. WE'VE GOT A LOT OF STUFF TO GET DONE. FOR OPENERS, MICAH SYNN AND HIS GANG ARE BOOKED ONTO A TV SHOW AND--
NOT NOW, FOGGY.
MATT, THESE ARRIVED BY MESSENGER A FEW MINUTES AGO.
THANKS, BECKY. NO CALLS FOR A WHILE, OKAY?
IS THAT A CAMERA HE'S CARRYING?
...GLORIANNA O'BREEN'S CAMERA. I TOOK IT AFTER SHE FINALLY FELL ASLEEP AND HAD A FRIEND DEVELOP THE FILM IN IT...
...AND EVERY OTHER BIT OF FILM SHE HAD IN HER BAG. HER FATHER SAID THE GAEL'S IDENTITY IS "IN HER CAMERA!"
SOMEWHERE IN THESE PICTURES, A CLUE...

BUT WHERE?
NO GOOD, MY HYPERSENSES AREN'T FINE ENOUGH TO DISCERN SHAPES IN A PHOTOGRAPH.
BECKY, WILL YOU STEP IN A MOMENT?
WILL YOU LOOK AT THESE?
SEE ANYTHING UNUSUAL? A NAME OF ANY KIND?
THEY'RE VERY NICE, MATT, BUT... NO, NO NAMES. JUST FLOWERS.
THANKS ANYWAY.
BLAST! I CAN HEAR A GNAT BLINK AT A HUNDRED YARDS, BUT I CAN'T TELL *ANYTHING* ABOUT A PHOTOGRAPH!
I'D ALMOST FORGOTTEN THAT BLINDNESS IS A... A *HANDICAP!*
EVEN FOR ME!

AT THAT MOMENT--
IT'S PADDY O'HANLON, MISS O'BREEN.
HELLO, PADDY.
YOU SAID ON THE PHONE YOU HAD THINGS OF MY FATHER'S.
WOULD YOU INVITE ME IN, THEN?
YOU'RE HURTING ME.
NOT MUCH--
--NOT YET!
AND...
NEVER WAS MUCH GOOD AT MAKING MY BRAIN WORK WHILE I'M SITTING STILL.
IT'S DANGEROUS, CHANGING TO MY COSTUME IN BROAD DAYLIGHT--
--BUT IF I CAN THINK CLEARLY, IT'LL BE WORTH THE RISK.
MATT... MATT!
NOW WHERE THE HECK DID HE GO?

AS--
WON'T...WON'T YOU BELIEVE ME?
PLEASE!
OH, NOW I DO, LASS. YOU'VE NOT HAD ENOUGH EXPERIENCE DEALIN' WITH PAIN TO STAND WHAT I PUT YOU THROUGH AN' LIE.
SO YOU NEVER GUESSED THAT THE GAEL AND PADDY O'HANLON ARE ONE AN' THE SAME--
--AN' YER FATHER NEVER TOLD YOU.
WHERE DOES THAT LEAVE US, YER ASKIN' YERSELF.
IT LEAVES ME IN A DARLIN' PLACE, IT DOES, FOR ONCE, I'VE NO HURRY.
I CAN SIT HERE AT ME LEISURE AND CONTEMPLATE THE FLUSH OF PEACE AN' CONTENTMENT I'LL FEEL AS THE LAST OF YER LIFE GOES SPUTTERIN' OUT OF YOU.
THE CAMERA!

IT WAS NOT ARRIVED AT BY REASON... LOGIC AND DEDUCTION HAD NO PART IN IT...
OCCASIONALLY, A POSSIBILITY OCCURS TO HIM WITH SUCH FORCE AND CLARITY THAT HE CANNOT IGNORE IT--
--AND THIS IS ONE OF THOSE TIMES...
THE NAME IS IN THE CAMERA. THAT'S WHAT GLORI CLAIMS HER FATHER SAID, NOT ON THE FILM--
--IN THE CAMERA.
YES. A NAME SCRATCHED INTO THE METAL--
"--THE NAME OF THE MAN GLORI WAS SUPPOSED TO MEET THIS MORNING...; O'HANLON--!
--AN' I'D JUST GONE SIXTEEN WHEN I KILLED MY FIRST... A BRITISH CORPORAL, HE WAS... A FUZZY-CHEEKED BOY NO OLDER'N MESELF.
OVER THE YEARS, I CAME TO REALIZE THAT THE PATRIOTISM WASN'T IMPORTANT TO ME. THE KILLIN' WAS.
BUT I CAN SEE I'M BORIN' YOU. I'LL REMEDY THAT, I WILL.
THESE NEXT FEW SECONDS, YOU WON'T BE BORED AN' THAT I'LL PROMISE ON ME MOTHER'S GRAVE.

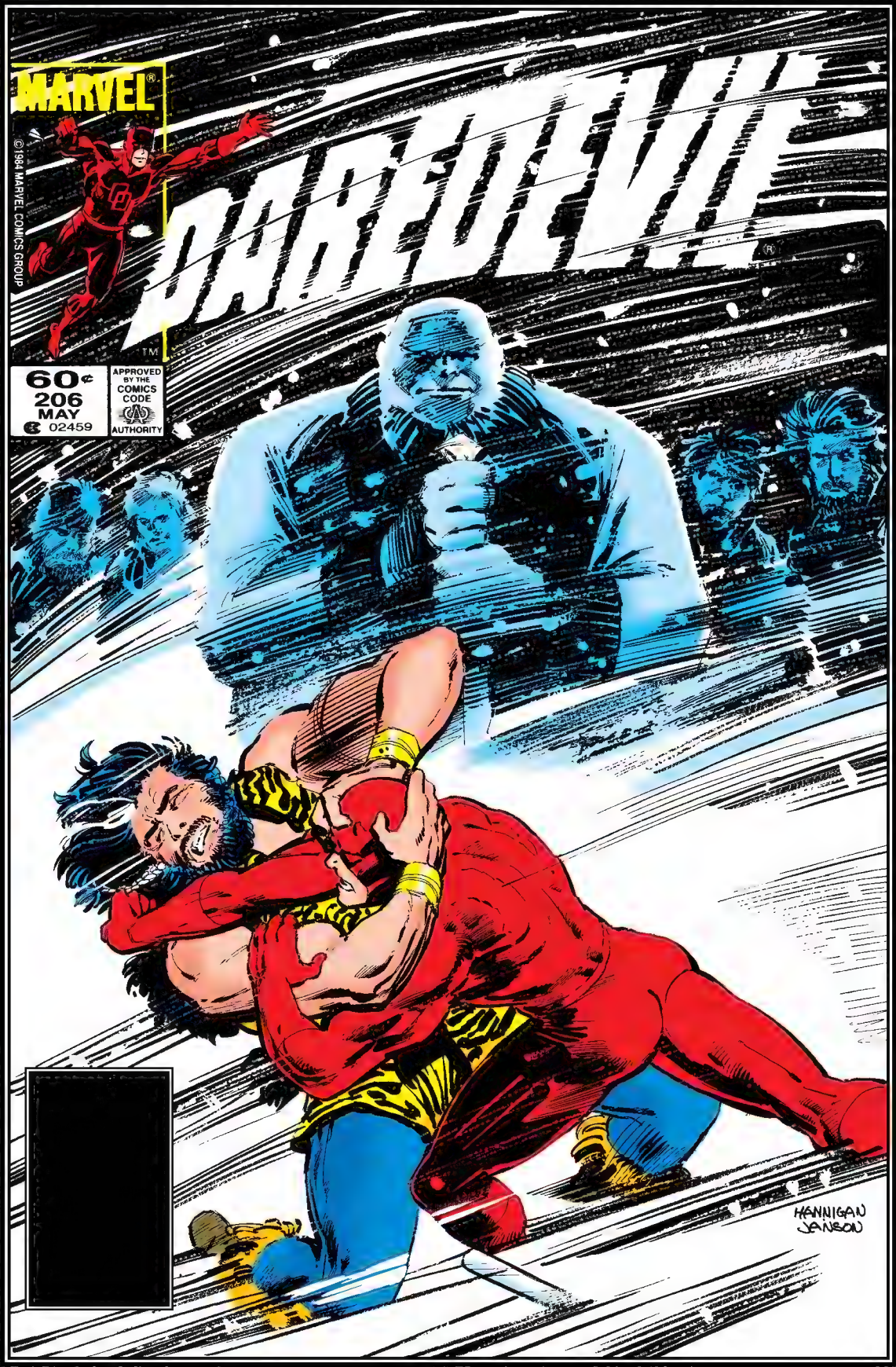
WE'RE ALONE AN' THE ROOM IS NEARLY SOUNDPROOF. SO YE CAN MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS YE WANT--
--YE CAN MAKE AS MUCH NOISE AS YER DEAR OL' FATHER DID.
TWO OF THEM IN MY SCULPTURE STUDIO,,,GLORI AND A STRANGER.
GLORI: COLD SWEAT-- FEAR SWEAT; HEART RACING.
THE STRANGER: HEART,,, SLOWING.
?
STAND AWAY FROM HER, O'HANLON.
,,,ANOTHER SOUL TO JOIN THE PARTY. 'TIS THE MONTH OF CHRISTMAS AN' NOT HALLOWEEN, BUT IF YE WANT TO WEAR A DIVIL SUIT, I'LL NOT SAY YE NAY!
AS FER STANDIN' AWAY... I THINK NOT, BOYO. NOW IF YE FEEL YE CAN REACH ME BEFORE I CRUSH THE LASS' THROAT, WELL THEN YER WELCOME TO TRY.
DO YOU FEEL THAT BOYO? DO YE?

I THOUGHT NOT. THEN, SEEIN' AS HOW WE'RE DOIN' THINGS *MY* WAY, YE'LL OBLIGE ME BY PUTTIN' *THESE* ON.
KLIK
TIGHTER.
FINE. NOW CUFF THE *OTHER* WRIST.
TIGHTER.
KLONCK

I DISLIKE DOIN' A MAN WHO'S ASLEEP, BUT TIME *IS* A'WASTIN'.
WATCH CAREFULLY, LASS, AN' YE'LL SEE THE MANNER OF YERE *OWN* SAD DEMISE.
I'M NOT SLEEPING, O'HANLON. I'M NOT EVEN HURT.
IT WAS EASY ...I USED MY RADAR SENSE TO GAUGE THE SPEED AND PATH OF THE STATUE HE THREW--
--AND MOVED MY HEAD THE INSTANT BEFORE IMPACT. I WAS BARELY GRAZED.
KNROASCH
'TIS A DIVIL YE ARE IN *TRUTH!* BUT NOW THAT I KNOW THE *SLYNESS* YE'RE CAPABLE OF--
--I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE A'TALL SPILLIN' YER GUTS!

WHUPF
THODD
KLOD
I'LL GET THE KEY TO THESE CUFFS FROM HIS POCKET--
--THEN I'LL CUT YOU LOOSE.
YOU DO THAT, MYSTERY MAN. WHEN YOU HAVE A MOMENT... YOU CUT ME LOOSE.

AND...
LOOKS LIKE YOU MIGHT HAVE BUSTED SOMETHING IN HIM. BETTER SEE TO GETTIN' HIM DOCTORIN'.
I'LL CALL FROM DOWNSTAIRS. YOU OKAY?
YES.
NO. HE HURT ME... WORSE THAN I KNEW I COULD BE HURT. BUT THE PAIN OUTSIDE IS NOTHIN' TO THE PAIN INSIDE...
NOBODY EXPECTS YOU TO. NOBODY IN THE WORLD....
...IN MY SOUL.
MAYBE THE LORD WILL FORGIVE HIM. I CAN'T.
NEXT ISSUE: THE KINGPIN... AND THE RETURN OF MICAH SYNN!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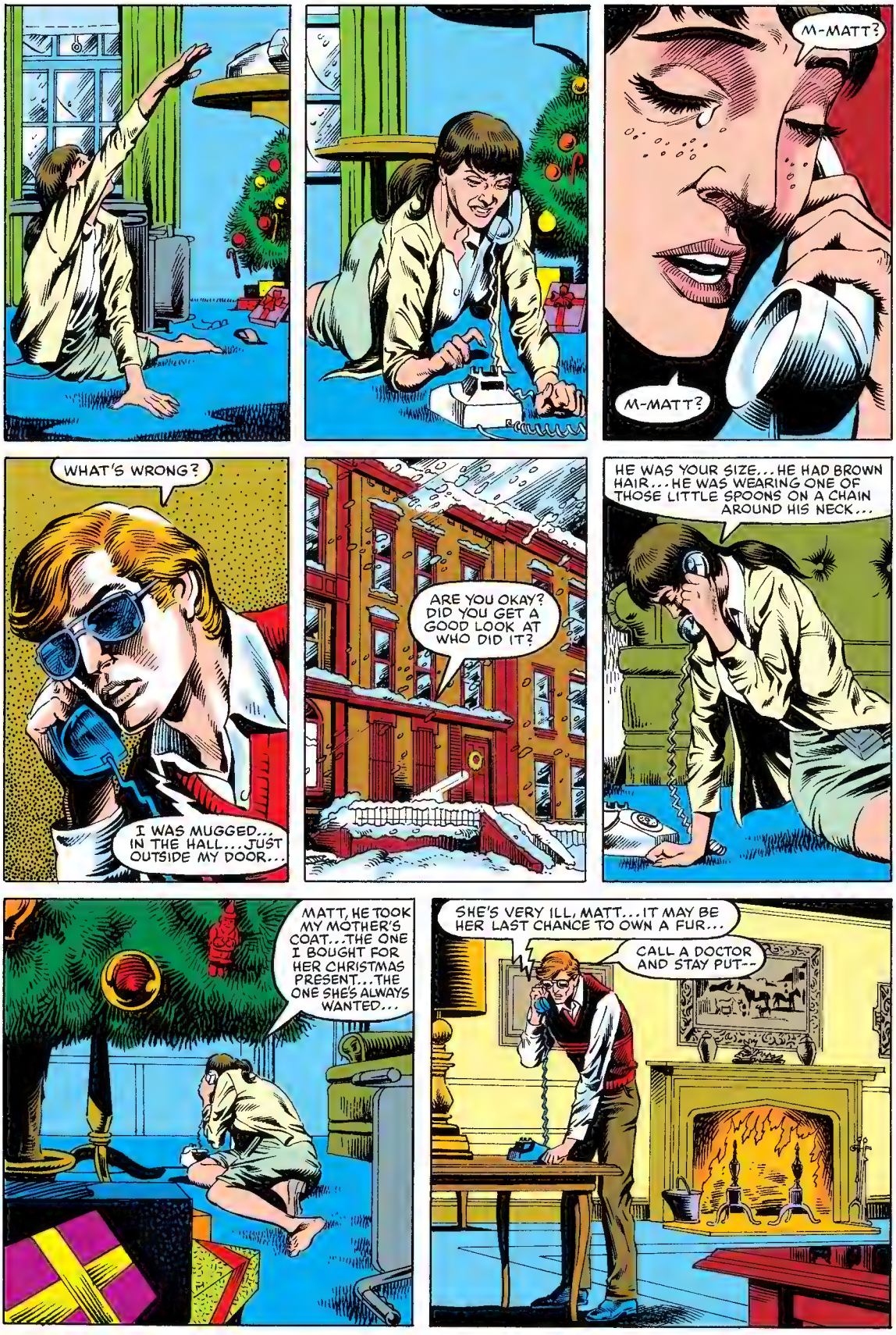
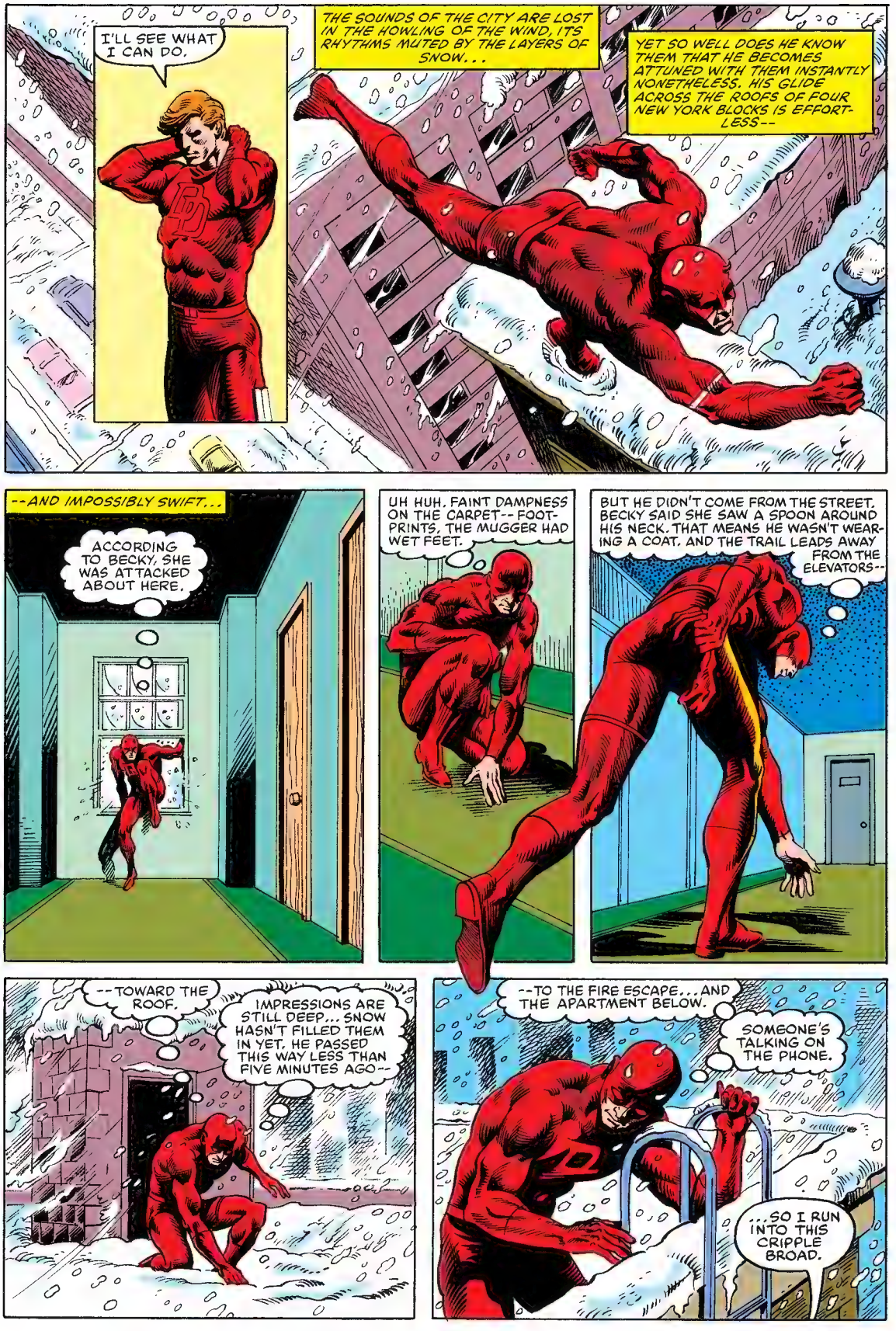
HANNIGAN
JANSON

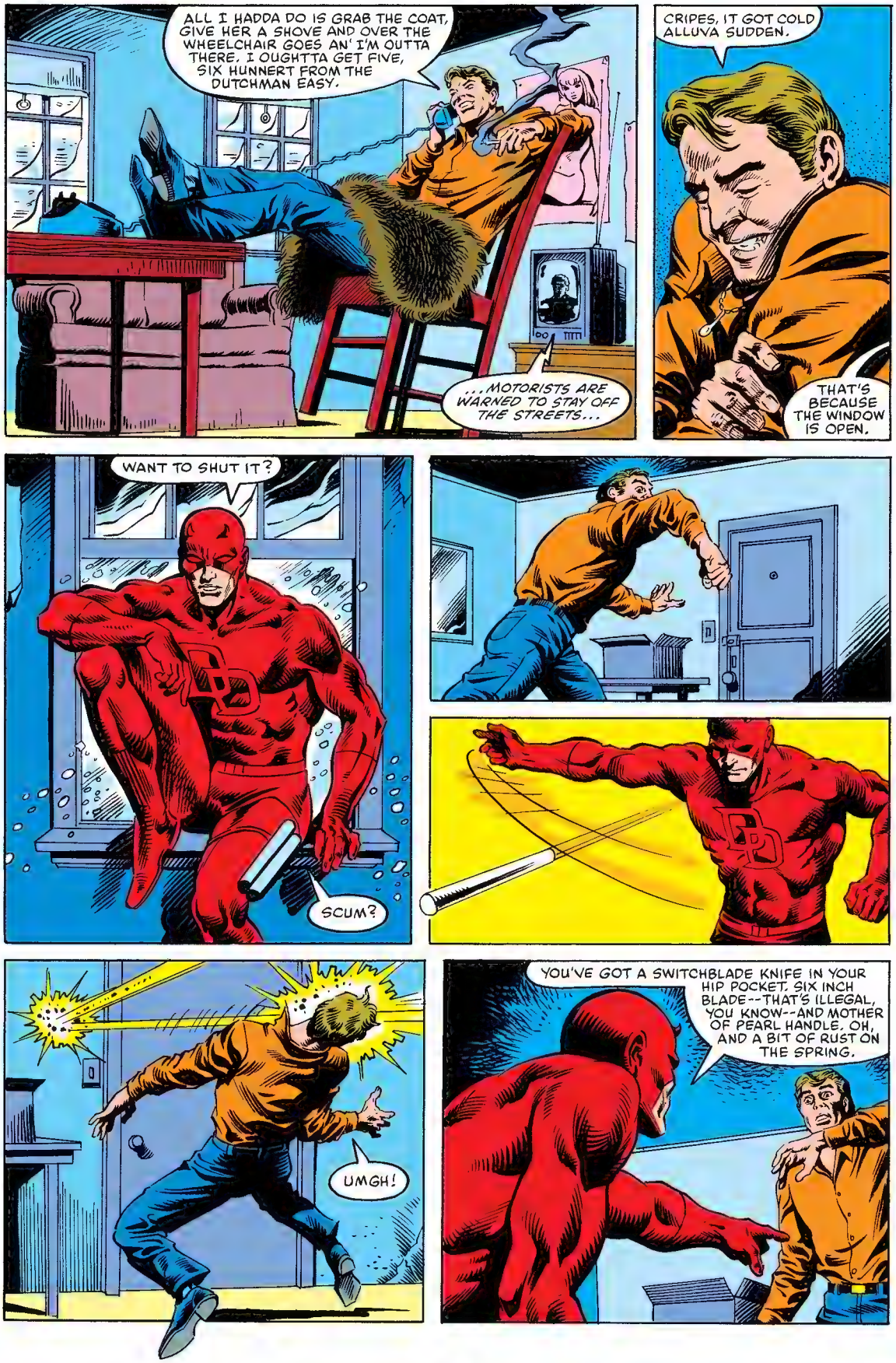
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™

"Every Good and Perfect Gift..."
...WEATHERMEN ARE PREDICTING THE WORST BLIZZARD IN A HUNDRED YEARS...
PAIN IN HER BACK AND LEGS AND FACE... AND THE BRISTLE OF THE RUG BENEATH HER FINGERS... AND, MORE DISTANTLY, SHOUTS OF LAUGHTER FROM NEARBY APARTMENTS AND SOMEONE SINGING A CAROL IN A FRACTURED TENOR...
memo
THESE THINGS BECKY BLAKE IS AWARE OF. BUT MORE, FAR MORE, SHE FEELS THE NEED TO REACH A TELEPHONE THAT SEEMS AS DISTANT AS A STAR...

STORY	PENCILS	INKS	LETTERING	COLORING	EDITOR	EDITOR IN CHIEF
DENNY O'NEIL	DAVID MAZZUCHELLI	DANNY BULANADI	JOE ROSEN	CHRISTIE SCHEELE	BOB BUDIANSKY	JIM SHOOTER


M-MATT?
M-MATT?
WHAT'S WRONG?
I WAS MUGGED... IN THE HALL... JUST OUTSIDE MY DOOR...
ARE YOU OKAY? DID YOU GET A GOOD LOOK AT WHO DID IT?
HE WAS YOUR SIZE... HE HAD BROWN HAIR... HE WAS WEARING ONE OF THOSE LITTLE SPOONS ON A CHAIN AROUND HIS NECK...
MATT, HE TOOK MY MOTHER'S COAT... THE ONE I BOUGHT FOR HER CHRISTMAS PRESENT... THE ONE SHE'S ALWAYS WANTED...
SHE'S VERY ILL, MATT... IT MAY BE HER LAST CHANCE TO OWN A FUR...
CALL A DOCTOR AND STAY PUT--


I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN DO.
THE SOUNDS OF THE CITY ARE LOST IN THE HOWLING OF THE WIND, ITS RHYTHMS MUTED BY THE LAYERS OF SNOW...
YET SO WELL DOES HE KNOW THEM THAT HE BECOMES ATTUNED WITH THEM INSTANTLY NONETHELESS. HIS GLIDE ACROSS THE ROOFS OF FOUR NEW YORK BLOCKS IS EFFORTLESS--
--AND IMPOSSIBLY SWIFT...
ACCORDING TO BECKY, SHE WAS ATTACKED ABOUT HERE.
UH HUH. FAINT DAMPNESS ON THE CARPET-- FOOTPRINTS, THE MUGGER HAD WET FEET.
BUT HE DIDN'T COME FROM THE STREET. BECKY SAID SHE SAW A SPOON AROUND HIS NECK. THAT MEANS HE WASN'T WEARING A COAT, AND THE TRAIL LEADS AWAY FROM THE ELEVATORS--
--TOWARD THE ROOF.
IMPRESSIONS ARE STILL DEEP... SNOW HASN'T FILLED THEM IN YET. HE PASSED THIS WAY LESS THAN FIVE MINUTES AGO--
--TO THE FIRE ESCAPE... AND THE APARTMENT BELOW.
SOMEONE'S TALKING ON THE PHONE.
...SO I RUN INTO THIS CRIPPLE BROAD.


ALL I HADDA DO IS GRAB THE COAT, GIVE HER A SHOVE AND OVER THE WHEELCHAIR GOES AN' I'M OUTTA THERE. I OUGHTTA GET FIVE, SIX HUNNERT FROM THE DUTCHMAN EASY.
...MOTORISTS ARE WARNED TO STAY OFF THE STREETS...
CRIPES, IT GOT COLD ALLUVA SUDDEN.
THAT'S BECAUSE THE WINDOW IS OPEN.
WANT TO SHUT IT?
SCUM?
UMGH!
YOU'VE GOT A SWITCHBLADE KNIFE IN YOUR HIP POCKET. SIX INCH BLADE--THAT'S ILLEGAL, YOU KNOW--AND MOTHER OF PEARL HANDLE. OH, AND A BIT OF RUST ON THE SPRING.

CARE TO USE IT? COME ON... GIVE IT A SHOT.
I WAS HOPING YOU WOULD.
NOW I'M GOING TO GIVE YOU A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.
W-WHAT?
I'M GOING TO LEAVE YOUR BONES INTACT.
...TAKE YOU TO THE HOTEL PERCIVAL IN MIDTOWN MANHATTAN...

...WHERE THE KINGORGE TRIBE ARE ABOUT TO ENJOY THEIR FIRST CHRISTMAS DINNER! WITH ME IS PROFESSOR HORATIO PIPER OF EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY.
HELLO.
PROFESSOR, PERHAPS YOU'D EXPLAIN THE SIGNIFICANCE OF TONIGHT'S FESTIVITIES.
WELL, BERNIE, AS YOU MAY KNOW, THE KINGORGE ARE DESCENDANTS OF A PARTY OF BRITISH EXPLORERS WHO WERE LOST IN AFRICA IN THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY. A FEW MONTHS AGO THEY WERE DISCOVERED--
--AND THEIR LEADER, MICAH SYNN, CAME TO THIS COUNTRY UNDER THE AUSPICES OF MY UNIVERSITY. JUST YESTERDAY--
--THE REST OF THESE GOOD PEOPLE ARRIVED. FOR NEARLY FOUR CENTURIES, THE KINGORGE HAVE LED INCREDIBLY HARD LIVES. TONIGHT, FOR THE FIRST TIME, THEY WILL ENJOY THE FRUITS OF PLENTY WE TAKE FOR GRANTED.
DINNER IS SERVED, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN.
SIR!

THEY SEEM...ER...QUITE ENTHUSIASTIC! ANY COMMENT, PROFESSOR?
YES, TAKE YOUR CAMERA AND GET OUT!
STOP THEM! THEY'RE HEADING FOR--
"--THE KITCHEN!"
MR. NELSON ---CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING?
I'M ONLY AN ATTORNEY, PROFESSOR. YOU NEED THEIR LEADER... MICAH!
HEY, WHERE IS MICAH SYNN, ANYWAY--?
"--UPSTAIRS IN HIS ROOM, MAYBE?"
I LEARN QUICKLY.
YES, INDEED, YOU DO.

NOKK NOKK
SOMEONE AT THE DOOR.
IT IS BEST WE NOT BE SEEN TOGETHER. I SHALL WAIT IN THE BEDROOM. PLEASE DO NOT BE LONG.
MICAH...CHIEF SYNN, IT'S ME--DEBBIE. MRS. NELSON. BUT OF COURSE, YOU KNOW WHO I AM. MAY I COME IN?
WE HAVE A CUSTOM AT THIS TIME OF YEAR...EXCHANGING PRESENTS. GIFTS. WELL, WHAT I DID WAS, I GOT A SKETCH OF YOUR GOD--MOW?-- FROM PROFESSOR PIPER--
MOW?
--AND I HAD A DEAR SCHOOL CHUM WHO TEACHES ART DO IT IN CERAMIC.
I THINK IT'S DARLING.
OF COURSE, I DIDN'T WANT YOU TO GET THE WRONG IDEA... ABOUT GIVING YOU A PRESENT.
I MEAN, YOU ARE A CLIENT OF MY HUSBAND.
YOU DO UNDERSTAND?
MOW!

MOW HAS! MOW GETS! MOW GRABS! MOW EATS! MOW--
--TAKES!
PLEASE...
RELEASE HER!

PERHAPS YOU SHOULD LEAVE, MRS. NELSON.
YES.
I BELIEVE YOU HAVE MUCH TO OFFER, MICAH SYNN. YOU ARE STRONG, QUICK, CUNNING, INTELLIGENT AND UTTERLY MERCILESS. YOU COULD BE AN IMMENSELY VALUABLE ASSET TO MY ORGANIZATION.
BUT THE KINGPIN HAS RULES--
--RULES WHICH YOU WOULD DO WELL TO MEMORIZE. AMONG THESE RULES IS ONE STIPULATING THAT WE DO NOT TOUCH ANOTHER MAN'S WIFE, FOR ANY REASON--
--EVER.
WHILE, SIX FLOORS BELOW...
--DECIDED NOT TO CALL IN THE POLICE. AFTER THEY'VE EATEN EVERYTHING IN SIGHT, WHAT MORE DAMAGE CAN THEY DO?
THAT MIGHT BE AN AWFULLY GOOD QUESTION, PROFESSOR.
FRANKLIN?
CAN WE LEAVE?
SURE, I GUESS. WHAT'S WRONG? YOU LOOK ALL SHOOK UP.
NOTHING. JUST A CASE OF THE HOLIDAY JITTERS, I GUESS.
BOY, DO I UNDERSTAND THAT! LISTEN, DEB, LET'S GO STRAIGHT HOME. THIS STORM IS GETTING WORSE AND--
NO, IT WOULDN'T BE FAIR. MATT'S EXPECTING US--

--AND WE'RE ALREADY LATE.
YOU BE BEHIND THEM.
YOU... FOLLOW THEM.
YOU GOT IT, MAC. THE BOSS SAYS TAKE YOU WHERE YOU WANNA GO--
--I'M TAKIN' YA.
TWO MILES AWAY--
MATTHEW! MATTHEW MURDOCK!
WHERE ARE YOU, MAN?
BE RIGHT DOWN, GLORIANNA.
I'VE MADE THE PUNCH AN' SET OUT THE MEAT AN' BREAD FOR YOUR GUESTS, MATTHEW.
YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO DO ALL THAT, GLORIANNA. YOU'RE A GUEST, TOO.
NONSENSE. EVEN THOUGH I'M ONLY LIVIN' HERE TILL I FIND MY OWN DIGS, I'M PART OF THE HOUSEHOLD AN' THAT MEANS I SHARE THE CHORES.
BESIDES, I OWE YOU FOR HELPIN' CATCH MY FATHER'S MURDERER...*
*LAST ISSUE--808.

I'VE A LITTLE SOMETHING FOR YOU... IN THE SPIRIT OF THE SEASON.
YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE--
SHUSH.
'TIS FOR YOUR SCULPTURE ROOM.
THE KISS--
--BY AUGUSTE RODIN. THANK YOU VERY MUCH, GLORIANNA.
YOU'RE ENTIRELY WELCOME, MATTHEW.
SOMEONE'S AT THE DOOR. I'LL JUST GET MY CAMERA--
--AND RECORD THE HAPPY EVENT.
LOOK WHO WE FOUND OUTSIDE.
HOW *ARE* YOU, GLORIANNA. WHAT A LOVELY DRESS. IT GOES WITH YOUR HAIR--
--ALMOST.
MAKE YOURSELVES AT HOME. I'LL BE WITH YOU AS SOON AS I ANSWER THE PHONE.
I DON'T HEAR A PHONE.

BUT I DO SEE--UMM--SOME THINGS I LIKE. WONDER WHERE MATT GOT THIS PROVOLONE.
I UNDERSTAND, LUKE. THE STORM IS A KILLER. SORRY YOU CAN'T MAKE IT. SAY HELLO TO DANNY FOR ME.
IF LUKE AND DANNY AREN'T COMING ...WHO IS THAT I HEAR ON THE FRONT STOOP?
SLAMBB

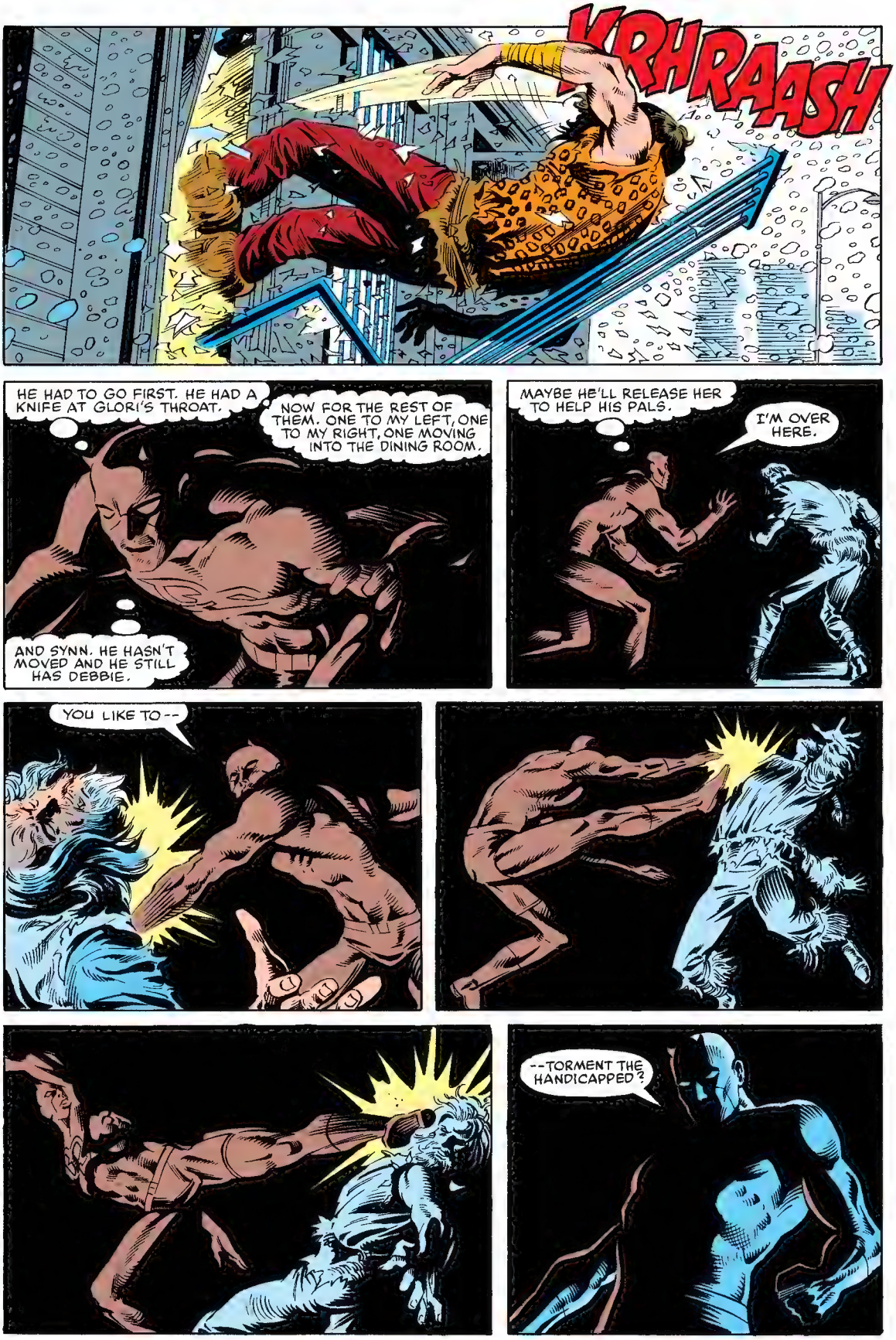
MICAH! MATT DIDN'T TELL US YOU WERE--
WAM
SYNN, YOU MAY BE MY CLIENT BUT YOU'RE NOT MY FRIEND. YOU WEREN'T INVITED AND--
UNNNG!
THOK!
YOU COME WITH ME.
FORGOT HOW FAST HE IS... HOW RUTHLESS!
WELL, I REALLY DON'T THINK I SHOULD--
FOOD!
YES, WE CAN EAT. WE DO NOT HURRY.

CRIPPLE?
YES, CRIPPLE!
HEE-HEEEEE!
DON'T!
HEY, WAIT A MINUTE, YOU FELLAS--
WHOK!
UNNGHF!
FRANKLIN!
OWWWW!
CRIP-PLE! CRIP-PLE!
PLEASE...
CRIP-PLE!
CRIP-PLE!
CRIP-PLE!
CRIP-PLE!

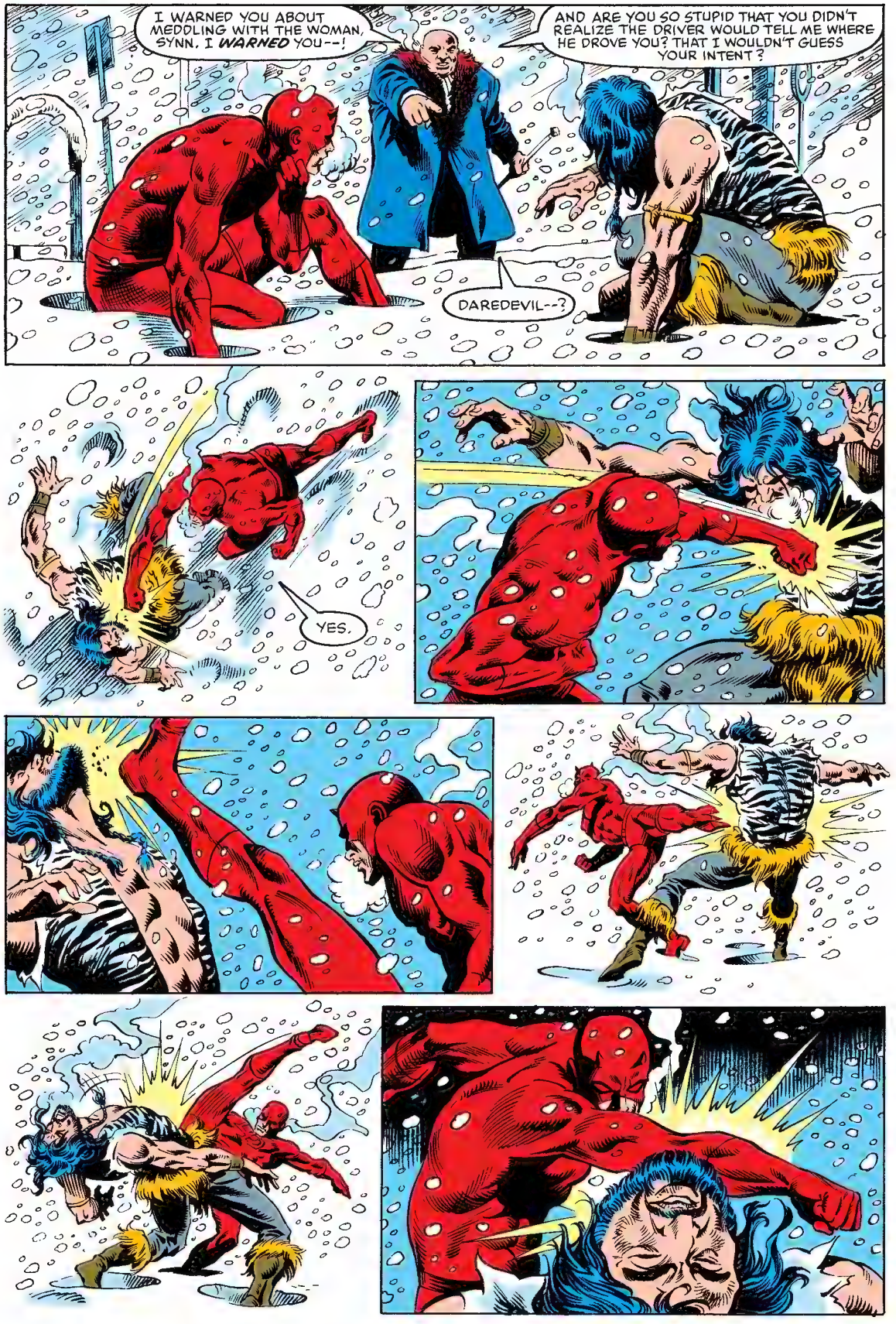
LET HER ALONE--
GOT TO DO SOMETHING... DISTRACT THEM...
CAN SOMEONE TELL ME WHAT'S HAPPENING?
I'M BLIND. I DON'T KNOW WHAT'S GOING ON.
BLIND...BUT WITH HIS OTHER SENSES INCREDIBLY KEEN-- AND ANOTHER VERY SPECIAL ABILITY--
HE CALLS IT HIS RADAR. WITH IT, HE SCANS THE AREA--

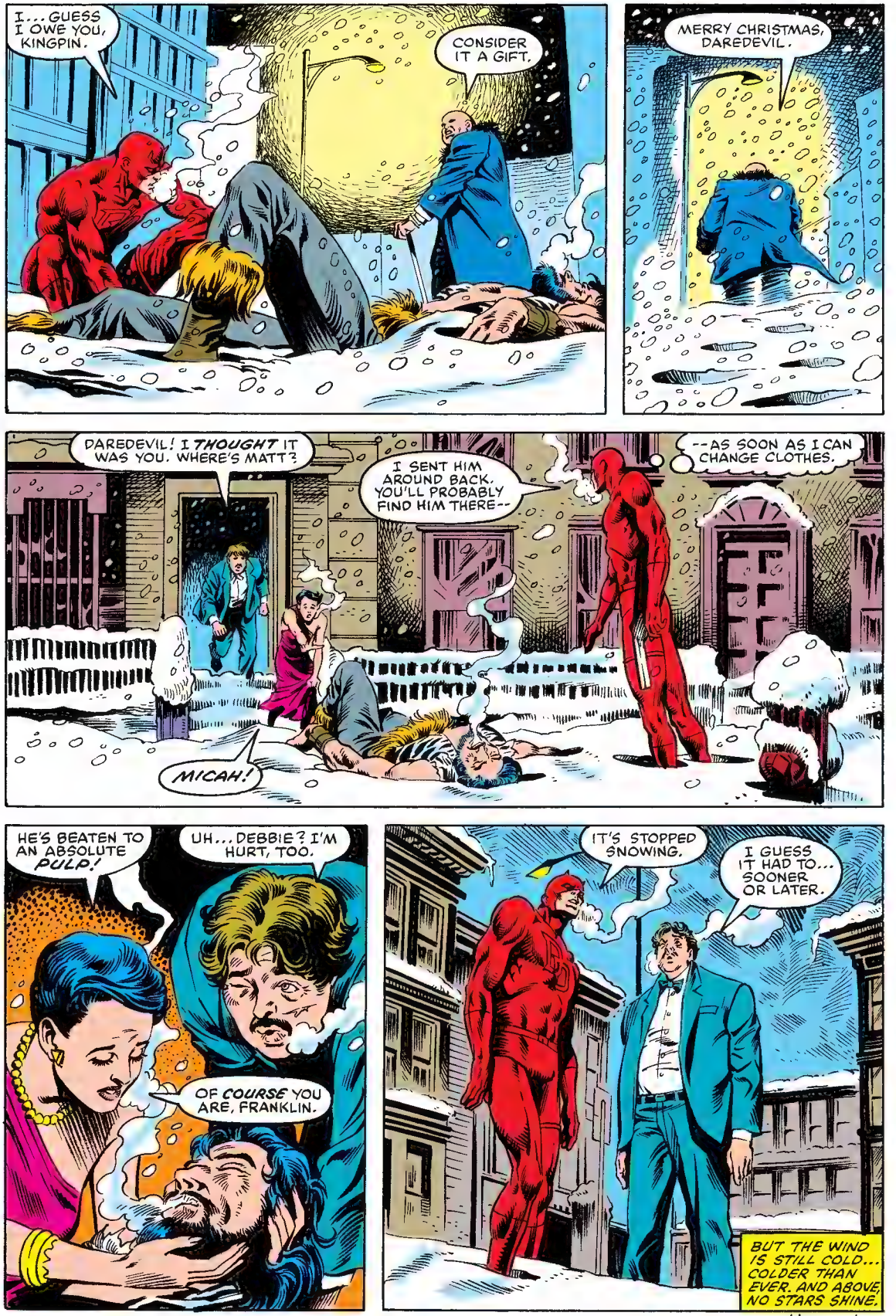
MMGF!
BLIND MAN!
BLIND MAN!
BLIND MAN!
BLIND MAN!
BLIND MAN!
KEEP IT UP ...KEEP PUSHING ME...
BLIND MAN!
...TOWARD THE CHRISTMAS TREE...
...MAKE IT LOOK LIKE AN ACCIDENT...

THE LIGHTS.
THEY MUST HAVE SHORTED OUT WHEN MATT FELL INTO THE TREE.
MATT?
BLIND MAN?
MATTHEW?
BLIND MAN?


KRHRAASH
HE HAD TO GO FIRST. HE HAD A KNIFE AT GLORI'S THROAT.
NOW FOR THE REST OF THEM. ONE TO MY LEFT, ONE TO MY RIGHT, ONE MOVING INTO THE DINING ROOM.
AND SYNN. HE HASN'T MOVED AND HE STILL HAS DEBBIE.
MAYBE HE'LL RELEASE HER TO HELP HIS PALS.
I'M OVER HERE.
YOU LIKE TO--
--TORMENT THE HANDICAPPED?

SOMETHING COMING--FIST--FAST. TOO LATE TO DODGE--
UNGH!
THOK!
KYCHK
HE'S... INHUMANLY QUICK! THAT KICK TOOK THE WIND COMPLETELY OUT OF ME. NEED A MINUTE TO RECOVER--
I GIVE YOU TO MOW!
--A MINUTE HE WON'T GIVE ME...
HMPF!
YOU INTER-FERE! THREE TIMES YOU INTER-FERE. NO MORE!


I WARNED YOU ABOUT MEDDLING WITH THE WOMAN, SYNN. I WARNED YOU--!
AND ARE YOU SO STUPID THAT YOU DIDN'T REALIZE THE DRIVER WOULD TELL ME WHERE HE DROVE YOU? THAT I WOULDN'T GUESS YOUR INTENT?
DAREDEVIL--?
YES.


I... GUESS I OWE YOU, KINGPIN.
CONSIDER IT A GIFT.
MERRY CHRISTMAS, DAREDEVIL.
DAREDEVIL! I THOUGHT IT WAS YOU. WHERE'S MATT?
I SENT HIM AROUND BACK. YOU'LL PROBABLY FIND HIM THERE--
--AS SOON AS I CAN CHANGE CLOTHES.
MICAH!
HE'S BEATEN TO AN ABSOLUTE PULP!
UH... DEBBIE? I'M HURT, TOO.
OF COURSE YOU ARE, FRANKLIN.
IT'S STOPPED SNOWING.
I GUESS IT HAD TO... SOONER OR LATER.
BUT THE WIND IS STILL COLD... COLDER THAN EVER. AND ABOVE, NO STARS SHINE.

the end

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DAREDEVIL®
HUNTED BY HYDRA!
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APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
BILL J. + BILL S.

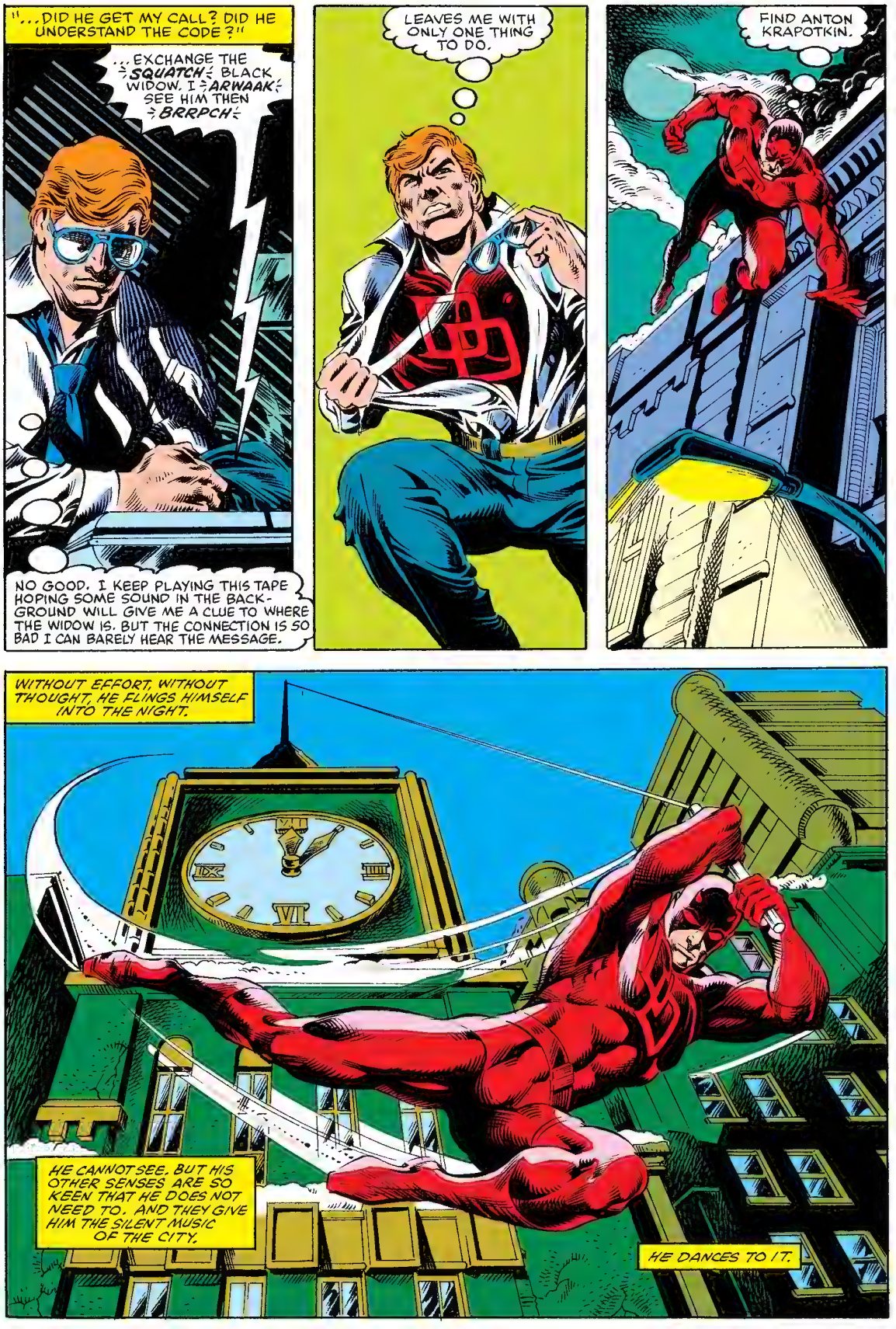
STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL!
ULTIMATUM!
HEAR ME, MATTHEW MURDOCK. YOU RECOGNIZE MY VOICE? I AM IN SERIOUS TROUBLE. THIS HYDRA--YOU KNOW THEM? THEY CAPTURED ME WHILE I WAS DOING A JOB FOR MY OLD EMPLOYER, S.H.I.E.L.D.*
THEY WILL SOON KILL ME.
"THE INNOCENT AND THE BEAUTIFUL HAVE NO ENEMY BUT TIME."
W. B. YEATS
*SUPREME HEADQUARTERS INTERNATIONAL ESPIONAGE LAW-ENFORCEMENT DIVISION--BOB.
STORY DENNY O'NEIL
PENCILS WILLIAM JOHNSON
INKS DANNY BULANADI & MEL CANDIDO
LETTERING JOE ROSEN
COLORING JULIANNA FERRITER
EDITING BOB BUDIANSKY
EDITOR IN CHIEF JIM SHOOTER

IN TWELVE HOURS--IT IS NOW SIX IN THE EVENING--THEY WILL SHOOT ME UNLESS SOMEONE DELIVERS TO THEM A CERTAIN MICROCHIP.
TAP TAPTAP TAP
THIS SMALL ELECTRONIC DEVICE IS IN THE POSSESSION OF ONE ANTON KRAPOTKIN--
--A RUSSIAN DEFECTOR WHO STOLE IT FROM THE K.G.B. YOU MUST FIND DAREDEVIL--
...AND HE, IN TURN, MUST LOCATE KRAPOTKIN AND THE CHIP.
TAPTAP TAP TAPTAP
REMIND DAREDEVIL THAT HE OWES ME THIS FAVOR. REMIND HIM OF HOW I HELPED SAVE FOGGY NELSON'S LIFE.
GIVE ME THE PHONE.
LISTEN, MURDOCK. WE WILL CALL AGAIN TO TELL YOU WHERE DAREDEVIL WILL EXCHANGE THE CHIP FOR THE BLACK WIDOW. I TRUST WE WILL SEE HIM THEN.
IF ALL GOES WELL, PIG, YOU WILL SEE HIM MUCH SOONER THAN THAT. I TAPPED OUT A MESSAGE IN INTERNATIONAL MORSE CODE WITH MY FOOT. HIS SUPER-KEEN HEARING SHOULD DETECT IT--
LOCK HER IN THE CELL.
--AND HE WILL COME CALLING!

MEANWHILE...
'TIS A LOVELY APARTMENT YOU FOUND FOR ME, MATTHEW MURDOCK.
GLAD YOU LIKE IT, GLORIANNA.
'COURSE, IT IS A BIT PRICEY! FOR A MONTH'S RENT OF THIS, I COULD OWN HALF A COUNTY BACK IN IRELAND.
I'M NOT COMPLAININ', MIND YOU--
--'TIS JUST THAT LIVIN' IN AMERICA WILL TAKE GETTIN' USED TO.
OH, AN' THANKS ALSO FOR THE LOVELY HOUSE-WARMIN' GIFT-- THIS FINE RADIO. NOW, WHAT'LL I LISTEN TO ON IT?
YOU MIGHT TRY WBGO. TERRIFIC STATION-- ALL JAZZ ALL THE TIME.
...THIS HOUR AT MUNICIPAL HOSPITAL MICAH SYNN WILL HOLD A PRESS CONFERENCE TO DISCUSS DAREDEVIL...
THAT BRUTE! BEATIN' UP ON YOU AN' THAT POOR GIRL IN THE WHEEL-CHAIR... IF DARE-DEVIL HADN'T COME, HE MIGHTA KILLED YOU BOTH!
TRUE. STILL, I'D BETTER ATTEND THAT CONFERENCE. SYNN IS MY CLIENT.
IT'S EARLY. NOT QUITE SEVEN. WE COULD MAKE THE CONFERENCE AND HAVE DINNER LATER.
AND IS IT THAT YOU'RE INVITIN' ME OUT TO EAT, THEN?
IN THAT CASE, I ACCEPT!

SOON... --BEAT ME TO THE GROUND. I ONLY WANTED TO PLAY--
--AND HE HIT ME WITH HIS FIST. HE HIT ME AGAIN AND AGAIN.
MICAH'S ENGLISH IS GETTING BETTER. HE LEARNS FAST.
I ASKED HIM TO STOP AND HE KEPT HITTING ME. I DO NOT KNOW WHY. I WISH HIM NO HARM. I WANTED TO PLAY.
YEAH, HE LEARNS FAST. A COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO, HE WAS AN IGNORANT SAVAGE WHO'D NEVER EVEN SEEN A CITY. NOW, HE'S MANIPULATING THE MEDIA.
THOSE'RE LIES, MATTHEW! WHY DON'T YOU SAY SO?
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT MY PARTNER IS ABOUT TO DO.
...A COMMENT FROM MR. SYNN'S ATTORNEY, FRANKLIN NELSON, MR. NELSON?
WELL, UM ...MY CLIENT DIDN'T EXACTLY TELL THE TR--
HUSH, FRANKLIN.
MY HUSBAND HAS NO COMMENT AT THIS TIME.
THAT'S RIGHT. NO COMMENT.
I DO NOT UNDERSTAND HOW THAT NICE FOGGY NELSON COULD MARRY THAT WITCH!
YOU'RE NOT ALONE IN THAT.
AND I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHY DEBBIE IS SIDING WITH SYNN--

--UNLESS THAT KISS THEY SHARED ACTUALLY MEANT SOMETHING TO HER...
DID SOMEONE MENTION DINNER?
SURE. IT'S ONLY A QUARTER TO NINE... WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE NIGHT.
AH, AN' ISN'T THAT THE WAY I LIKE TO HEAR A MAN TALK!
MEANWHILE...
IT'S BEEN ALMOST FIVE HOURS SINCE YOUR CALL, WIDOW.
YOU BETTER HOPE YOUR BOYFRIEND IS ON THE JOB.
YOU MAY COUNT ON THAT, PIG.
WHY ARE YOU WRAPPING ME UP LIKE KING TUTANKHAMEN?
INSURANCE. WE WOULDN'T WANT YOU GETTING CREATIVE ON US. IN FACT--
--WE'RE GOING TO DO SOMETHING CREATIVE WITH YOU! AND I PROMISE YOU... YOU WON'T LIKE IT-- NOT A BIT.
I WILL COWER IN TERROR... WHEN I HAVE A FREE MOMENT.
AFTER I HAVE FINISHED LAUGHING.
DAREDEVIL SHOULD HAVE ARRIVED BY NOW. I WONDER...

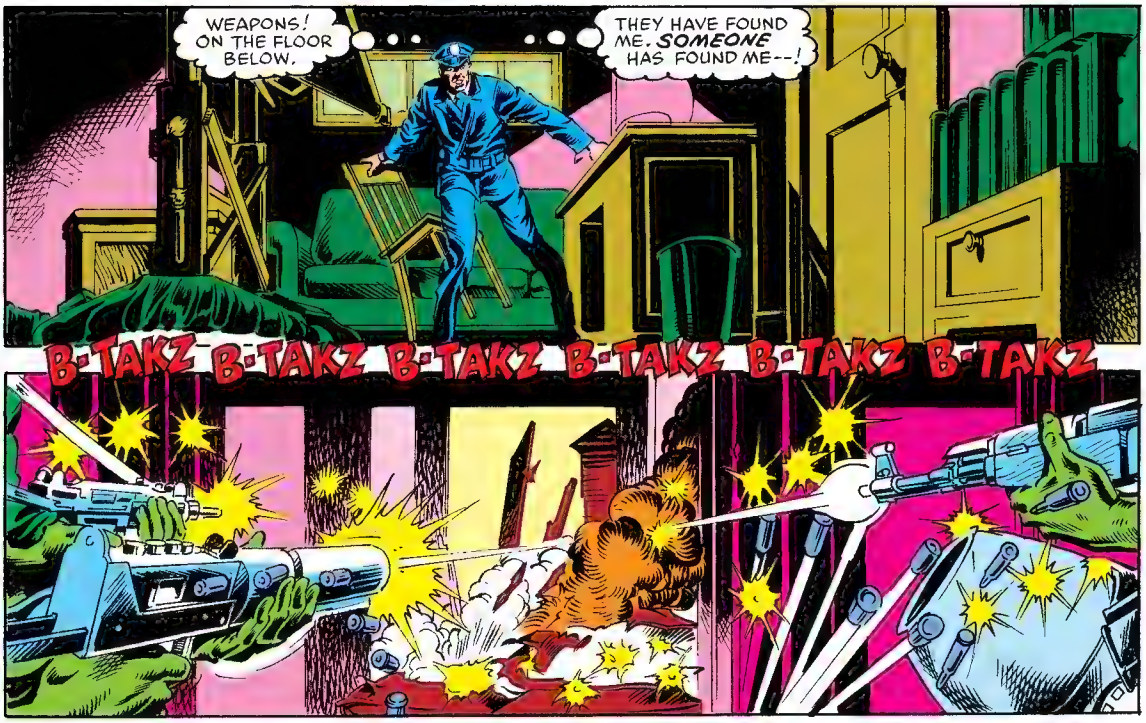

"...DID HE GET MY CALL? DID HE UNDERSTAND THE CODE?"
...EXCHANGE THE SQUATCH BLACK WIDOW. I ARWAAK SEE HIM THEN BRRPCH
NO GOOD. I KEEP PLAYING THIS TAPE HOPING SOME SOUND IN THE BACK-GROUND WILL GIVE ME A CLUE TO WHERE THE WIDOW IS. BUT THE CONNECTION IS SO BAD I CAN BARELY HEAR THE MESSAGE.
LEAVES ME WITH ONLY ONE THING TO DO.
FIND ANTON KRAPOTKIN.
WITHOUT EFFORT, WITHOUT THOUGHT, HE FLINGS HIMSELF INTO THE NIGHT.
HE CANNOT SEE. BUT HIS OTHER SENSES ARE SO KEEN THAT HE DOES NOT NEED TO. AND THEY GIVE HIM THE SILENT MUSIC OF THE CITY.
HE DANCES TO IT.

AND...
OUR GUY IN WASHINGTON SAYS THIS KRAPOTKIN IS A CONSTRUCTION ENGINEER BY TRADE.
APPARENTLY THE FEDS DON'T KNOW HE'S DEFECTED, WHICH IS WHY THEY AREN'T LOOKING FOR HIM THEMSELVES.
DAILY BUGLE
THAT DO YOU ANY GOOD?
IT'S A START. THANKS, BEN.
OH, HOW'S THE WIFE? DORIS?
GETTING BY. SURVIVING, YOU KNOW.
WE'RE ALL GETTING OLD.
MEANWHILE...
LEADER! WE HAVE JUST HAD A REPORT FROM A FIELD AGENT.
HE THINKS HE HAS LOCATED KRAPOTKIN.
TAKE A SQUAD AND CHECK IT OUT. IF YOU FIND THE RUSSIAN--
--BRING THE MICRO-CHIP AND WHATEVER IS LEFT OF HIM TO ME.
WE CAN THEN DISPOSE OF THE BLACK WIDOW IMMEDIATELY. IF YOU DO *NOT* LOCATE KRAPOTKIN--
--WE CAN STILL BARGAIN WITH HER LIFE.

ELSEWHERE...
I NEED INFORMATION -- AND I DON'T HAVE TIME TO WASTE. I DON'T HAVE TIME TO TRADE WISECRACKS --
--OR TO THREATEN YOU --
SLAM
--OR FRIGHTEN YOU --
--OR TRICK YOU.
SO I'LL DO SOMETHING I'VE NEVER DONE BEFORE ...AND I'LL PROBABLY NEVER DO AGAIN. I'LL PAY.
THERE'S NEARLY A THOUSAND DOLLARS IN THIS ENVELOPE --
EVERY CENT IN MATT MURDOCK'S EMERGENCY FUND.
--AND IT BELONGS TO ANYONE WHO TELLS ME ANYTHING ABOUT THE LOCAL CONSTRUCTION BUSINESS THAT'S NOT KOSHER--
Josie's
--PARTICULARLY ANYTHING FISHY ABOUT HIRING PRACTICES.
THERE'S THIS GUY ONNA EAST SIDE PUTTIN' UP A OFFICE BUILDIN'... RUN OUTTA MONEY. THEY SAY HE'S HIRIN' NON-UNION, CUTTIN' CORNERS...
...OVER THERE ON TWENNY THIRD BY THE RIVER...
TAKE THIS, BUT DON'T SPEND IT YET. BECAUSE IF YOU'RE LYING I'LL WANT IT BACK.
WITH INTEREST.

THAT'S WONDERFUL. THAT IS REALLY GREAT.
WHAT IS?
DAREDEVIL COMES IN HERE ...AND NOT A SINGLE THING GETS BROKEN.
IVANSON... SON OF IVAN. IN RUSSIAN, THAT'D BE IVANOV. FOGGY AND I DID SOME LEGAL WORK FOR A MR. IVANOV A FEW YEARS BACK ...A RUSSIAN IMMIGRANT.
IT'S JUST BARELY POSSIBLE HE KNEW ANTON KRAPOTKIN IN THE MOTHER COUNTRY--!
A SLIM LEAD...THE SLIMMEST. BUT IT'S THE ONLY ONE I'VE GOT--!
SMELL OF A KEROSENE HEATER COMING FROM THE EIGHTH FLOOR... MAYBE A WATCHMAN-- AND MAYBE WORTH TALKING TO.
WAIT. I'M NOT ALONE.
BREATHING/ FOOTSTEPS. ODORS: GUN OIL/ LEATHER.
ARMED MEN SIX OF THEM. WHISPERING--
IF OUR INFORMATION IS CORRECT, KRAPOTKIN IS IN THE WATCHMAN'S SHACK.
NO PROBLEM.

KUH-CHANK
WHAT WAS THAT?
NOTHING GOOD. THE FIRST THING YOU SEE THAT ISN'T WEARING A HYDRA UNIFORM--
--SHOOT IT!
BLONK
OVER THERE!
B-TAKZ
B-TAKZ
B-TAKZ


WEAPONS! ON THE FLOOR BELOW.
THEY HAVE FOUND ME. SOMEONE HAS FOUND ME--!
B-TAKZ B-TAKZ B-TAKZ B-TAKZ B-TAKZ B-TAKZ

DID WE GET HIM?
I DON'T KNOW.
DID WE GET WHO?

SOK
ME.

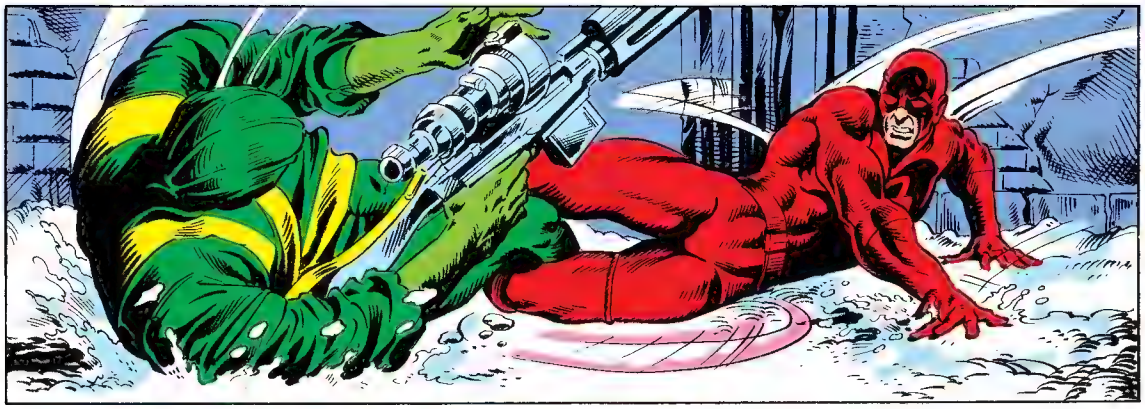
HOW'S HE DO THAT? HOW'S HE SEE IN THE DARK?
HE CAN'T. HE JUST GOT LUCKY... WHOEVER HE IS.

NO I DIDN'T.
SOK

TJ-JOK
UNNGHF
THEY ARE COMING. THEY WILL KILL ME--!
I MUST ESCAPE!
THE FREIGHT ELEVATOR!

ON THE FLOOR ABOVE--MAN RUNNING, MOVING AWAY FROM THE SHACK--
--TOWARD THIS!
ANTON KRAPOTKIN, I PRESUME?
S-STAY AWAY...I SHOOT YOU!
I DON'T THINK YOU REALLY WANT TO DO THAT.
NO. TOO MUCH VIOLENCE IN MY LIFE ALREADY.
LET'S GO SOMEWHERE WARM...HAVE A CUP OF TEA. THERE ARE A FEW QUESTIONS YOU HAVE TO ANSWER.
THEN WE'LL SEE ABOUT GETTING YOU TO SOMEWHERE SAFE.

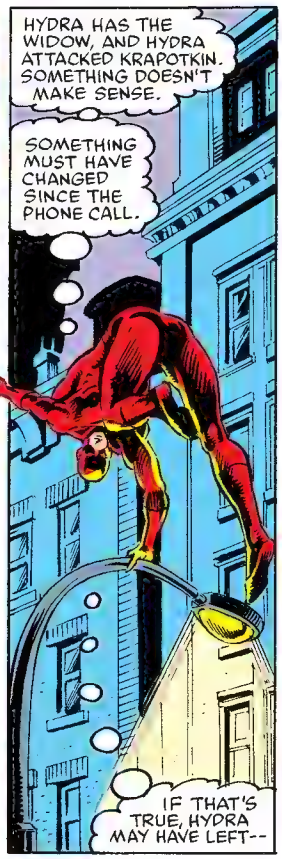
YES, YES, SOMEWHERE SAFE. FOR SO LONG, I RUN, I HIDE. I TAKE JOB AS WATCHMAN TO BE NEAR WORK I LOVE.
IT WAS ACCIDENT. I DID NOT WANT TO STEAL THE CHIP--I WAS FORCED TO BY THOSE WHO THREATEN MY FAMILY. I GO TO BLACK WIDOW FOR HELP AND--
B-TAKZ
AGHHH
SHOT. DEAD.
HYDRA LEFT A SENTRY. AND I WAS SO ENGROSSED IN WHAT KRAPOTKIN WAS SAYING I DIDN'T DETECT HIM.
HE'S PANICKED.
DO NOT ENTER
DEAD END

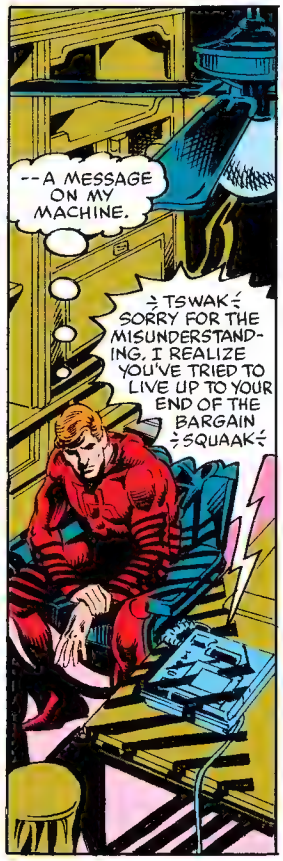


TWOK

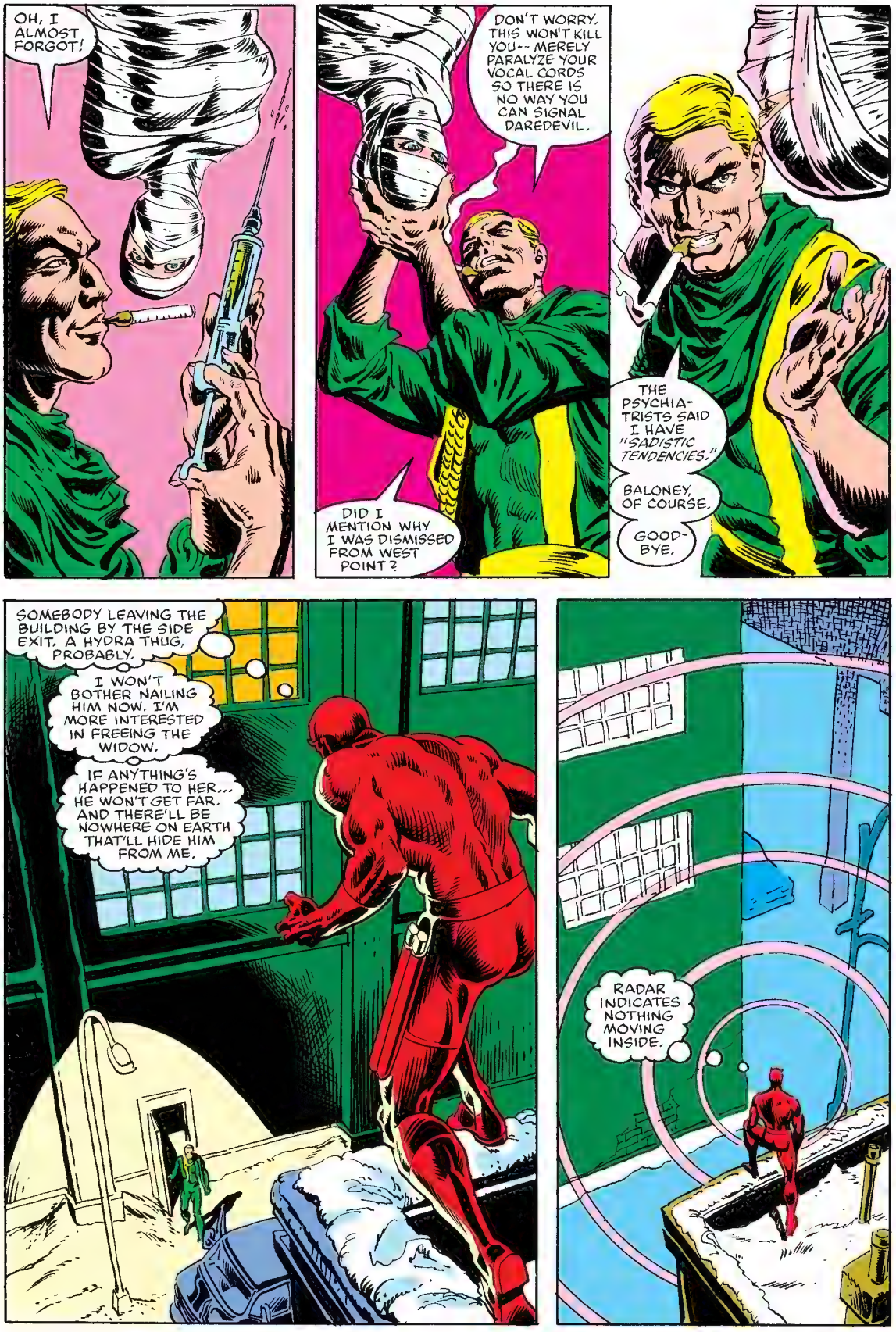
I'LL LET THE POLICE DEAL WITH THE ASSORTED HYDRAS SCATTERED AROUND.
DEAD END
I'VE GOT A MORE PRESSING PROBLEM... WITH ANTON KRAPOTKIN GONE, THERE'S NO WAY I CAN FIND THE MICROCHIP--

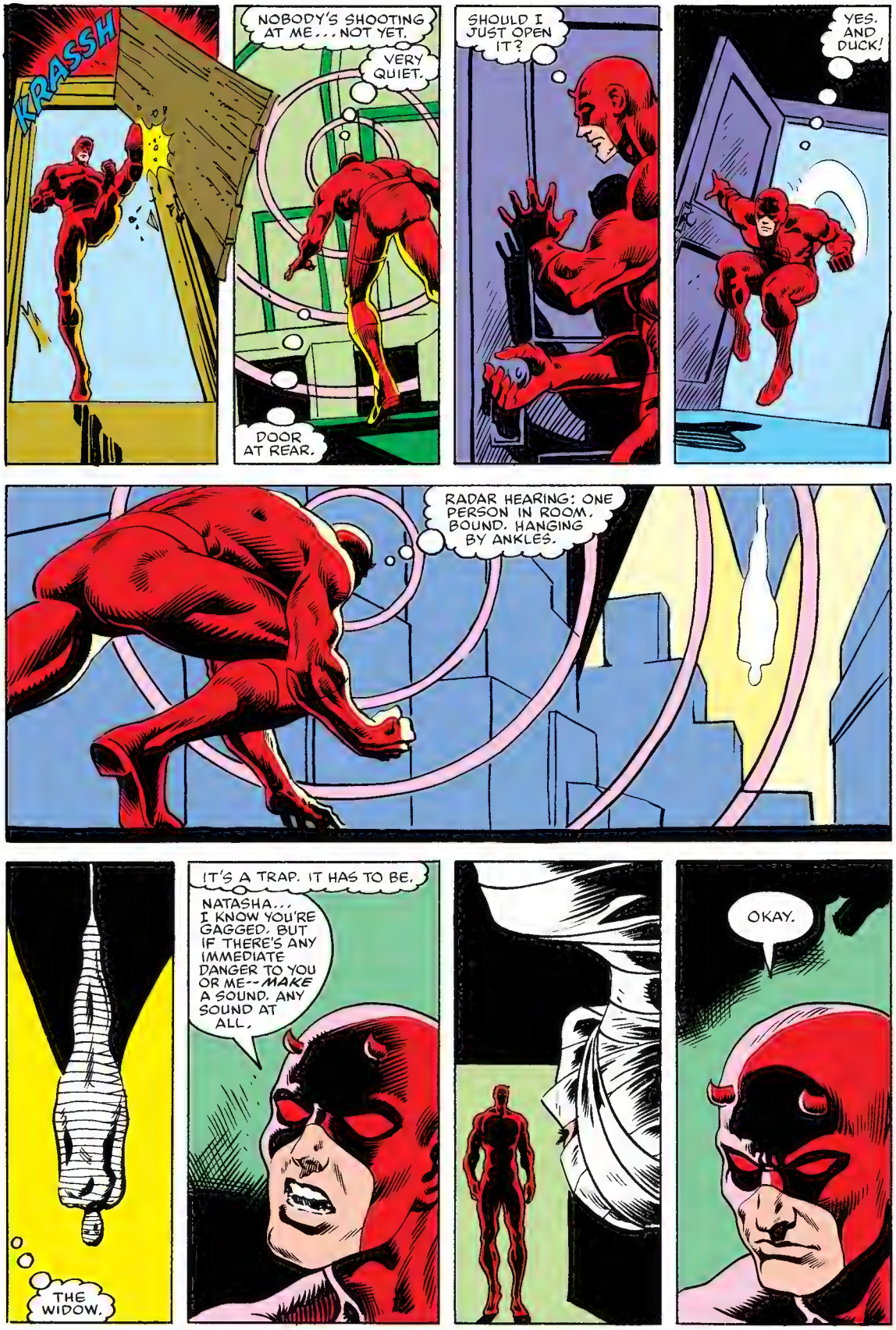
--NOT IN THE TIME I'VE GOT LEFT. AND WITHOUT THAT, THE WIDOW'S FINISHED.
AD END
UNLESS...

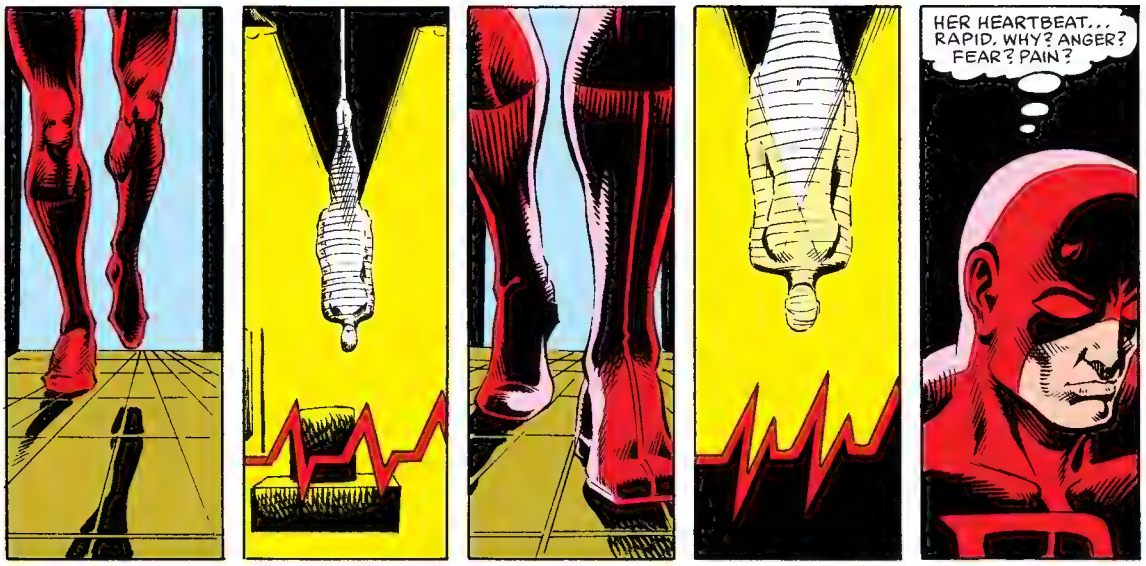

HYDRA HAS THE WIDOW, AND HYDRA ATTACKED KRAPOTKIN. SOMETHING DOESN'T MAKE SENSE.
SOMETHING MUST HAVE CHANGED SINCE THE PHONE CALL.
IF THAT'S TRUE, HYDRA MAY HAVE LEFT--

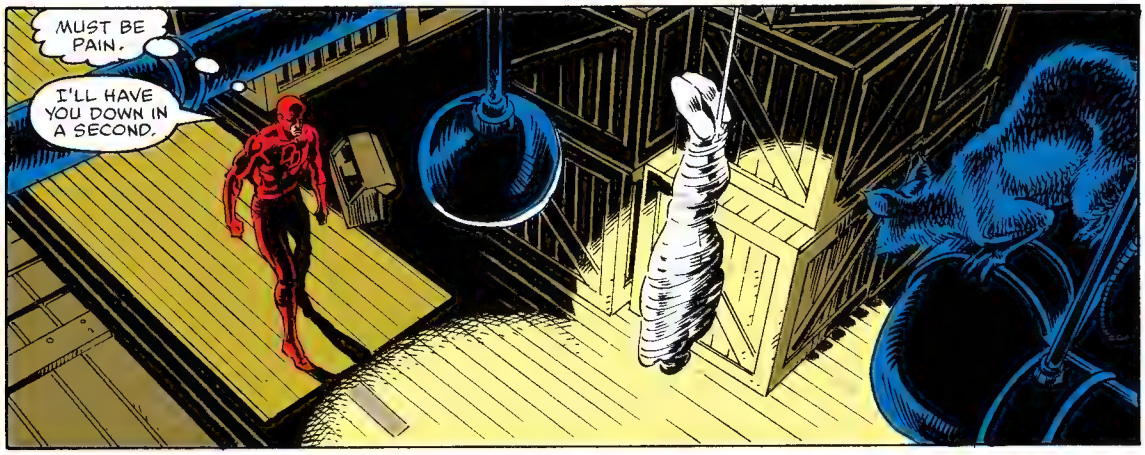

--A MESSAGE ON MY MACHINE.
÷TSWAK÷ SORRY FOR THE MISUNDERSTANDING, I REALIZE YOU'VE TRIED TO LIVE UP TO YOUR END OF THE BARGAIN ÷SQUAAK÷

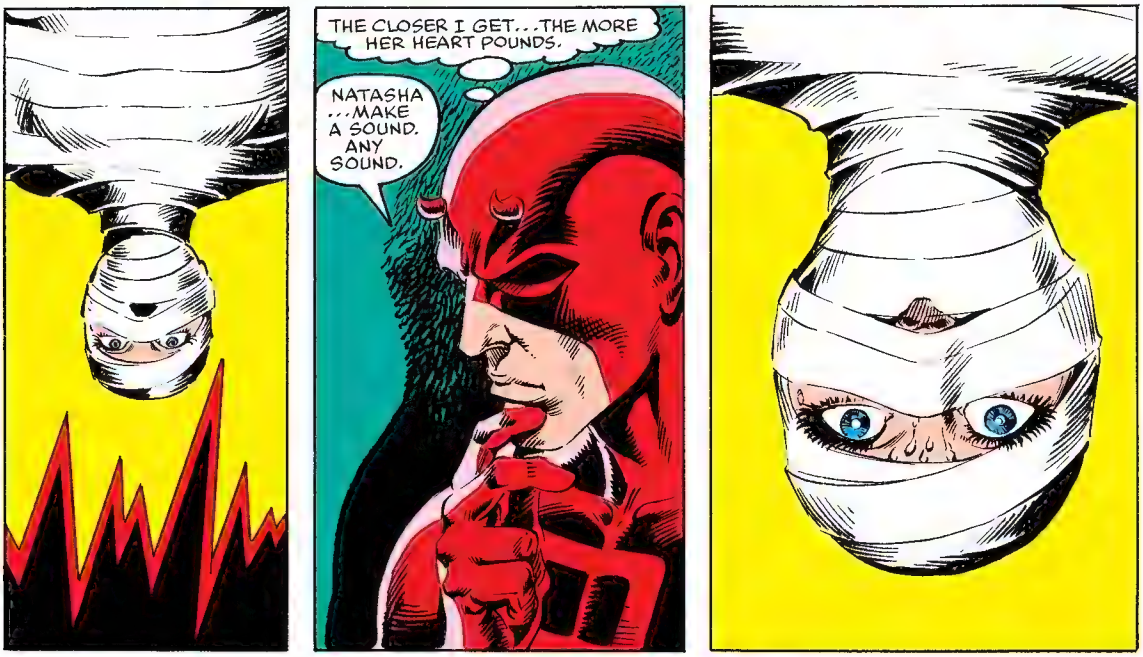
"--SO YOU CAN PICK UP THE BLACK WIDOW ÷WRAAK÷ AT SEVENTH AND WATER STREETS IN BROOK ÷PRRK÷"
YOU WONDER WHAT I AM DOING? KILLING YOU, BLACK WIDOW...KILLING YOU AND DARE-DEVIL,
WITHIN THE HOUR HE WILL BE ARRIVING HERE. HE WILL SEE YOU IN YOUR PRESENT POSITION--
OH NO, HE WON'T --NOT SEE ME!
--HE WILL CROSS THE FLOOR AND HE WILL STEP ON THIS TILE. THAT WILL PUT PRESSURE ON THE BOMB I AM PLACING BENEATH IT--
--AND BOOM! YOU WILL BOTH GO AWAY FOREVER.
I DO NOT RECOVER THE CHIP, TRUE -- AND THAT WILL MAKE THE SUPREME HYDRA ANGRY.
BUT I DO ELIMINATE YOU AND THE POSSIBILITY THAT DARE-DEVIL WILL USE ANY-THING HE HAS LEARNED ABOUT US.
THAT WILL MAKE SUPREME HYDRA VERY HAPPY.
BY THE WAY... WE HAVE NEVER BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED. MY NAME IS GEORGE FISTAL-- EX-WEST POINTER, EX-SOLDIER OF FORTUNE--
NOW, THE MAN WHO KILLED THE BLACK WIDOW AND DAREDEVIL!
FAREWELL, LOVELY LADY.

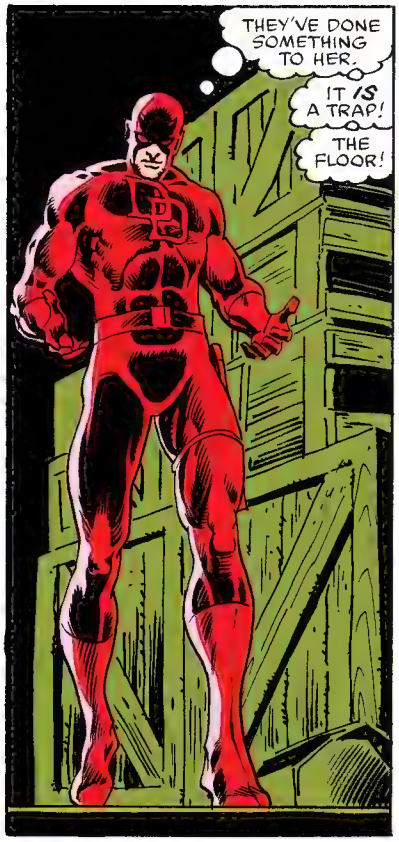

OH, I ALMOST FORGOT!
DON'T WORRY. THIS WON'T KILL YOU-- MERELY PARALYZE YOUR VOCAL CORDS SO THERE IS NO WAY YOU CAN SIGNAL DAREDEVIL.
DID I MENTION WHY I WAS DISMISSED FROM WEST POINT?
THE PSYCHIA-TRISTS SAID I HAVE "SADISTIC TENDENCIES."
BALONEY, OF COURSE.
GOOD-BYE.
SOMEBODY LEAVING THE BUILDING BY THE SIDE EXIT. A HYDRA THUG, PROBABLY.
I WON'T BOTHER NAILING HIM NOW. I'M MORE INTERESTED IN FREEING THE WIDOW.
IF ANYTHING'S HAPPENED TO HER... HE WON'T GET FAR. AND THERE'LL BE NOWHERE ON EARTH THAT'LL HIDE HIM FROM ME.
RADAR INDICATES NOTHING MOVING INSIDE.

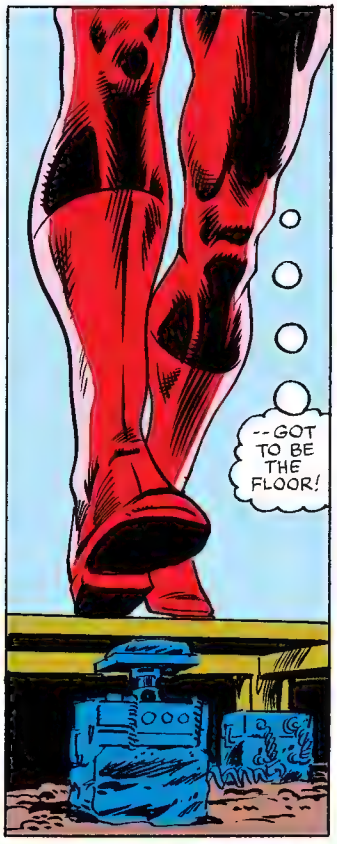

KRASSH
NOBODY'S SHOOTING AT ME . . . NOT YET.
VERY QUIET.
DOOR AT REAR.
SHOULD I JUST OPEN IT?
YES. AND DUCK!
RADAR HEARING: ONE PERSON IN ROOM. BOUND. HANGING BY ANKLES.
THE WIDOW.
IT'S A TRAP. IT HAS TO BE.
NATASHA . . . I KNOW YOU'RE GAGGED, BUT IF THERE'S ANY IMMEDIATE DANGER TO YOU OR ME--*MAKE* A SOUND. ANY SOUND AT ALL.
OKAY.


HER HEARTBEAT... RAPID. WHY? ANGER? FEAR? PAIN?


MUST BE PAIN.
I'LL HAVE YOU DOWN IN A SECOND.

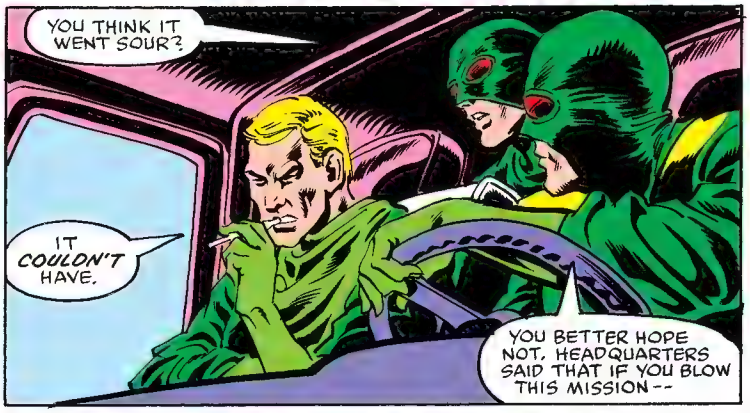

THE CLOSER I GET...THE MORE HER HEART POUNDS.
NATASHA ...MAKE A SOUND. ANY SOUND.

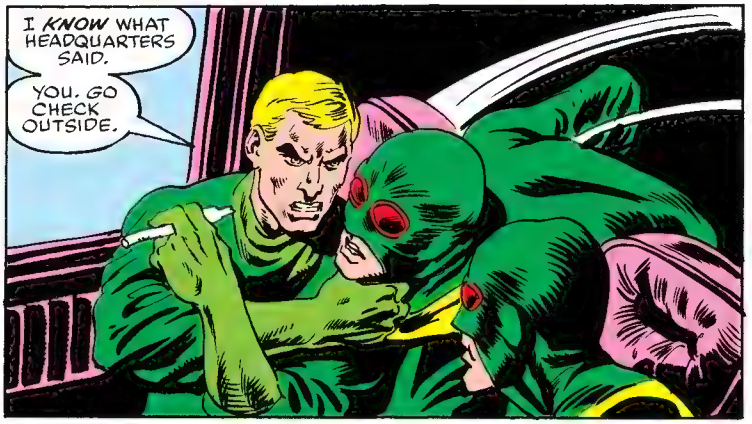

THEY'VE DONE SOMETHING TO HER.
IT IS A TRAP!
THE FLOOR!


--GOT TO BE THE FLOOR!

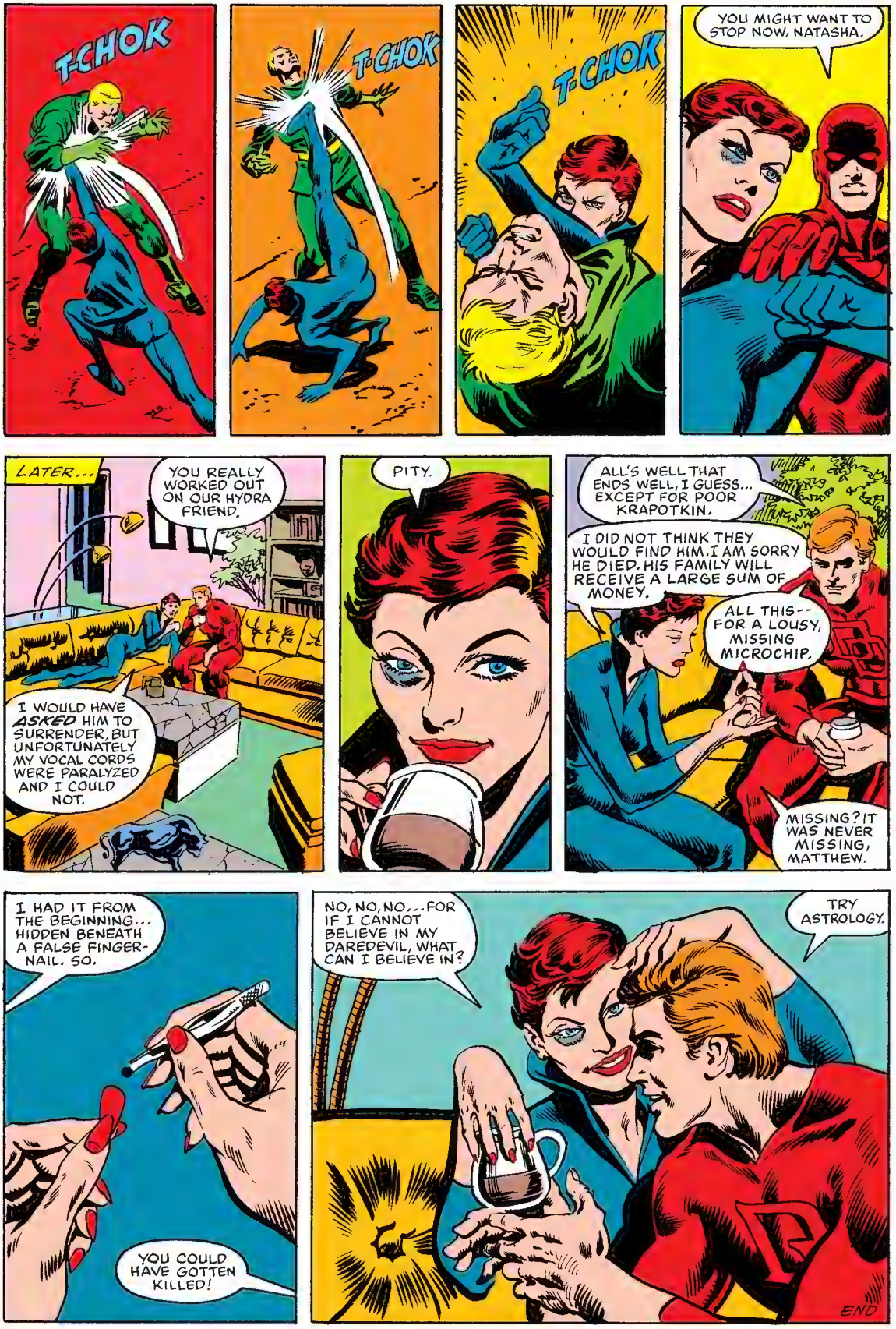
YOU'LL HAVE TO HANG THERE FOR A WHILE LONGER, NATASHA...TILL I CAN BREAK THROUGH THE CEILING AND HAUL YOU UP.
GOOD TO HEAR YOUR HEART'S RETURNING TO NORMAL.

A BLOCK AWAY...
WE SHOULD HAVE HEARD THE EXPLOSION BY NOW.


YOU THINK IT WENT SOUR?
IT COULON'T HAVE.
YOU BETTER HOPE NOT. HEADQUARTERS SAID THAT IF YOU BLOW THIS MISSION--


I KNOW WHAT HEADQUARTERS SAID.
YOU. GO CHECK OUTSIDE.

HE'S BEEN GONE TEN MINUTES.
IT'S TWENTY AFTER SIX. THE SUN'S UP. PRETTY SOON THE STREET'S GONNA BE FULL OF PEOPLE.
THIS MISSION'S IN THE DUMPER. I'M CUTTING OUT--
UNGHF!
WHAT'S HAPPENING THERE--
TAP TAP
TAP TAP
YOU'RE NOT ... DEAD! WELL, YOU WILL BE--
AARRRGHH!
SNAP


T-CHOK
T-CHOK
T-CHOK
YOU MIGHT WANT TO STOP NOW, NATASHA.
LATER...
YOU REALLY WORKED OUT ON OUR HYDRA FRIEND.
I WOULD HAVE ASKED HIM TO SURRENDER, BUT UNFORTUNATELY MY VOCAL CORDS WERE PARALYZED AND I COULD NOT.
PITY.
ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL, I GUESS... EXCEPT FOR POOR KRAPOTKIN.
I DID NOT THINK THEY WOULD FIND HIM. I AM SORRY HE DIED. HIS FAMILY WILL RECEIVE A LARGE SUM OF MONEY.
ALL THIS-- FOR A LOUSY, MISSING MICROCHIP.
MISSING? IT WAS NEVER MISSING, MATTHEW.
I HAD IT FROM THE BEGINNING... HIDDEN BENEATH A FALSE FINGER-NAIL. SO.
YOU COULD HAVE GOTTEN KILLED!
NO, NO, NO... FOR IF I CANNOT BELIEVE IN MY DAREDEVIL, WHAT CAN I BELIEVE IN?
TRY ASTROLOGY.
END

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
"THE DEADLIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE"
BY HARLAN ELLISON AND ARTHUR BYRON COVER
60¢
208
JULY
02459
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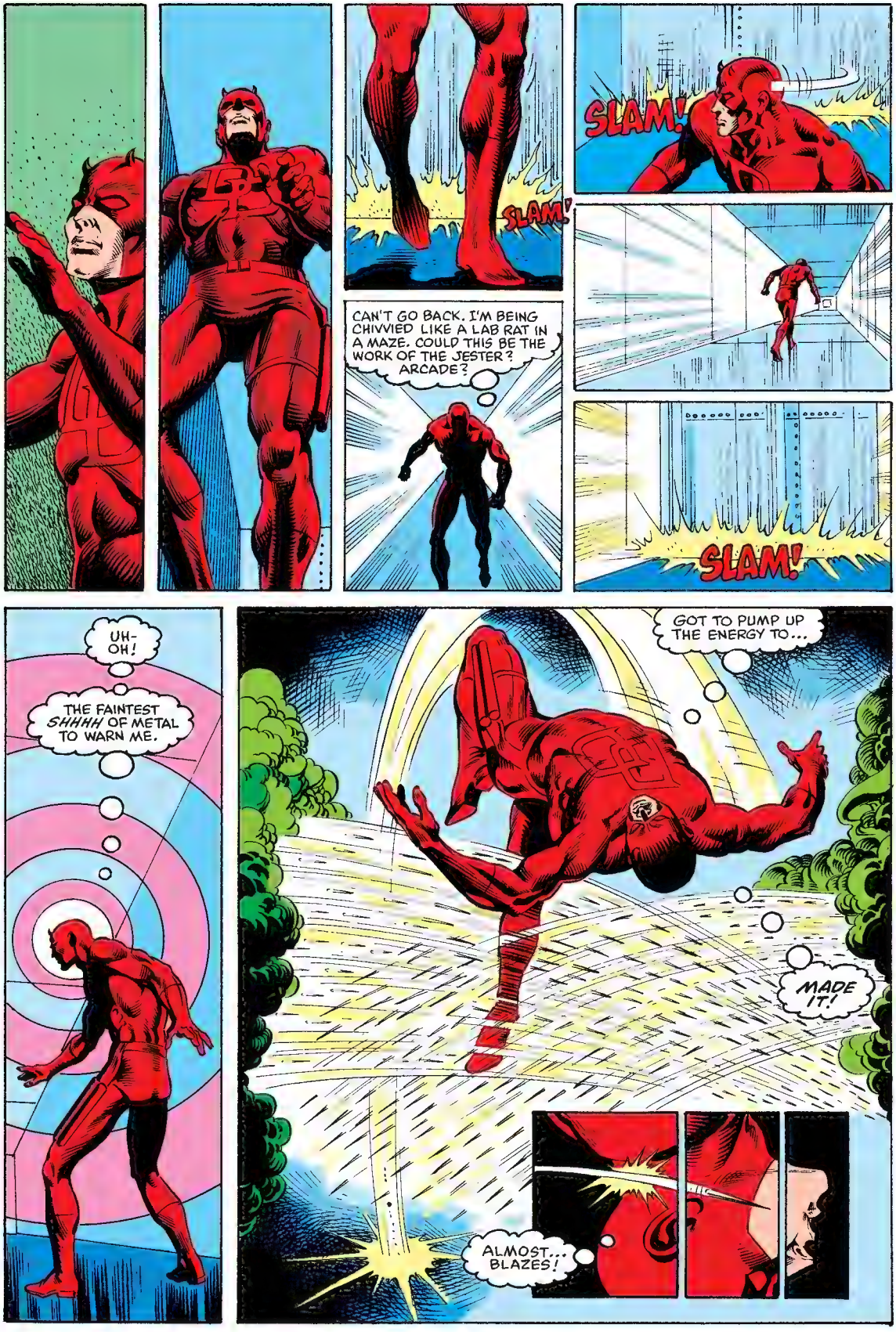
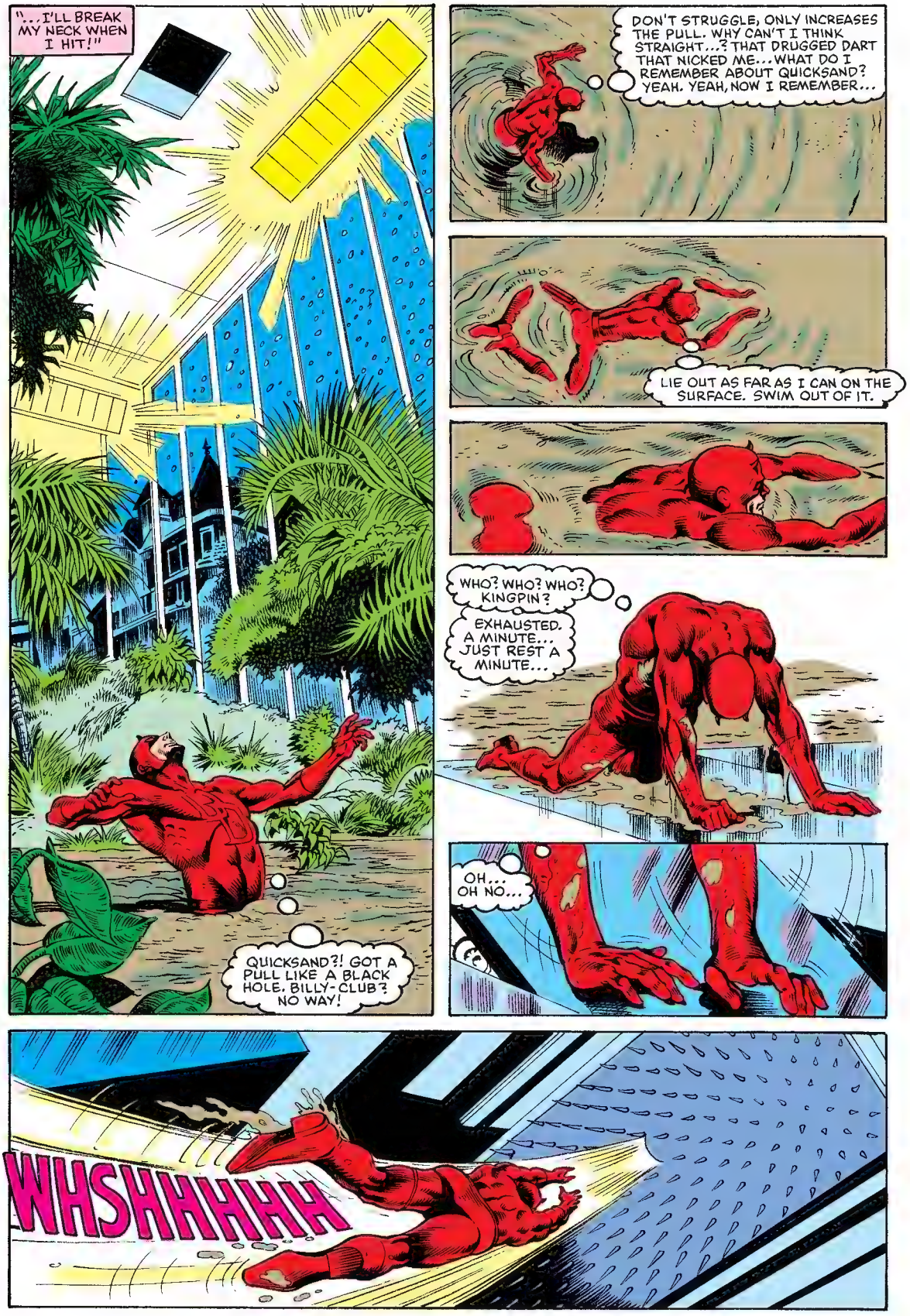
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
THE DEADLIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE!
I DROPPED THEM AT BELLEVUE AT 2 A.M. WHEN THEY RECOVER THEY'LL BE INDICTED FOR ARMED ROBBERY AND ASSAULT. BECAUSE IF THE CLERK FROM THE CONVENIENCE STORE IS TOO SCARED TO PRESS CHARGES, I WILL.
THEY PUT UP A LONGER FIGHT THAN I EXPECTED FROM STREET PUNKS. THEY KNOCKED ME AROUND PRETTY GOOD. AND ME WITH AN 8:00 COURT DATE DOWNTOWN IN THE MORNING. ALL I WANT TO DO IS DIVE INTO BED AND SWIM TO THE LAND OF NOD.
MISTER DAREDEVIL?
STORY BY HARLAN ELLISON & ARTHUR BYRON COVER
PENCILS BY DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
INKS BY DANNY BULANADI
LETTERING BY JOE ROSEN
COLORS BY CHRISTIE SCHEELE
EDITOR BOB BUDIANSKY
EDITOR IN CHIEF JIM SHOOTER

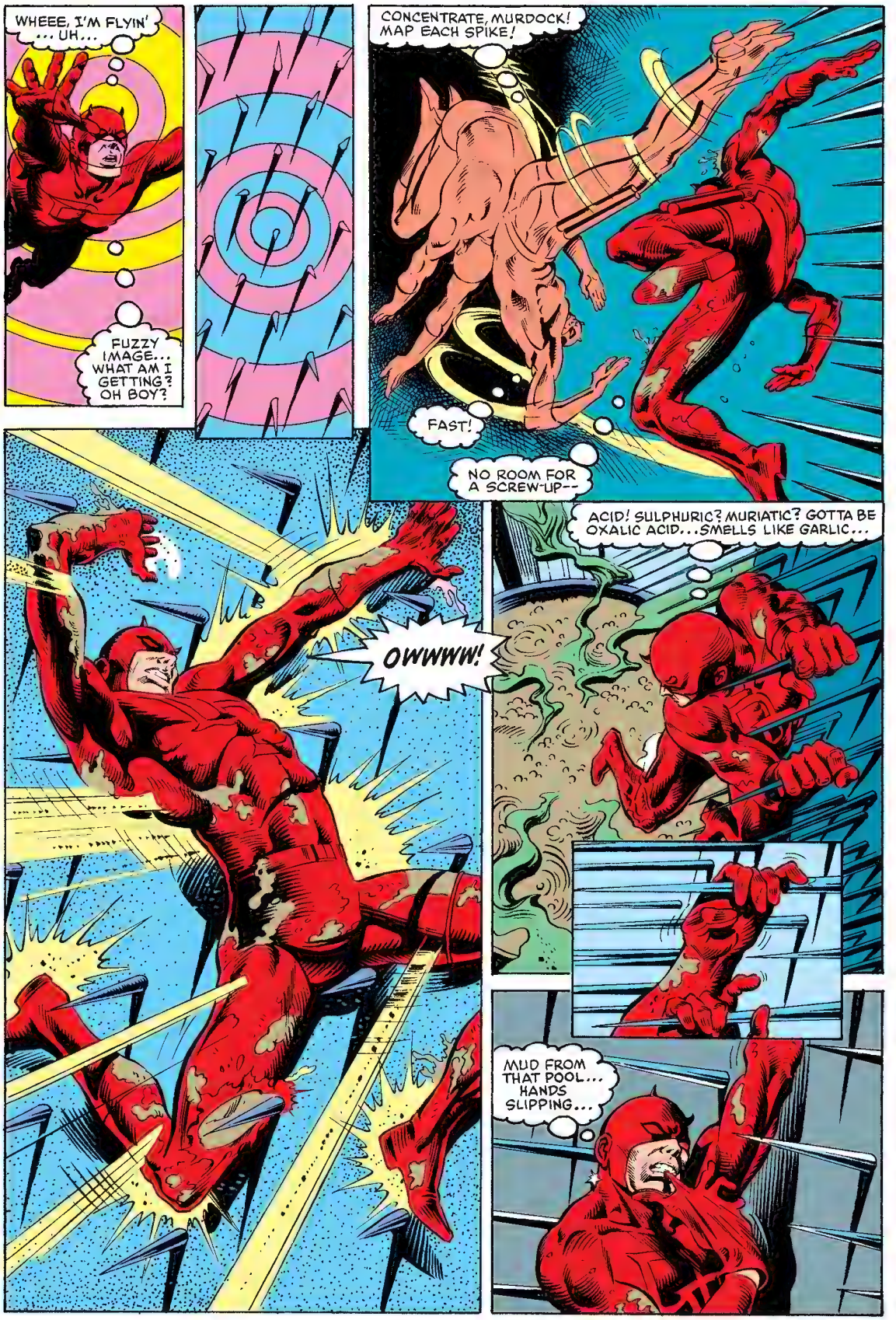
MY MOMMY'S IN TROUBLE! PLEASE, PLEASE, PLEASE, COME AND HELP!
SOMETHING'S WRONG. PAIN AND FEAR IN THE KID'S VOICE. THE SNOW...THE DISTANCE SHE'S KEEPING BETWEEN US...THE BEATING I TOOK...FUZZY...CAN'T READ HER HEARTBEAT.
SHE WANTS ME TO FOLLOW.
MOVES FAST FOR SUCH A LITTLE KID.
OR MAYBE I'M JUST TOO SORE TO KEEP UP.
DOWN HERE, MISTER DAREDEVIL! HURRY, PLEASE!
WHERE'S YOUR MOTHER?
SLAM!

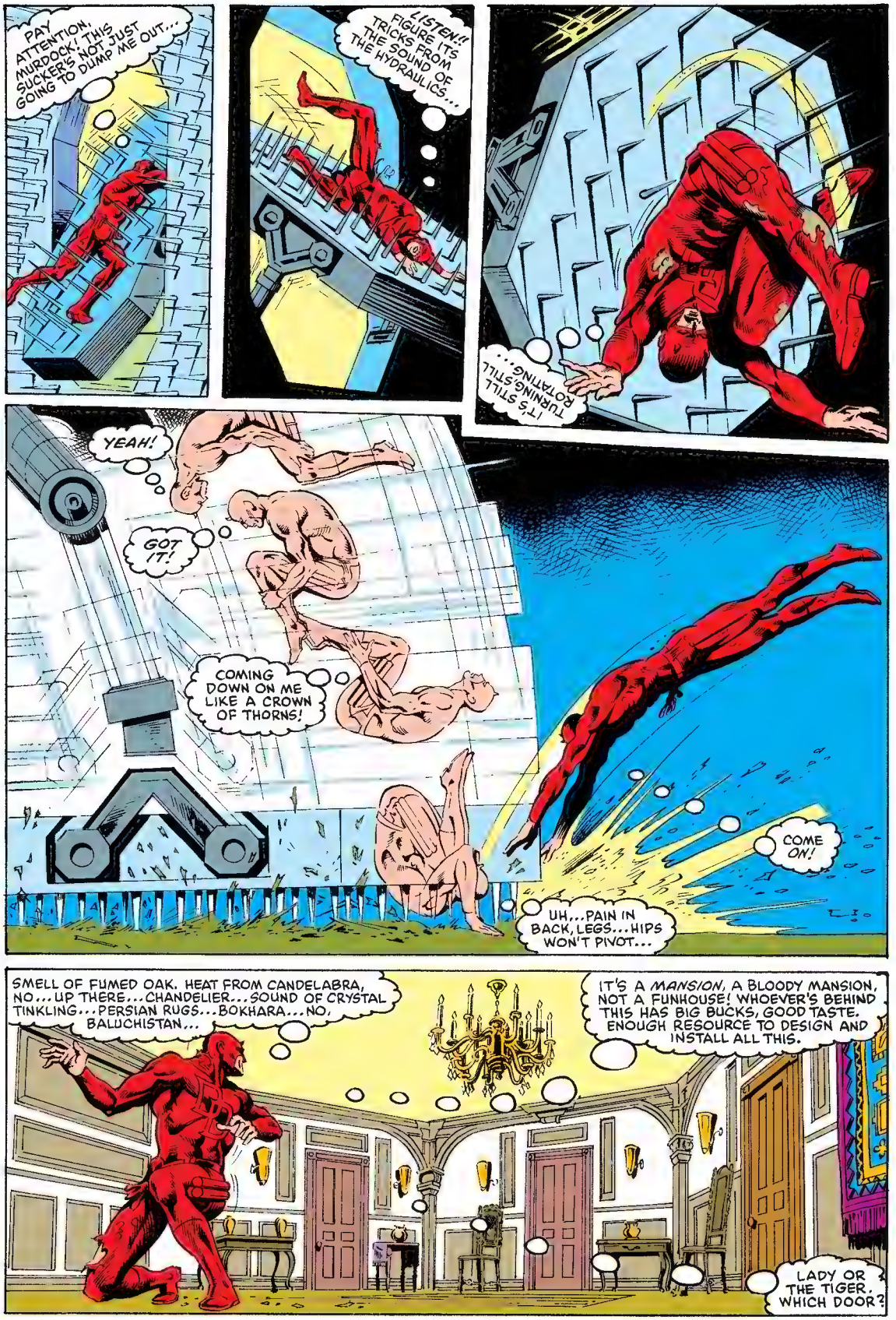
WHAT'S GOING ON, KID?
FOR THE FIRST TIME I'M CLOSE ENOUGH TO HEAR HER HEARTBEAT.
BAROOOM!
WHO COULD AFFORD TO BUILD A THING LIKE THAT?
WITH A HYDRAULIC SYSTEM THAT CAN MIMIC A HEARTBEAT.
THAT BOMB WAS MEANT TO *PURÉE* ME.
WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO?
THIS TUNNEL. LOOKS LIKE AT LEAST A QUARTER OF A MILE. CHILLED STEEL. *RUNNING UNDER THE SLUMS?*
IF I HAVE MY DIRECTIONS RIGHT, THIS'LL TAKE ME UNDER THE WEALTHY ESTATES IN RIVERDALE.
SLAM!


SLAM!
SLAM!
CAN'T GO BACK. I'M BEING CHIVVIED LIKE A LAB RAT IN A MAZE. COULD THIS BE THE WORK OF THE JESTER? ARCADE?
SLAM!
UH-OH!
THE FAINTEST SHHHH OF METAL TO WARN ME.
GOT TO PUMP UP THE ENERGY TO...
MADE IT!
ALMOST... BLAZES!

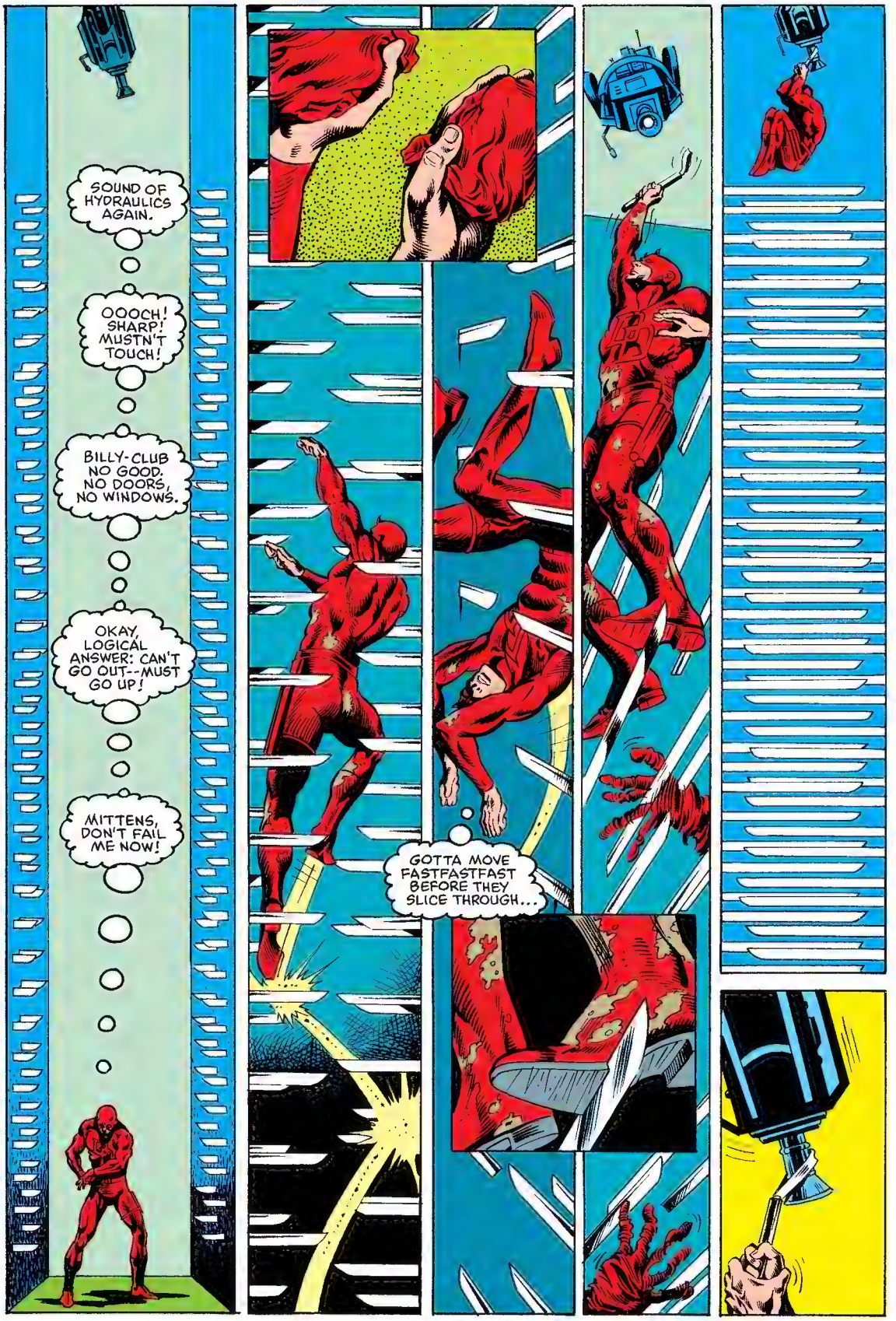
SOMEBODY'S SCRAMBLING MY BRAINS AND FRYING THEM FOR BREAKFAST.
RADAR SENSE COMPLETELY WONKY. THAT DART MUST'VE BEEN COATED WITH SOME KIND OF HALLUCINOGEN.
CAN'T GET MY BEARINGS.
OH NO...IS THIS A TUNNEL...OR... OH...IT'S THE BARREL OF A...
CAN'T STAND THIS HEAT...
PAIN IN MY HEAD...
WEAK.
SOCKETS WHERE MY EYES USED TO BE...BURNING...
CAN'T TELL IF TUNNEL'S CLIMBING OR DROPPING...AM I ABOVEGROUND OR UNDER...
COLD...SO COLD...

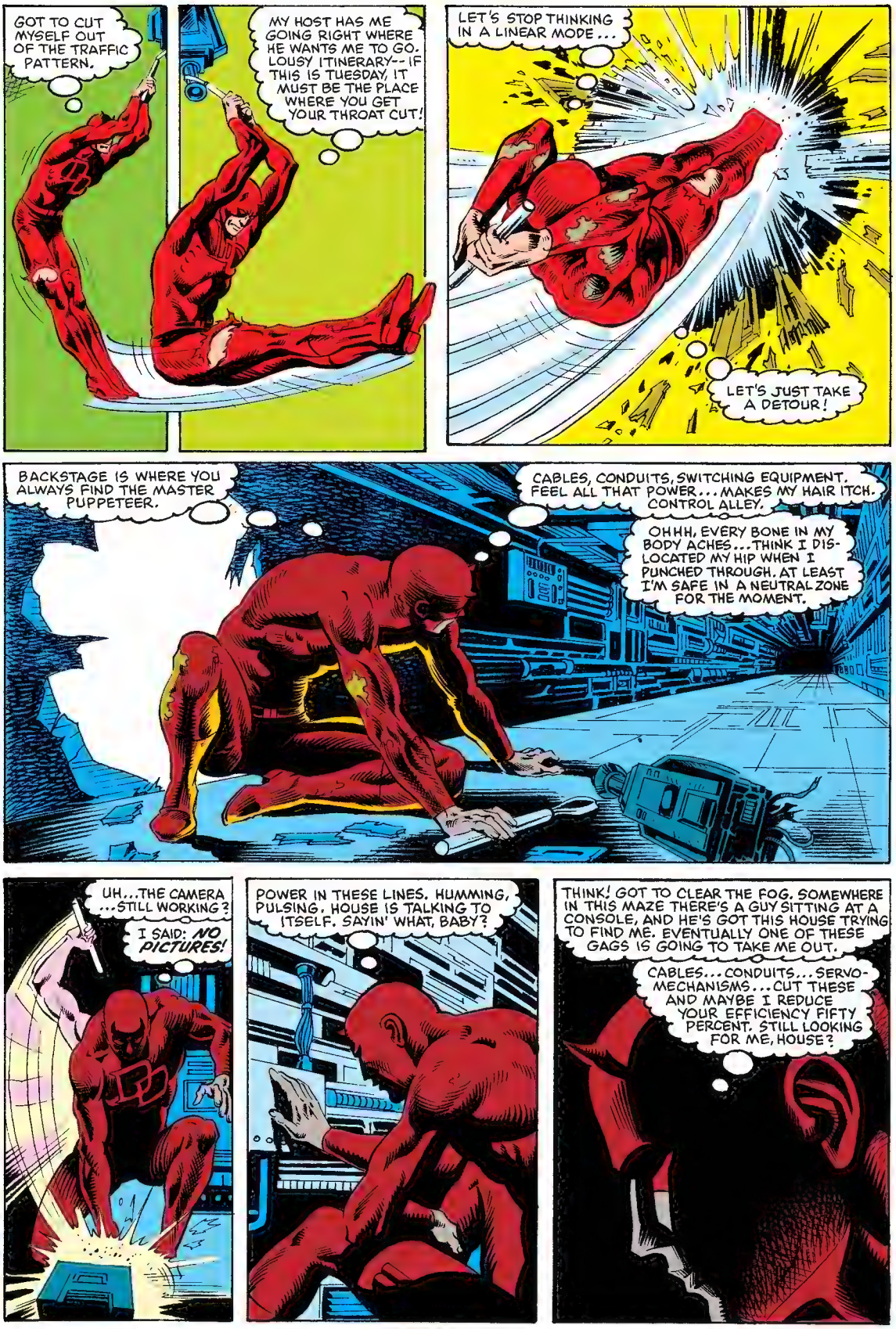

"...I'LL BREAK MY NECK WHEN I HIT!"
QUICKSAND?! GOT A PULL LIKE A BLACK HOLE. BILLY-CLUB? NO WAY!
DON'T STRUGGLE, ONLY INCREASES THE PULL. WHY CAN'T I THINK STRAIGHT...? THAT DRUGGED DART THAT NICKED ME...WHAT DO I REMEMBER ABOUT QUICKSAND? YEAH. YEAH, NOW I REMEMBER...
LIE OUT AS FAR AS I CAN ON THE SURFACE. SWIM OUT OF IT.
WHO? WHO? WHO? KINGPIN?
EXHAUSTED. A MINUTE... JUST REST A MINUTE...
OH... OH NO...
WHSHHHHH

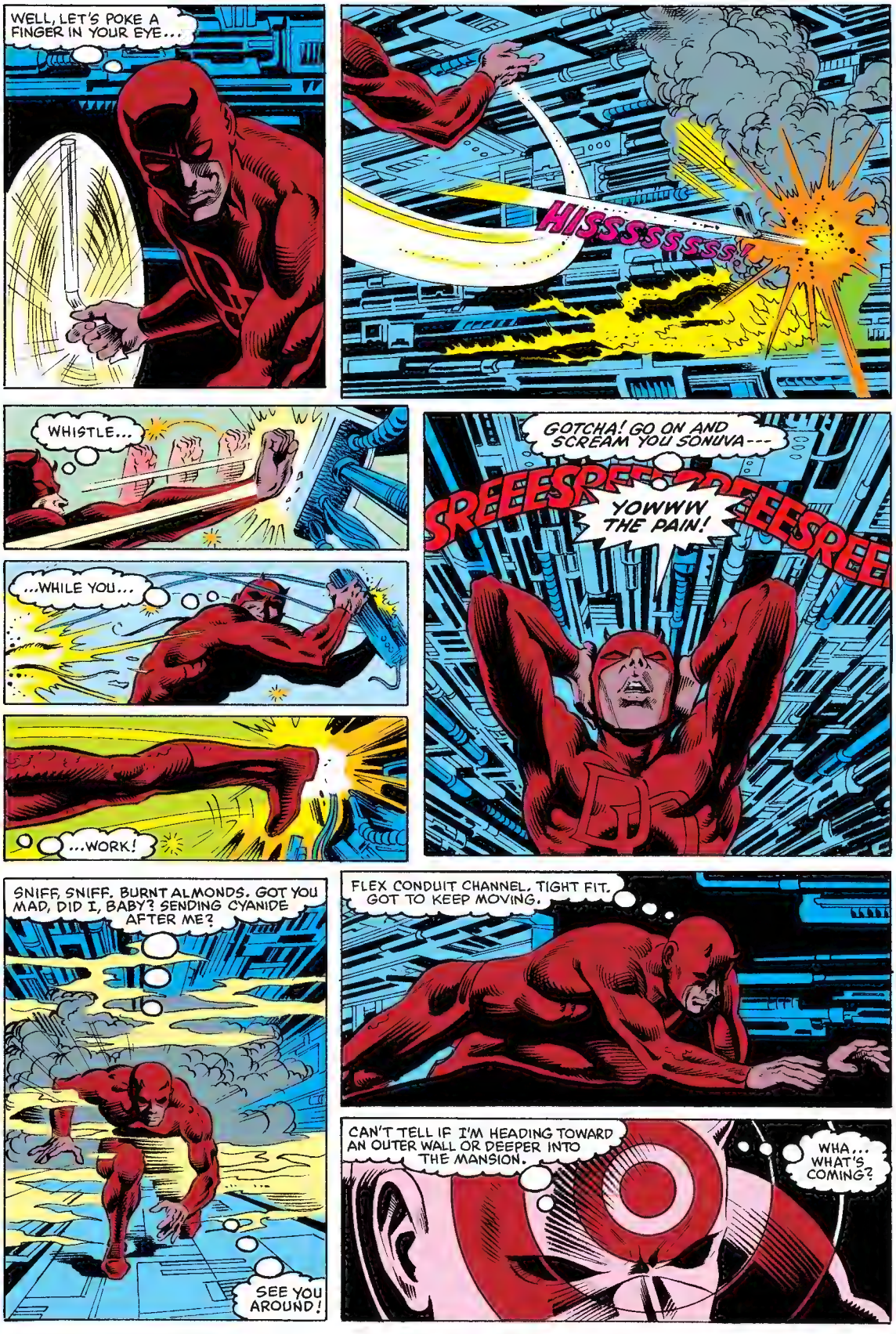

WHEEE, I'M FLYIN' ... UH...
FUZZY IMAGE... WHAT AM I GETTING? OH BOY?
CONCENTRATE, MURDOCK! MAP EACH SPIKE!
FAST!
NO ROOM FOR A SCREW-UP--
OWWWW!
ACID! SULPHURIC? MURIATIC? GOTTA BE OXALIC ACID...SMELLS LIKE GARLIC...
MUD FROM THAT POOL... HANDS SLIPPING...


PAY ATTENTION, MURDOCK! THIS SUCKER'S NOT JUST GOING TO DUMP ME OUT...
LISTEN!! FIGURE IT'S TRICKS FROM THE SOUND OF THE HYDRAULICS...
IT'S STILL TURNING, STILL ROTATING...
YEAH!
GOT IT!
COMING DOWN ON ME LIKE A CROWN OF THORNS!
COME ON!
UH...PAIN IN BACK, LEGS...HIPS WON'T PIVOT...
SMELL OF FUMED OAK. HEAT FROM CANDELABRA, NO...UP THERE...CHANDELIER...SOUND OF CRYSTAL TINKLING...PERSIAN RUGS...BOKHARA...NO, BALUCHISTAN...
IT'S A MANSION, A BLOODY MANSION, NOT A FUNHOUSE! WHOEVER'S BEHIND THIS HAS BIG BUCKS, GOOD TASTE. ENOUGH RESOURCE TO DESIGN AND INSTALL ALL THIS.
LADY OR THE TIGER. WHICH DOOR?

I'LL TAKE WHAT'S BEHIND DOOR NUMBER TWO, MONTY!
BKOO
OM!
DOOR NUMBER ONE.
SURPRISE!
FWOOOSH
THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM. LET'S SEE IF YOU PLAY FAIR, MINE HOST.
CUTE. JUST ENOUGH OF A SHOCK TO LET ME KNOW I'M STILL GOING IN THE RIGHT DIRECTION.
STILL WOOZY, STILL DOPED FROM THAT DART...
AGAIN WITH THE LONG HALL ROUTINE?
WRONG...AND WRONG. ANOTHER PHANTASM.
NO WAY OUT. LAST TRAP, MY INVISIBLE HOST? GETTING AN EYEFUL OF YOUR RAT IN THE MAZE?

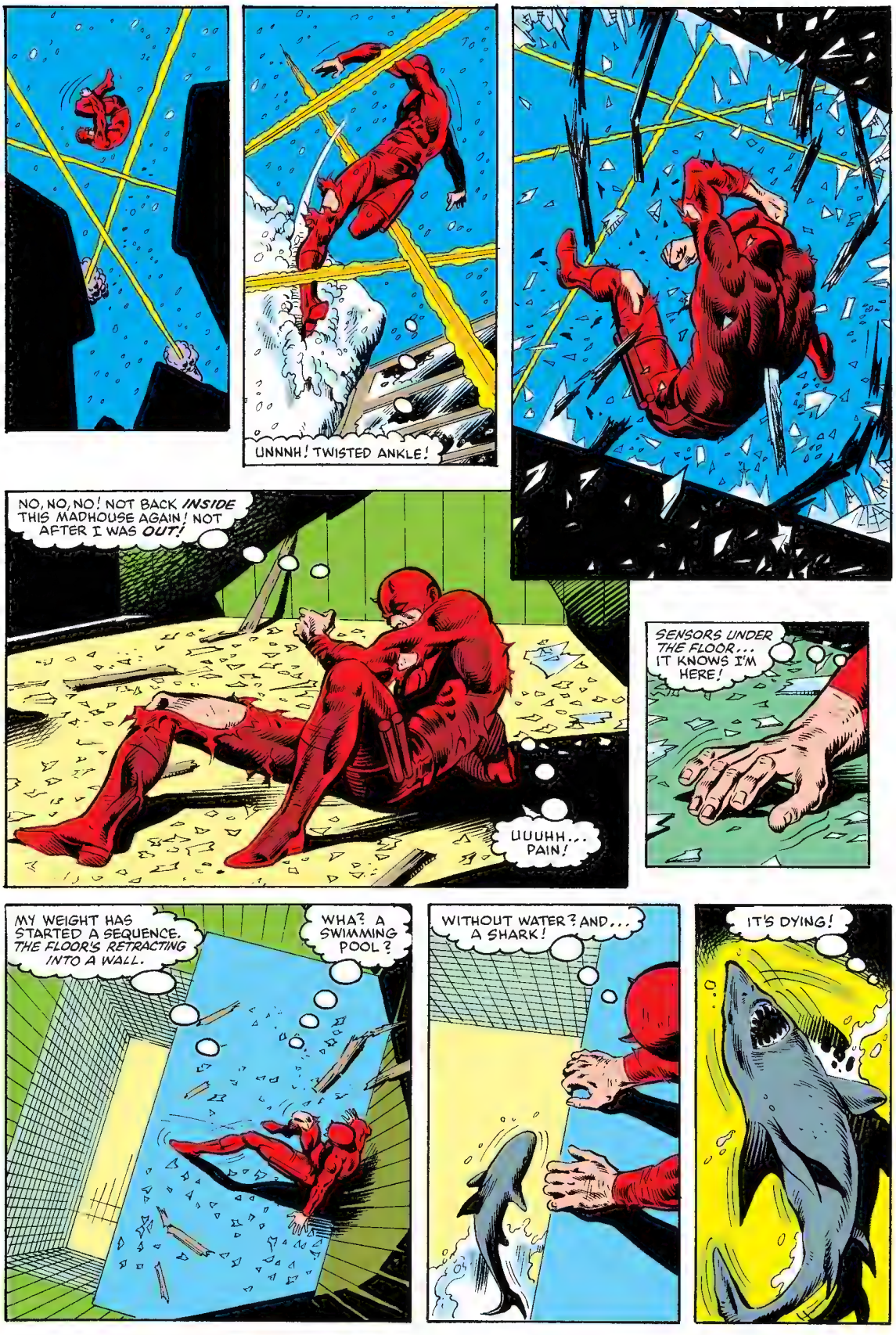

SOUND OF HYDRAULICS AGAIN.
OOOCH! SHARP! MUSTN'T TOUCH!
BILLY-CLUB NO GOOD. NO DOORS, NO WINDOWS.
OKAY, LOGICAL ANSWER: CAN'T GO OUT--MUST GO UP!
MITTENS, DON'T FAIL ME NOW!
GOTTA MOVE FASTFASTFAST BEFORE THEY SLICE THROUGH...

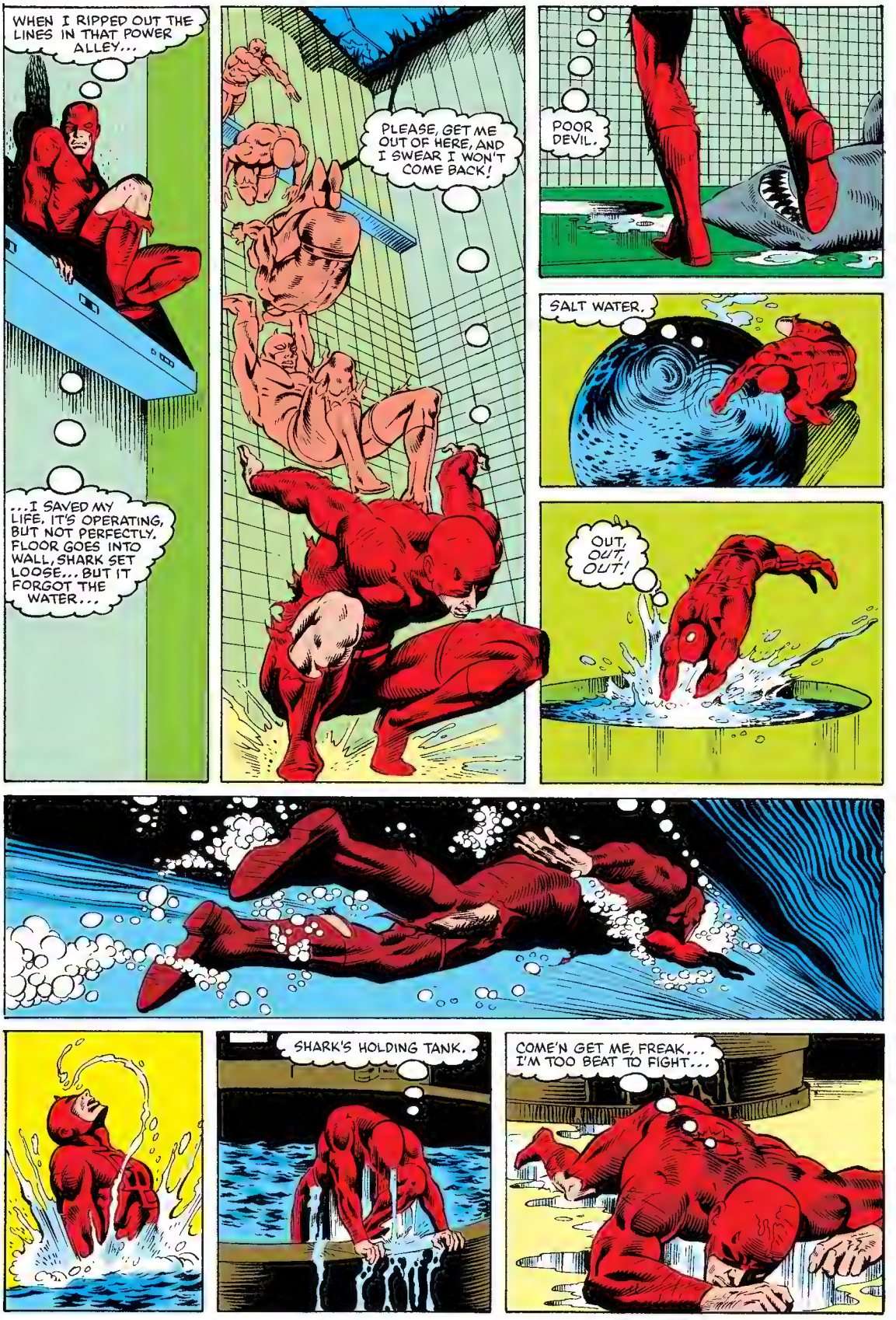

GOT TO CUT MYSELF OUT OF THE TRAFFIC PATTERN.
MY HOST HAS ME GOING RIGHT WHERE HE WANTS ME TO GO. LOUSY ITINERARY--IF THIS IS TUESDAY, IT MUST BE THE PLACE WHERE YOU GET YOUR THROAT CUT!
LET'S STOP THINKING IN A LINEAR MODE...
LET'S JUST TAKE A DETOUR!
BACKSTAGE IS WHERE YOU ALWAYS FIND THE MASTER PUPPETEER.
CABLES, CONDUITS, SWITCHING EQUIPMENT. FEEL ALL THAT POWER... MAKES MY HAIR ITCH. CONTROL ALLEY.
OHHH, EVERY BONE IN MY BODY ACHES...THINK I DISLOCATED MY HIP WHEN I PUNCHED THROUGH. AT LEAST I'M SAFE IN A NEUTRAL ZONE FOR THE MOMENT.
UH...THE CAMERA ...STILL WORKING?
I SAID: NO PICTURES!
POWER IN THESE LINES. HUMMING, PULSING. HOUSE IS TALKING TO ITSELF. SAYIN' WHAT, BABY?
THINK! GOT TO CLEAR THE FOG. SOMEWHERE IN THIS MAZE THERE'S A GUY SITTING AT A CONSOLE, AND HE'S GOT THIS HOUSE TRYING TO FIND ME. EVENTUALLY ONE OF THESE GAGS IS GOING TO TAKE ME OUT.
CABLES...CONDUITS...SERVOMECHANISMS...CUT THESE AND MAYBE I REDUCE YOUR EFFICIENCY FIFTY PERCENT. STILL LOOKING FOR ME, HOUSE?


WELL, LET'S POKE A FINGER IN YOUR EYE...
HISSSSSSSS!
WHISTLE...
...WHILE YOU...
...WORK!
GOTCHA! GO ON AND SCREAM YOU SONUVA---
SREEESREEESREE
YOWWW THE PAIN!
SNIFF, SNIFF. BURNT ALMONDS. GOT YOU MAD, DID I, BABY? SENDING CYANIDE AFTER ME?
SEE YOU AROUND!
FLEX CONDUIT CHANNEL. TIGHT FIT. GOT TO KEEP MOVING.
CAN'T TELL IF I'M HEADING TOWARD AN OUTER WALL OR DEEPER INTO THE MANSION.
WHA... WHAT'S COMING?

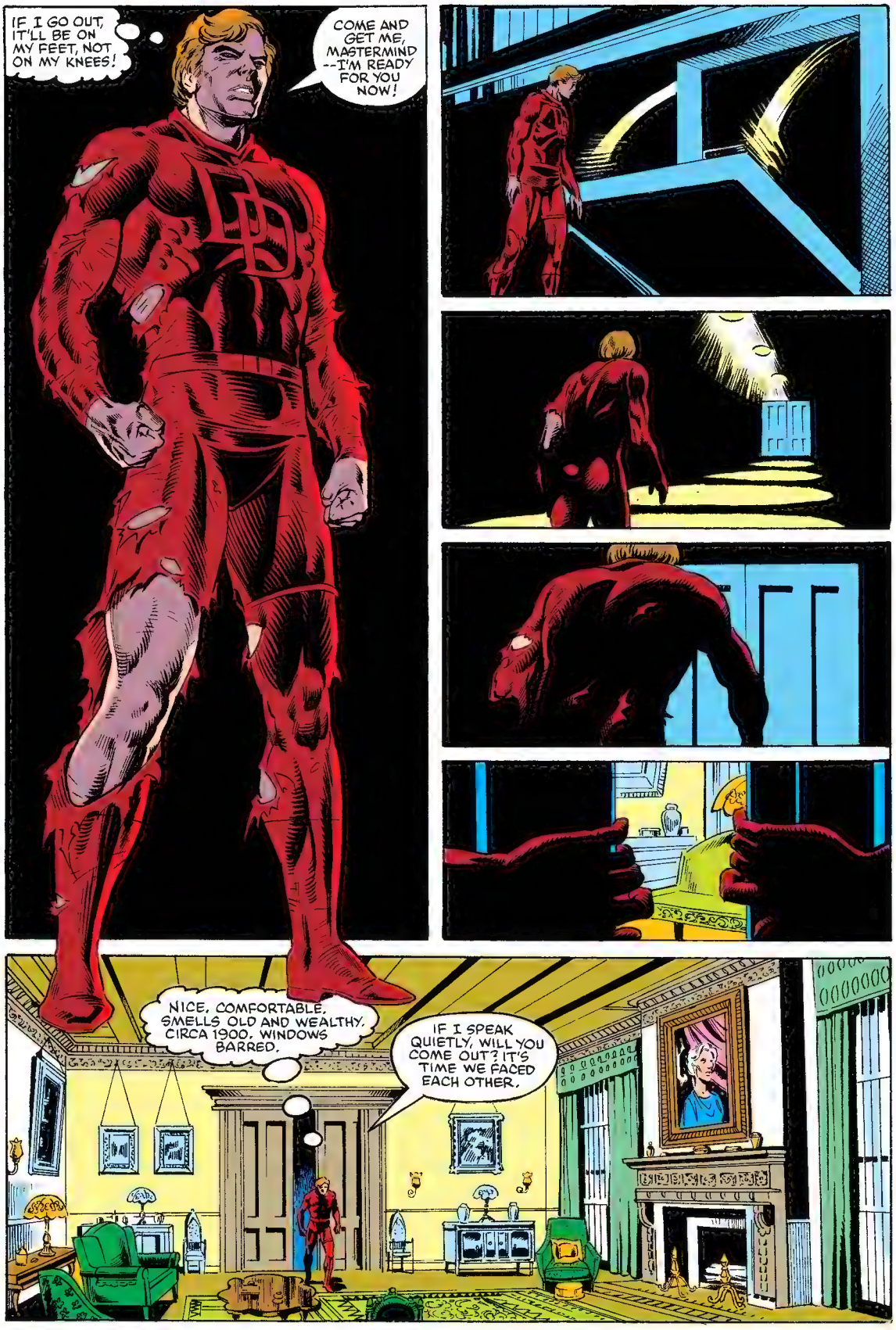
THE HOUSE FOUND ME! UGGHH -- BLACK MAMBAS FROM AFRICA, TAIPANS FROM NEW GUINEA, TIGER SNAKES FROM AUSTRALIA!
ONE BITE AND I'M DEAD! ARE THEY MOVING THAT FAST, ARE THEY REALLY THAT BIG... OR AM I STILL HALLUCINATING?
TOO CRAMPED TO FLIP AND USE MY FEET. CAN'T REACH MY BILLY-CLUB, CAN'T MANEUVER...
GOTTA USE WHAT'S AVAILABLE.
WHEW, WHAT A STINK OF BURNING SERPENT!
SSSZZZZZZZ!
WHO'S AT THE CONTROLS? SNAKES... THE COBRA?
UP MEANS OUT, MAYBE.
CIRCULATION FAN, GOTTA BE THE ROOF.
CREEEEK
UGGGH!

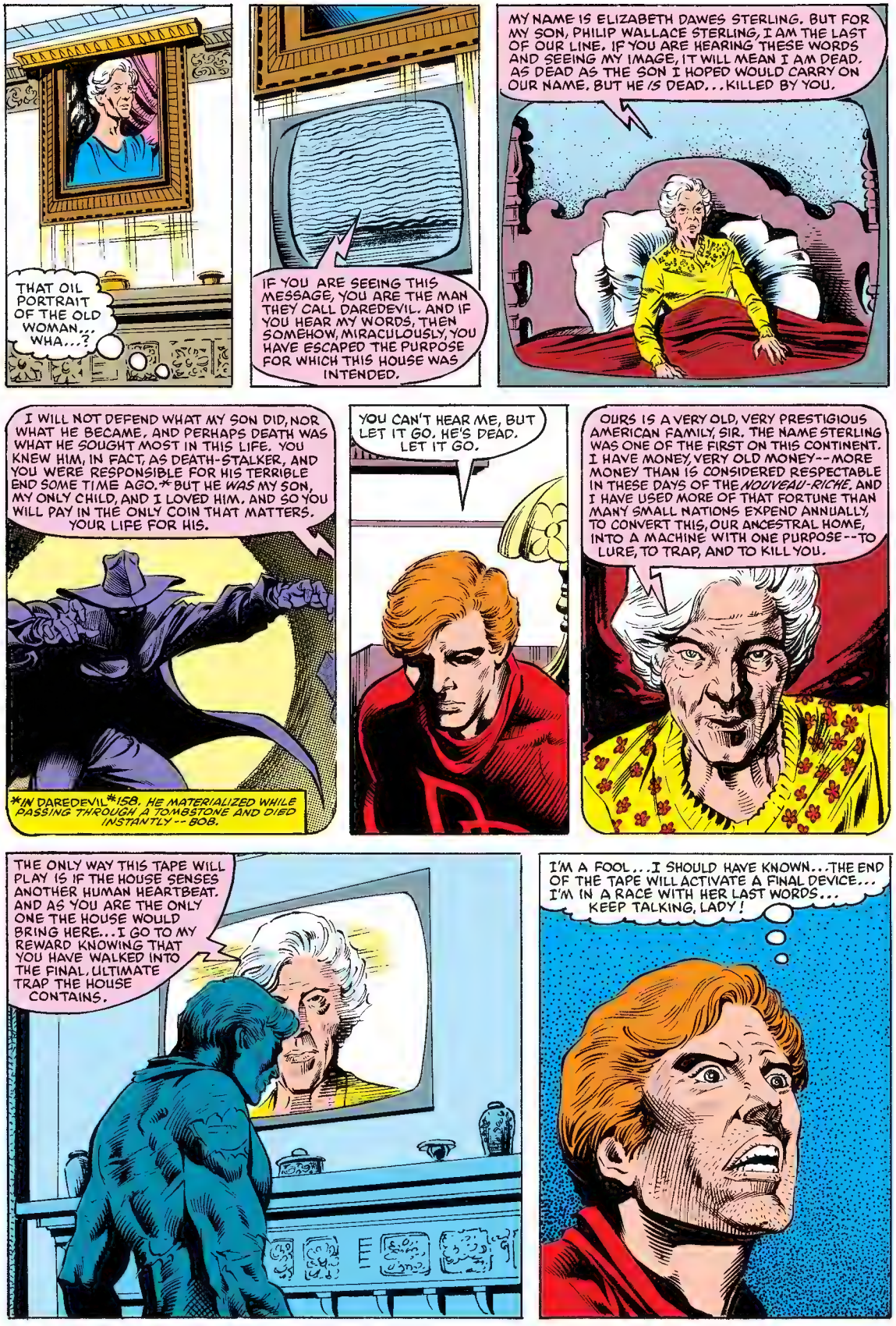
SCCRUNCHHHH!
OOOOF!
HOLY...!
I DIDN'T EVEN BEGIN TO SUSPECT! IT'S ENORMOUS ... AT LEAST TWO AND A HALF ACRES... UP HERE IN RIVERDALE, THIS IS OLD MONEY... SOME CRAZY PATCHWORK MANSION...
THAT MUST BE SPUYTEN DUYVIL CREEK OVER THERE... THE NORTH BRONX IN THAT DIRECTION... YONKERS OVER THIS WAY...
SHOULD I TRY TO SOLVE THIS THING OR JUST GET OUT OF HERE?
UH-OH!
LASER BEAMS! SHOULD'VE KNOWN ESCAPE WOULDN'T BE THAT EASY!
SS SS ZZIZZLE!
HEAT-SEEKERS, GIMBAL-MOUNTED, TV TRACKING! JUMP, MURDOCK, JUMP JUMP JUMP!

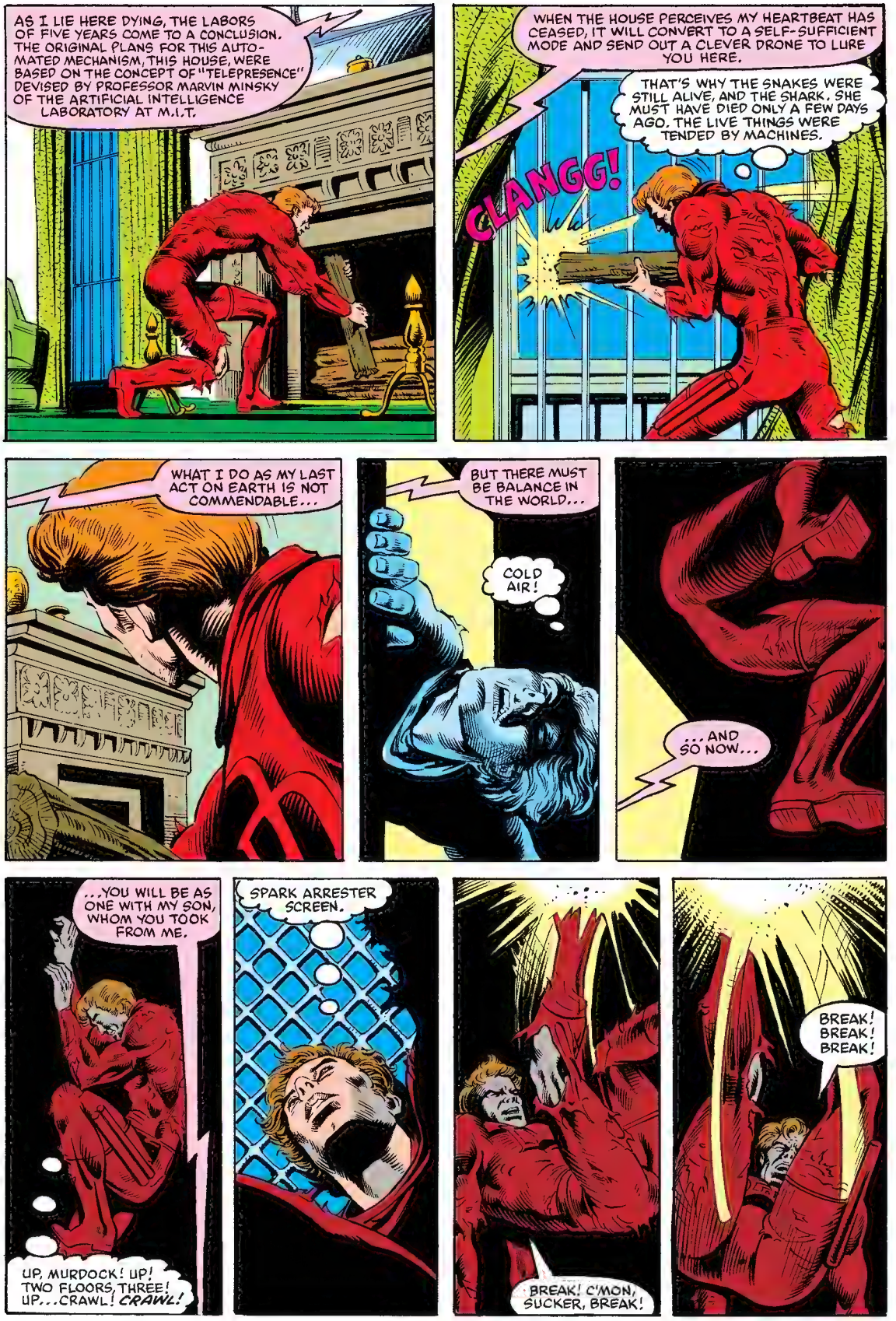

UNNNH! TWISTED ANKLE!
NO, NO, NO! NOT BACK *INSIDE* THIS MADHOUSE AGAIN! NOT AFTER I WAS *OUT!*
UUUHH... PAIN!
SENSORS UNDER THE FLOOR... IT KNOWS I'M HERE!
MY WEIGHT HAS STARTED A SEQUENCE. *THE FLOOR'S RETRACTING INTO A WALL.*
WHA? A SWIMMING POOL?
WITHOUT WATER? AND... A SHARK!
IT'S DYING!

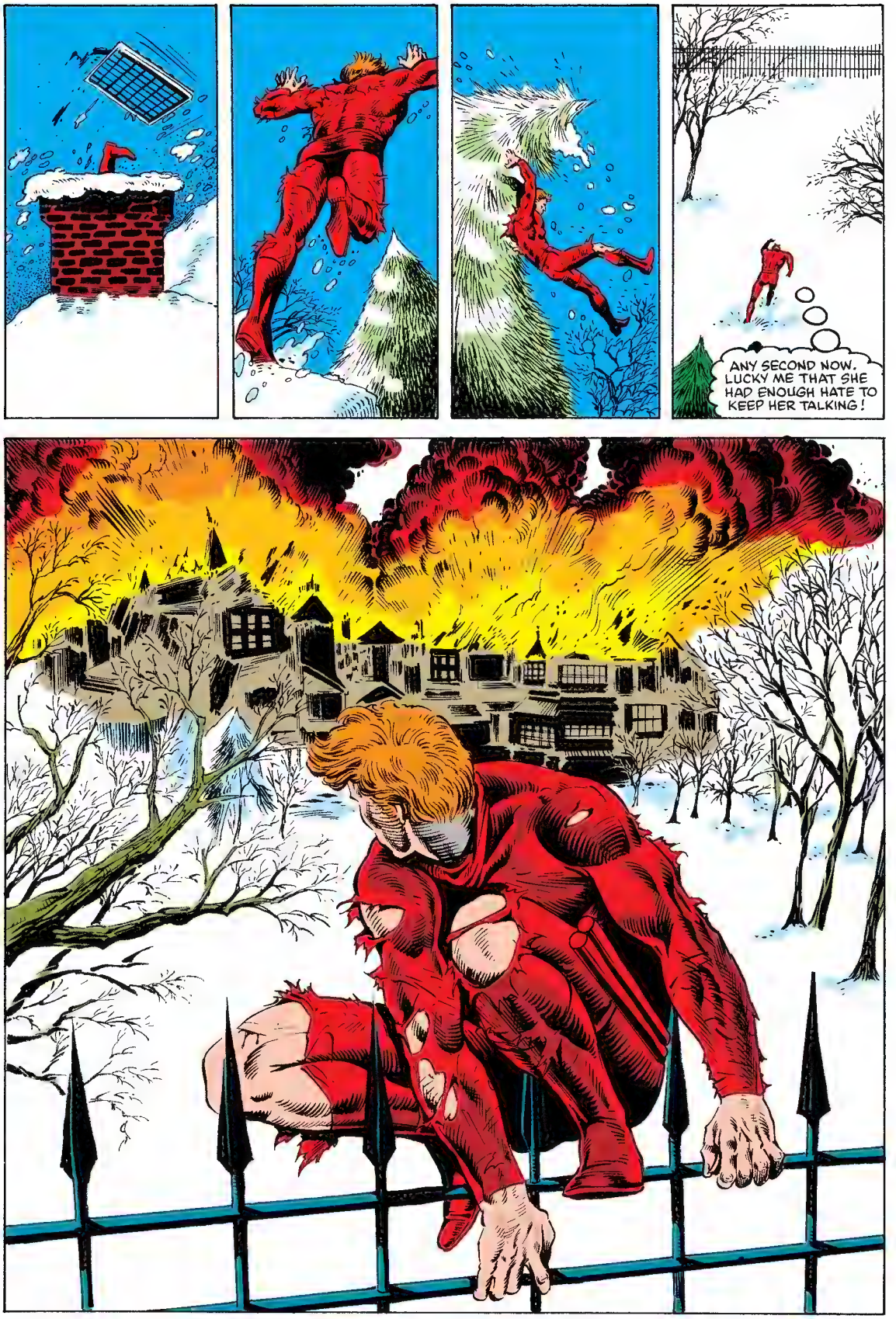

WHEN I RIPPED OUT THE LINES IN THAT POWER ALLEY...
...I SAVED MY LIFE, IT'S OPERATING, BUT NOT PERFECTLY. FLOOR GOES INTO WALL, SHARK SET LOOSE... BUT IT FORGOT THE WATER...
PLEASE, GET ME OUT OF HERE, AND I SWEAR I WON'T COME BACK!
POOR DEVIL.
SALT WATER.
OUT, OUT, OUT!
SHARK'S HOLDING TANK.
COME'N GET ME, FREAK... I'M TOO BEAT TO FIGHT...

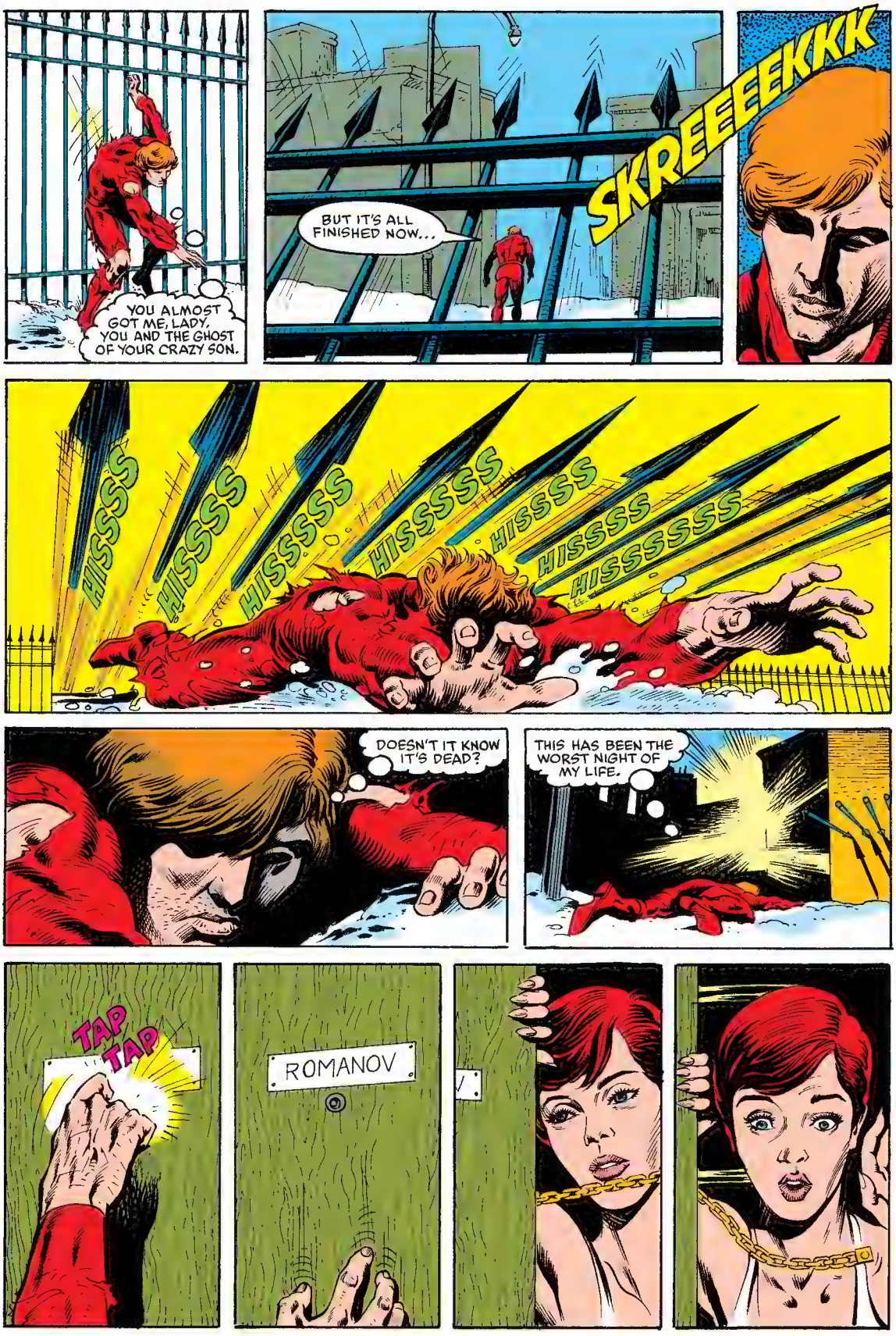
MORE GAS...FEAR...WHAT CRIPPLES US...
"SUFFOCATION...
"BURNED ALIVE...
"DEATH OF A... LOVED ONE... OH NO, NO...
"FALLING... I'M FALLING...
"RIDICULE ...A FOOL ...A FOOL...
"AMPUTATION ...CRAWL..."
THIS IS HOW THEY BROKE WINSTON SMITH IN "1984"...ROOM 101 ...HUMAN FEAR...
STICK...I DIDN'T FORGET...
AUMMMMMMMMM


IF I GO OUT, IT'LL BE ON MY FEET, NOT ON MY KNEES!
COME AND GET ME, MASTERMIND --I'M READY FOR YOU NOW!
NICE, COMFORTABLE, SMELLS OLD AND WEALTHY. CIRCA 1900. WINDOWS BARRED.
IF I SPEAK QUIETLY, WILL YOU COME OUT? IT'S TIME WE FACED EACH OTHER.


THAT OIL PORTRAIT OF THE OLD WOMAN... WHA...?
IF YOU ARE SEEING THIS MESSAGE, YOU ARE THE MAN THEY CALL DAREDEVIL. AND IF YOU HEAR MY WORDS, THEN SOMEHOW, MIRACULOUSLY, YOU HAVE ESCAPED THE PURPOSE FOR WHICH THIS HOUSE WAS INTENDED.
MY NAME IS ELIZABETH DAWES STERLING. BUT FOR MY SON, PHILIP WALLACE STERLING, I AM THE LAST OF OUR LINE. IF YOU ARE HEARING THESE WORDS AND SEEING MY IMAGE, IT WILL MEAN I AM DEAD. AS DEAD AS THE SON I HOPED WOULD CARRY ON OUR NAME. BUT HE *IS* DEAD... KILLED BY YOU.
I WILL NOT DEFEND WHAT MY SON DID, NOR WHAT HE BECAME, AND PERHAPS DEATH WAS WHAT HE SOUGHT MOST IN THIS LIFE. YOU KNEW HIM, IN FACT, AS DEATH-STALKER, AND YOU WERE RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS TERRIBLE END SOME TIME AGO.* BUT HE *WAS* MY SON, MY ONLY CHILD, AND I LOVED HIM. AND SO YOU WILL PAY IN THE ONLY COIN THAT MATTERS. YOUR LIFE FOR HIS.
IN DAREDEVIL #158. HE MATERIALIZED WHILE PASSING THROUGH A TOMBSTONE AND DIED INSTANTLY -- BOB.
YOU CAN'T HEAR ME, BUT LET IT GO. HE'S DEAD. LET IT GO.
OURS IS A VERY OLD, VERY PRESTIGIOUS AMERICAN FAMILY, SIR. THE NAME STERLING WAS ONE OF THE FIRST ON THIS CONTINENT. I HAVE MONEY, VERY OLD MONEY -- MORE MONEY THAN IS CONSIDERED RESPECTABLE IN THESE DAYS OF THE *NOUVEAU-RICHE*. AND I HAVE USED MORE OF THAT FORTUNE THAN MANY SMALL NATIONS EXPEND ANNUALLY, TO CONVERT THIS, OUR ANCESTRAL HOME, INTO A MACHINE WITH ONE PURPOSE -- TO LURE, TO TRAP, AND TO KILL YOU.
THE ONLY WAY THIS TAPE WILL PLAY IS IF THE HOUSE SENSES ANOTHER HUMAN HEARTBEAT. AND AS YOU ARE THE ONLY ONE THE HOUSE WOULD BRING HERE... I GO TO MY REWARD KNOWING THAT YOU HAVE WALKED INTO THE FINAL, ULTIMATE TRAP THE HOUSE CONTAINS.
I'M A FOOL... I SHOULD HAVE KNOWN... THE END OF THE TAPE WILL ACTIVATE A FINAL DEVICE... I'M IN A RACE WITH HER LAST WORDS... KEEP TALKING, LADY!


AS I LIE HERE DYING, THE LABORS OF FIVE YEARS COME TO A CONCLUSION. THE ORIGINAL PLANS FOR THIS AUTOMATED MECHANISM, THIS HOUSE, WERE BASED ON THE CONCEPT OF "TELEPRESENCE" DEVISED BY PROFESSOR MARVIN MINSKY OF THE ARTIFICIAL INTELLIGENCE LABORATORY AT M.I.T.
WHEN THE HOUSE PERCEIVES MY HEARTBEAT HAS CEASED, IT WILL CONVERT TO A SELF-SUFFICIENT MODE AND SEND OUT A CLEVER DRONE TO LURE YOU HERE.
THAT'S WHY THE SNAKES WERE STILL ALIVE, AND THE SHARK. SHE MUST HAVE DIED ONLY A FEW DAYS AGO. THE LIVE THINGS WERE TENDED BY MACHINES.
CLANGG!
WHAT I DO AS MY LAST ACT ON EARTH IS NOT COMMENDABLE...
BUT THERE MUST BE BALANCE IN THE WORLD...
COLD AIR!
...AND SO NOW...
...YOU WILL BE AS ONE WITH MY SON, WHOM YOU TOOK FROM ME.
UP, MURDOCK! UP! TWO FLOORS, THREE! UP...CRAWL! CRAWL!
SPARK ARRESTER SCREEN.
BREAK! C'MON, SUCKER, BREAK!
BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!


ANY SECOND NOW. LUCKY ME THAT SHE HAD ENOUGH HATE TO KEEP HER TALKING!


YOU ALMOST GOT ME, LADY, YOU AND THE GHOST OF YOUR CRAZY SON.
BUT IT'S ALL FINISHED NOW...
SKREEEEKKK
HISSSS
HISSSS
HISSSSS
HISSSSS
HISSSS
HISSSS
HISSSSSS
DOESN'T IT KNOW IT'S DEAD?
THIS HAS BEEN THE WORST NIGHT OF MY LIFE.
TAP TAP
ROMANOV

MATT, WHAT HAPPENED?
I THOUGHT... YOU WEREN'T TOO PLEASED WITH ME LATELY...
WE'LL TALK ABOUT IT OVER DINNER SOMETIME, NATASHA.
YEAH... KRAPOTKIN'S DEATH*... I'M MULLING IT OVER. WE CAN TALK ABOUT IT LATER. RIGHT NOW...
*SEE LAST ISSUE-- BOB.
LET ME STOP THE BLEEDING.
AFTER WHAT?
YEAH, SURE. AFTER.
AFTER A SHOWER. DIDN'T I LEAVE SOME CLOTHES HERE WHEN WE WERE...
YES. I THINK SO. THEY'RE IN THE CLOSET. BUT...
WHAT TIME IS IT?
QUARTER AFTER SEVEN.
I'VE GOT A COURT DATE AT EIGHT.
YOU'RE KIDDING! YOU AREN'T IN ANY SHAPE TO--
TASHA... DON'T BREAK MY BACK... HELP ME... IT WAS A BAD NIGHT... I NEED... A SHOWER...
FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER...
IS THE DEFENSE READY OR NOT? MR. MURDOCK, THE PROSECUTION IS READY... MR. MURDOCK!!
SORRY, YOUR HONOR, IT WAS... A TERRIBLE NIGHT...
YOUR PLAYBOY GALLIVANTING IS OF NO CONCERN TO THE COURT, MR. MURDOCK. LAST NIGHT IS DONE, THIS IS TODAY.
YEAH. LAST NIGHT IS DONE. ENDED. THE DEADLIEST NIGHT OF MY LIFE... AND THIS IS TODAY...
...AND I'M SAFE.

MARVEL
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DAREDEVIL
TM
60¢
209
AUG
02459
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
KEEP AWAY!
HELP ME!

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
LAST NIGHT DAREDEVIL WAS ALMOST IMPALED ON A WALL OF SPIKES, SWAM OUT OF A POOL OF QUICKSAND, DANCED UP A ROW OF MACHETE BLADES, AND--NOT INCIDENTALLY--CONQUERED HIS GREATEST FEARS.
TONIGHT HE'S RECUPERATING!
MY ACHING BACK! IF I WERE ANY STIFFER, I'D BE RESTING UP IN THE MORGUE.
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE RUNNING?
KABOOM
BLAST FROM THE PAST!
From an idea by HARLAN ELLISON
ARTHUR BYRON COVER WRITER
DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI PENCILER
DANNY BULANADI INKER
JOE ROSEN LETTERER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE COLORIST
BOB BUDIANSKY EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER EDITOR IN CHIEF

EXPLOSION...CAUGHT ME OFF GUARD... SENSES REELING...
COME ON, MATT... FLIP OVER... GET YOUR BALANCE!
AND FLY AWAY!
CRR RUNCH!!
NO BONES BROKEN, BUT I'VE GOT AT LEAST SEVEN SPLINTERS BURIED IN ME. I'LL LIVE, BUT I WON'T BE TOO HAPPY ABOUT IT FOR AWHILE.
SOMEBODY'S GOING TO ANSWER FOR THIS!
"AND I KNOW JUST THE STOOGE!"
YOU HAVE A CHOICE, MISTER. YOU CAN WALK TO THE STATION ...OR YOU CAN MAKE MY DAY!
YOU GOT ME WRONG, DAREDEVIL. I DIDN'T DO NOTHING!
YOUR DECISION!
RATS! DIDN'T MEAN TO HIT HIM THAT HARD!
HE SEEMS OKAY.
HMM...THERE'S BEEN A SERIES OF MYSTERIOUS WAREHOUSE FIRES AND BOMBINGS THE LAST FEW MONTHS. I MAY HAVE STUMBLED ONTO SOMETHING.
WAIT A MINUTE! I KNOW THIS GUY!

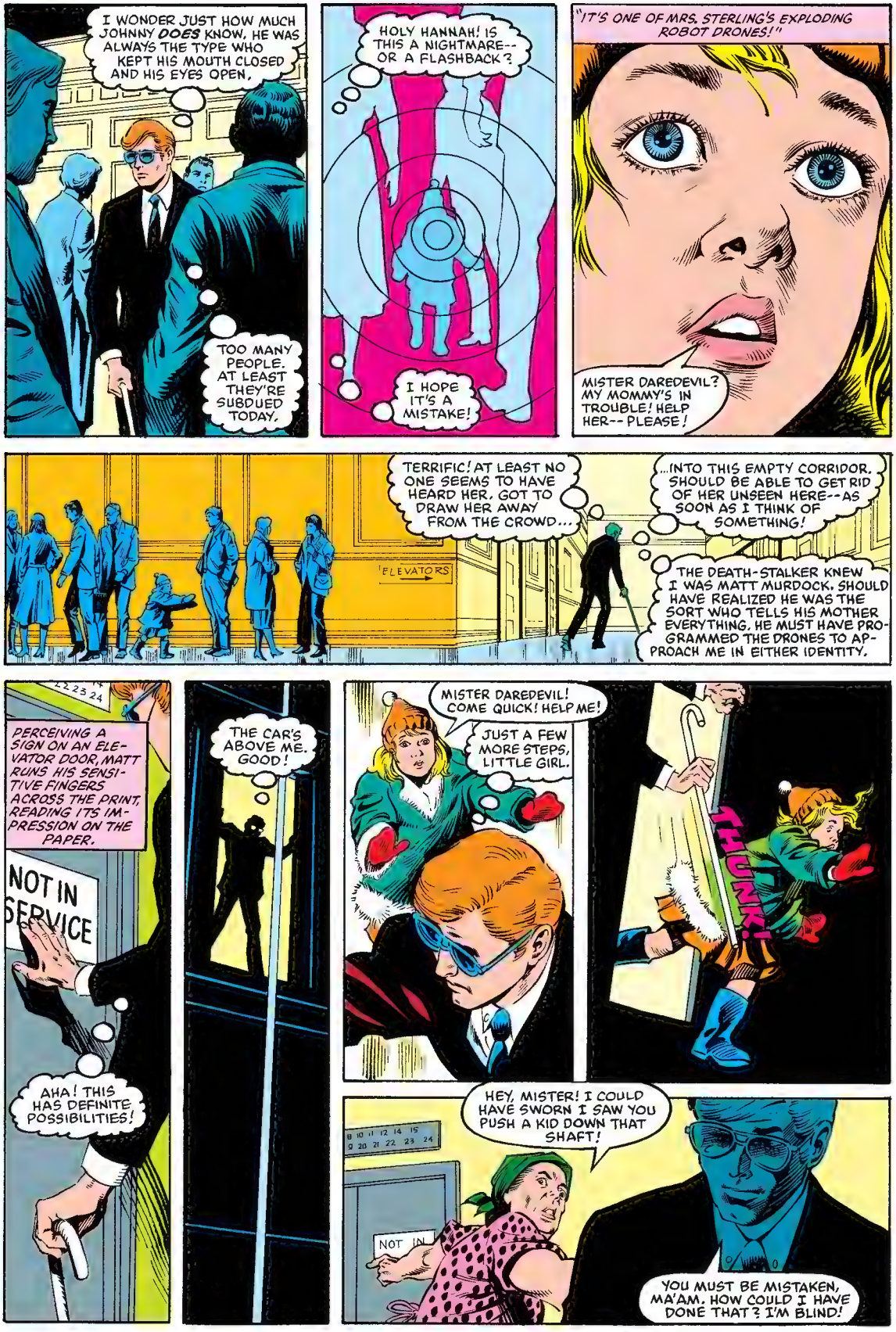
IT'S JOHNNY SQUAREJOHN! HAVEN'T THOUGHT ABOUT HIM FOR YEARS. HMMM, LOOKS LIKE HIS FACE HAS BEEN REARRANGED A FEW TIMES. SHOULD HAVE KNOWN THAT SOONER OR LATER I'D CATCH HIM IN THE ACT, A PATSY IN A FIFTH-RATE OPERATION. STRANGE....
THE NEXT DAY...
LISTEN, DEBBIE, I'M TOO BUSY! I DON'T HAVE TIME TO ATTEND ANOTHER PARTY.
SO WHO SAYS YOU HAVE TO GO, FOGGY?
WHAT I DO WITH MY TIME NEED BE NO CONCERN OF YOURS!
THAT WOULD BE JUST PEACHY FOR YOU,,, AND CHIEF MICAH*!
WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY THAT?
POOR FOGGY. HE'S MY BEST FRIEND...SOMETIMES MY ONLY FRIEND...
TOO MUCH CLATTERING IN HERE--IT'S GETTING ON MY NERVES...
CAN'T GET MY MIND OFF JOHNNY...OR HOW THAT STERLING WOMAN BORE ME SUCH AN EPIC GRUDGE.**
*RECENT AMOROUS INTEREST OF DEBBIE AND DEADLY ENEMY OF DAREDEVIL--BOB.
**AS SEEN LAST ISSUE--BOB.
YOU'RE ALWAYS TOO TIRED TO DO ANYTHING. ALL YOU'RE EVER INTERESTED IN IS WATCHING TELEVISION!
WHAT'S IT TO YOU? I PAY THE BILLS!
BARELY!
MRS. STERLING PROGRAMMED AN ELABORATE SCHEME THAT BEGAN WITH HER DEATH. A ROBOT MIMICKING A FRIGHTENED CHILD, RIGGED TO EXPLODE, LURED ME--
--TO A PATCHWORK MANSION LACED WITH DEADLY TRAPS. WHAT A TALENT FOR REVENGE SHE HAD!
WITH A MOTHER LIKE HER, IT'S NO WONDER THE DEATH-STALKER TURNED OUT TO BE SUCH A BAD EGG.
STERLING THOUGHT ME RESPONSIBLE FOR HIS DEATH. I SUPPOSE SHE HAD TO BLAME SOMEONE.
FOGGY, YOU'RE THE DRABBEST, DULLEST, MOST BORING PERSON I KNOW!
I RESENT THAT!
I DON'T CARE!
DEBBIE! WAIT!
I LOVE YOU...!
TERRIFIC. MY PARTNER TAKES OFF--AND I GET STUCK WITH THE CHECK.
MOMMY... PLEASE HELP MY MOMMY...
CHECK
TIME TO GET OUT OF THIS NOISY PLACE.

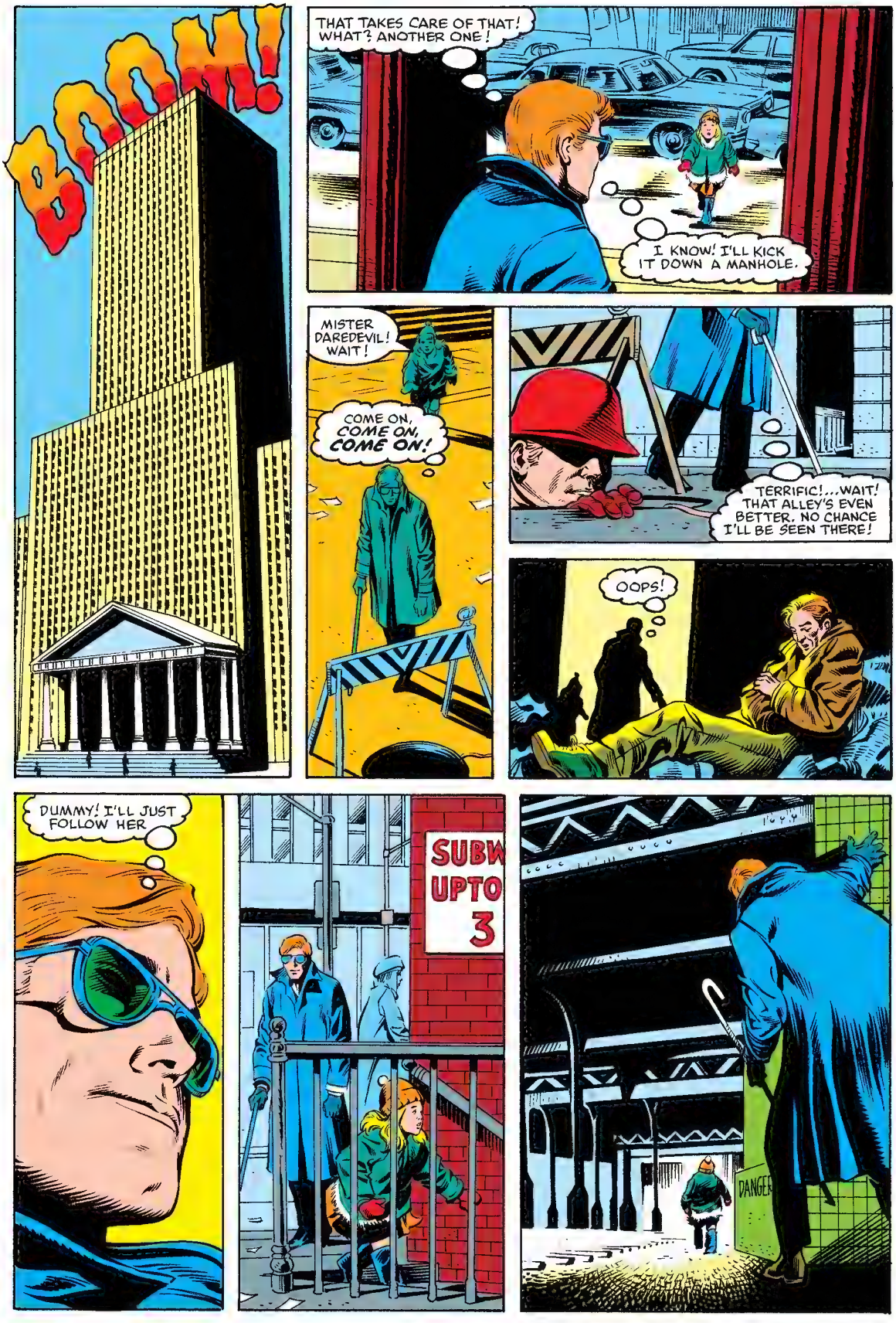
WHAT'S THE MATTER, HONEY? ARE YOU LOST?
CAN WE HELP YOU FIND SOMEONE?
I WANT MY MOMMY. SHE'S IN TROUBLE!
SHE IS? HOW DO YOU KNOW? WHERE IS SHE?
MISTER DAREDEVIL?
WHAT?
IN MOMENTS THE LITTLE GIRL IS OUT THE RESTAURANT'S DOOR...
...AND ON THE STREET.
DONT WALK
HONK HONK
SCREEECH
MISTER DARE-DEVIL?
BEEP BEEP

INSIDE THE COURTHOUSE...
BILL, MY CLIENT IS AWARE OF HIS DRINKING PROBLEM AND HAS PROMISED TO ADMIT HIMSELF TO A TREATMENT PROGRAM. I BELIEVE JUSTICE CAN BEST BE SERVED IF...
MURDOCK...
OOPS! HOPE HE DIDN'T RECOGNIZE MY VOICE!
JOHNNY SQUAREJOHN! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
WHAT?! HE PEGGED ME, NO PROBLEM!
ER...AH...HI, MATT. YOU A SHYSTER NOW? MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME OUT...
JOHNNY QUICKLY EXPLAINS HIS PREDICAMENT...
...ALTHOUGH SOME OF THE FACTS BEND A BIT IN THE TELLING...
DAREDEVIL BLEW IT, MATT! MAYBE SOMEBODY DELIBERATELY STARTED THAT FIRE, BUT IT SURE WASN'T ME! I WAS TAKING A SHORT CUT TO A CARD GAME!
LISTEN TO HIM! I DON'T HAVE TO BE DAREDEVIL TO KNOW HE'S LYING THROUGH HIS TEETH!
I UNDERSTAND, JOHNNY, IT'S TOO BAD WE HAVE TO MEET AGAIN UNDER THESE CIRCUMSTANCES.
BOTH ARE AWARE OF WHAT THE OTHER IS THINKING...
...OF THE DAYS WHEN THEY PLAYED TOGETHER AT THE GYM, WHILE THEIR FATHERS TRAINED FOR BOUTS IN THE RING.
AS THEY GREW OLDER, THEY SAW EACH OTHER INFREQUENTLY, AND SEEMED TO HAVE LESS IN COMMON. BUT THE FEELINGS OF DEEP FRIENDSHIP REMAINED...
UNTIL JOHNNY JOINED THE LOCAL GANG!
SO THEY CALL YOU DAREDEVIL, EH?
LOOKS MORE LIKE A TEACHER'S PET, DOESN'T HE, GUYS?
JOHNNY! HELP ME!
SORRY, MATT. IT DON'T HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH YOU. I'M... A BARON NOW.

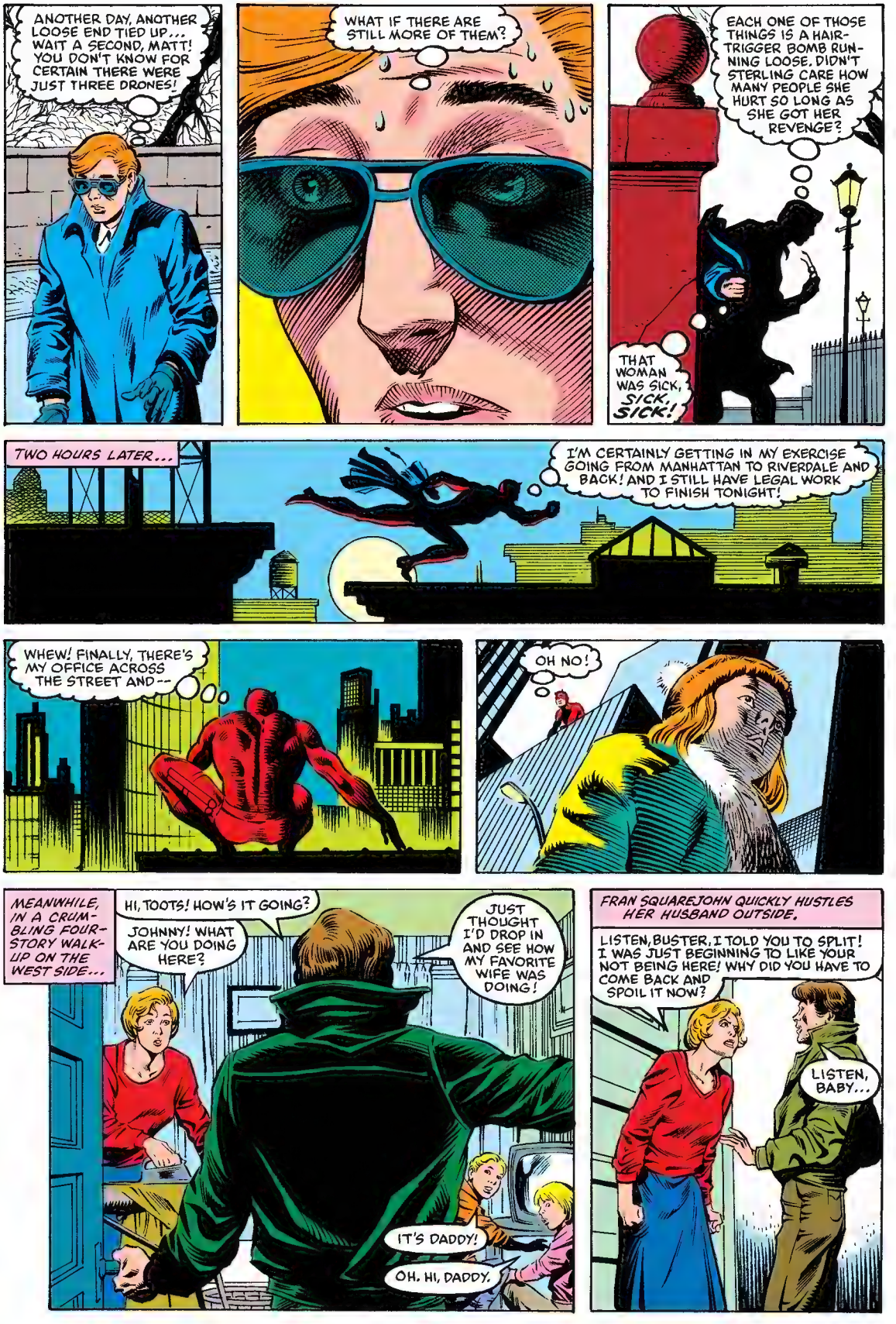
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS, MATT HAD THE ACCIDENT THAT RESULTED IN HIS BLINDNESS.
JOHNNY DID NOT SEE HIM AGAIN UNTIL THAT FATEFUL NIGHT ON A DOWNTOWN STREET...
I'LL HAVE THE MONEY FOR YOU IN A WEEK. I JUST NEED A LITTLE TIME. DON'T WORRY!
WE AIN'T WORRIED, JOHNNY.
BUT YOU SHOULD BE!
WHAT YOU'RE GONNA GET IS JUST A SAMPLING!
CLACK! CLACK! CLACK!
HEY! COOL IT TILL THE BLIND KID PASSES!
FREEZE, JOHNNY!
OOPS! A THOUSAND PARDONS, SIR!
WATCH WHERE YOU'RE GOING!
OOMPH!

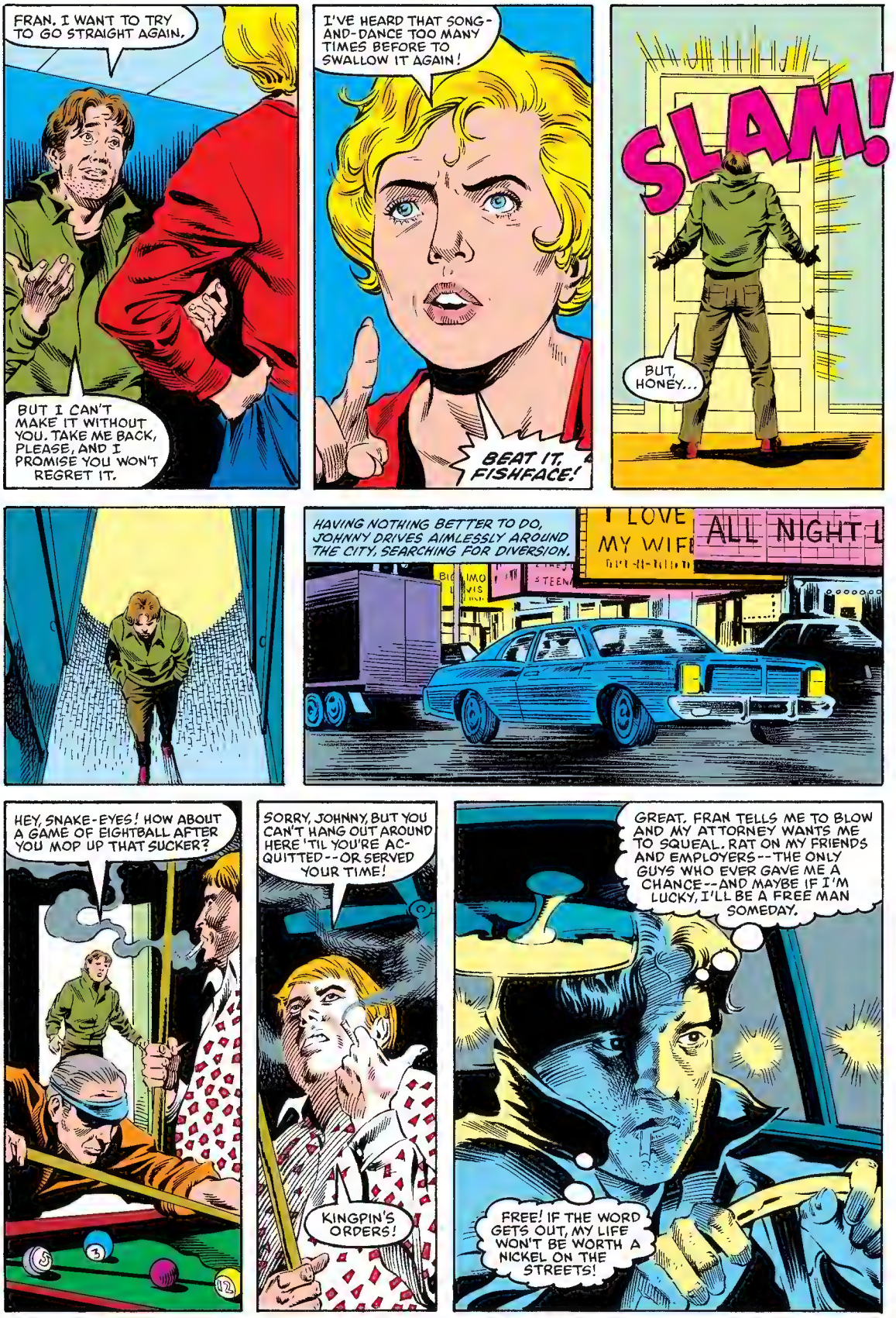
THAT'S MATT!
BUT HE'S BLIND!
HOW DID HE DO THAT?
SEE YOU AROUND, JOHNNY.
I STILL DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID THAT.
LISTEN, MATT, CAN YOU HELP ME OUT?
YOU MEAN DEFEND YOU?
I KNOW I AIN'T GOT THE RIGHT TO ASK.
BUT I WANT TO GO STRAIGHT. I'VE GOT A FAMILY--AND I LOVE MY WIFE. I'D DO ANY-THING TO GET OUT OF THIS MESS!
I WANT TO BE THE MAN THEY DESERVE TO HAVE!
HOW 'BOUT THAT! HE'S TELLING THE TRUTH, OR ELSE I DON'T KNOW HOW TO READ HEARTBEATS!
DOES HE HAVE THE STUFF TO GO THROUGH WITH IT?
I CAN'T DEFEND YOU, JOHNNY. I'VE GOT MY HANDS FULL ALREADY.
BUT I CAN MAKE SURE YOU'VE GOT A FEW ALTERNATIVES.
LARRY, ARE YOU DEFENDING SQUAREJOHN?
YES! ANOTHER CHARITY CASE REPRE-SENTING A THREE-TIME LOSER!
I GREW UP WITH SQUAREJOHN. WE WERE CHILDHOOD BUDDIES.
YOU'RE KIDDING!
HIS ALIBI HAS MORE HOLES THAN A NET, BUT I THINK HE CAN BE PERSUADED TO POINT UPSTREAM TO BIGGER FISH.
SQUAREJOHN: AWAKE AND SING!
EXACTLY!

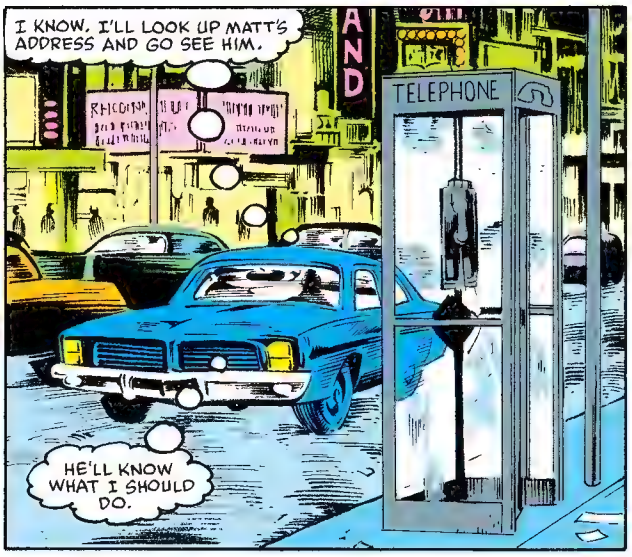

I WONDER JUST HOW MUCH JOHNNY DOES KNOW. HE WAS ALWAYS THE TYPE WHO KEPT HIS MOUTH CLOSED AND HIS EYES OPEN.
TOO MANY PEOPLE. AT LEAST THEY'RE SUBDUED TODAY.
HOLY HANNAH! IS THIS A NIGHTMARE--OR A FLASHBACK?
I HOPE IT'S A MISTAKE!
"IT'S ONE OF MRS. STERLING'S EXPLODING ROBOT DRONES!"
MISTER DAREDEVIL? MY MOMMY'S IN TROUBLE! HELP HER--PLEASE!
ELEVATORS
TERRIFIC! AT LEAST NO ONE SEEMS TO HAVE HEARD HER. GOT TO DRAW HER AWAY FROM THE CROWD...
...INTO THIS EMPTY CORRIDOR. SHOULD BE ABLE TO GET RID OF HER UNSEEN HERE--AS SOON AS I THINK OF SOMETHING!
THE DEATH-STALKER KNEW I WAS MATT MURDOCK. SHOULD HAVE REALIZED HE WAS THE SORT WHO TELLS HIS MOTHER EVERYTHING. HE MUST HAVE PROGRAMMED THE DRONES TO APPROACH ME IN EITHER IDENTITY.
PERCEIVING A SIGN ON AN ELEVATOR DOOR, MATT RUNS HIS SENSITIVE FINGERS ACROSS THE PRINT, READING ITS IMPRESSION ON THE PAPER.
NOT IN SERVICE
AHA! THIS HAS DEFINITE POSSIBILITIES!
THE CAR'S ABOVE ME. GOOD!
MISTER DAREDEVIL! COME QUICK! HELP ME!
JUST A FEW MORE STEPS, LITTLE GIRL.
THUNK!
HEY, MISTER! I COULD HAVE SWORN I SAW YOU PUSH A KID DOWN THAT SHAFT!
NOT IN
YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MA'AM. HOW COULD I HAVE DONE THAT? I'M BLIND!

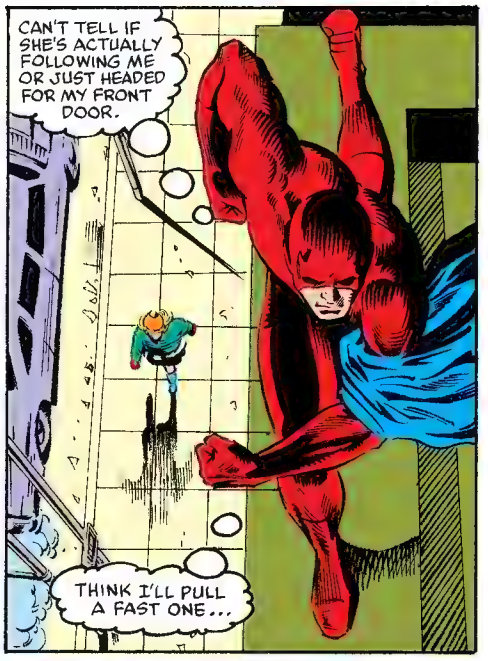

BOOM!
THAT TAKES CARE OF THAT! WHAT? ANOTHER ONE!
I KNOW! I'LL KICK IT DOWN A MANHOLE.
MISTER DAREDEVIL! WAIT!
COME ON, COME ON, COME ON!
TERRIFIC!...WAIT! THAT ALLEY'S EVEN BETTER. NO CHANCE I'LL BE SEEN THERE!
OOPS!
DUMMY! I'LL JUST FOLLOW HER
SUBW
UPTO
3
DANGER

SEVERAL MILES LATER...
HURRY, MISTER DAREDEVIL! THIS WAY!
AHA! FIGURED SHE'D LEAD ME BACK TO THE STERLING ESTATE.
LAST NIGHT IT WAS THE DEADLIEST TRAP I'D EVER CHEATED. TODAY IT'S JUST A HEAP OF GARBAGE--THAT MEANS ABOUT AS MUCH AS OLD LADY STERLING'S LIFE DID.
UH-OH! DON'T LIKE THE WAY THE SOUND OF HER MECHANICAL HEARTBEAT HAS CHANGED!
KA-BOOM!
HEY! DID YOU SEE THAT EXPLOSION?
WHAT EXPLOSION?
WHAT WAS THAT?

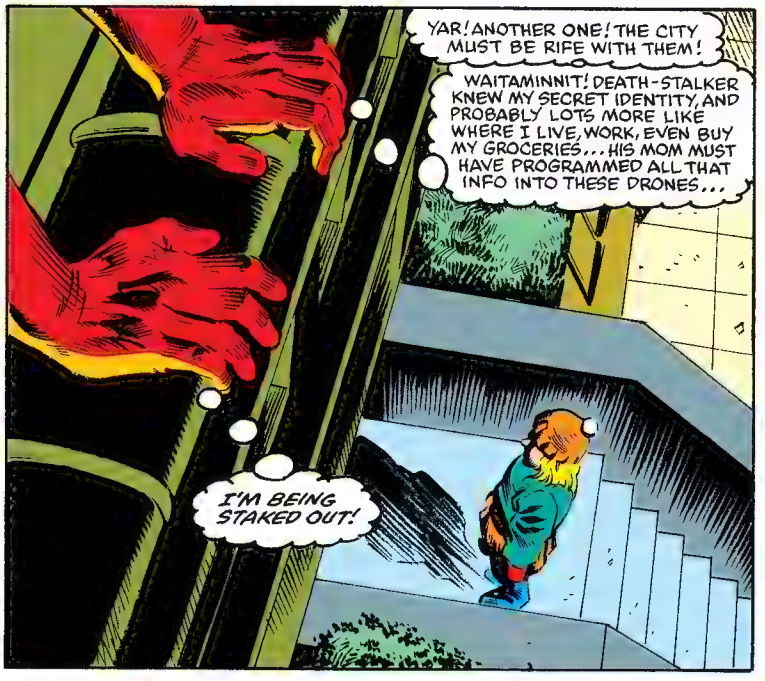

ANOTHER DAY, ANOTHER LOOSE END TIED UP... WAIT A SECOND, MATT! YOU DON'T KNOW FOR CERTAIN THERE WERE JUST THREE DRONES!
WHAT IF THERE ARE STILL MORE OF THEM?
EACH ONE OF THOSE THINGS IS A HAIR-TRIGGER BOMB RUNNING LOOSE. DIDN'T STERLING CARE HOW MANY PEOPLE SHE HURT SO LONG AS SHE GOT HER REVENGE?
THAT WOMAN WAS SICK, SICK, SICK!
TWO HOURS LATER...
I'M CERTAINLY GETTING IN MY EXERCISE GOING FROM MANHATTAN TO RIVERDALE AND BACK! AND I STILL HAVE LEGAL WORK TO FINISH TONIGHT!
WHEW! FINALLY, THERE'S MY OFFICE ACROSS THE STREET AND--
OH NO!
MEANWHILE, IN A CRUMBLING FOUR-STORY WALK-UP ON THE WEST SIDE...
HI, TOOTS! HOW'S IT GOING?
JOHNNY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING HERE?
JUST THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND SEE HOW MY FAVORITE WIFE WAS DOING!
IT'S DADDY!
OH. HI, DADDY.
FRAN SQUAREJOHN QUICKLY HUSTLES HER HUSBAND OUTSIDE.
LISTEN, BUSTER, I TOLD YOU TO SPLIT! I WAS JUST BEGINNING TO LIKE YOUR NOT BEING HERE! WHY DID YOU HAVE TO COME BACK AND SPOIL IT NOW?
LISTEN, BABY...


FRAN, I WANT TO TRY TO GO STRAIGHT AGAIN.
BUT I CAN'T MAKE IT WITHOUT YOU. TAKE ME BACK, PLEASE, AND I PROMISE YOU WON'T REGRET IT.
I'VE HEARD THAT SONG-AND-DANCE TOO MANY TIMES BEFORE TO SWALLOW IT AGAIN!
BEAT IT, FISHFACE!
SLAM!
BUT, HONEY...
HAVING NOTHING BETTER TO DO, JOHNNY DRIVES AIMLESSLY AROUND THE CITY, SEARCHING FOR DIVERSION.
I LOVE MY WIFE
ALL NIGHT
HEY, SNAKE-EYES! HOW ABOUT A GAME OF EIGHTBALL AFTER YOU MOP UP THAT SUCKER?
SORRY, JOHNNY, BUT YOU CAN'T HANG OUT AROUND HERE 'TIL YOU'RE ACQUITTED--OR SERVED YOUR TIME!
KINGPIN'S ORDERS!
GREAT. FRAN TELLS ME TO BLOW AND MY ATTORNEY WANTS ME TO SQUEAL. RAT ON MY FRIENDS AND EMPLOYERS--THE ONLY GUYS WHO EVER GAVE ME A CHANCE--AND MAYBE IF I'M LUCKY, I'LL BE A FREE MAN SOMEDAY.
FREE! IF THE WORD GETS OUT, MY LIFE WON'T BE WORTH A NICKEL ON THE STREETS!


I KNOW. I'LL LOOK UP MATT'S ADDRESS AND GO SEE HIM.
AND
TELEPHONE
HE'LL KNOW WHAT I SHOULD DO.


CAN'T TELL IF SHE'S ACTUALLY FOLLOWING ME OR JUST HEADED FOR MY FRONT DOOR.
THINK I'LL PULL A FAST ONE...

AND JUMP HOME THE BACK WAY!


YAR! ANOTHER ONE! THE CITY MUST BE RIFE WITH THEM!
WAITAMINNIT! DEATH-STALKER KNEW MY SECRET IDENTITY, AND PROBABLY LOTS MORE LIKE WHERE I LIVE, WORK, EVEN BUY MY GROCERIES... HIS MOM MUST HAVE PROGRAMMED ALL THAT INFO INTO THESE DRONES...
I'M BEING STAKED OUT!

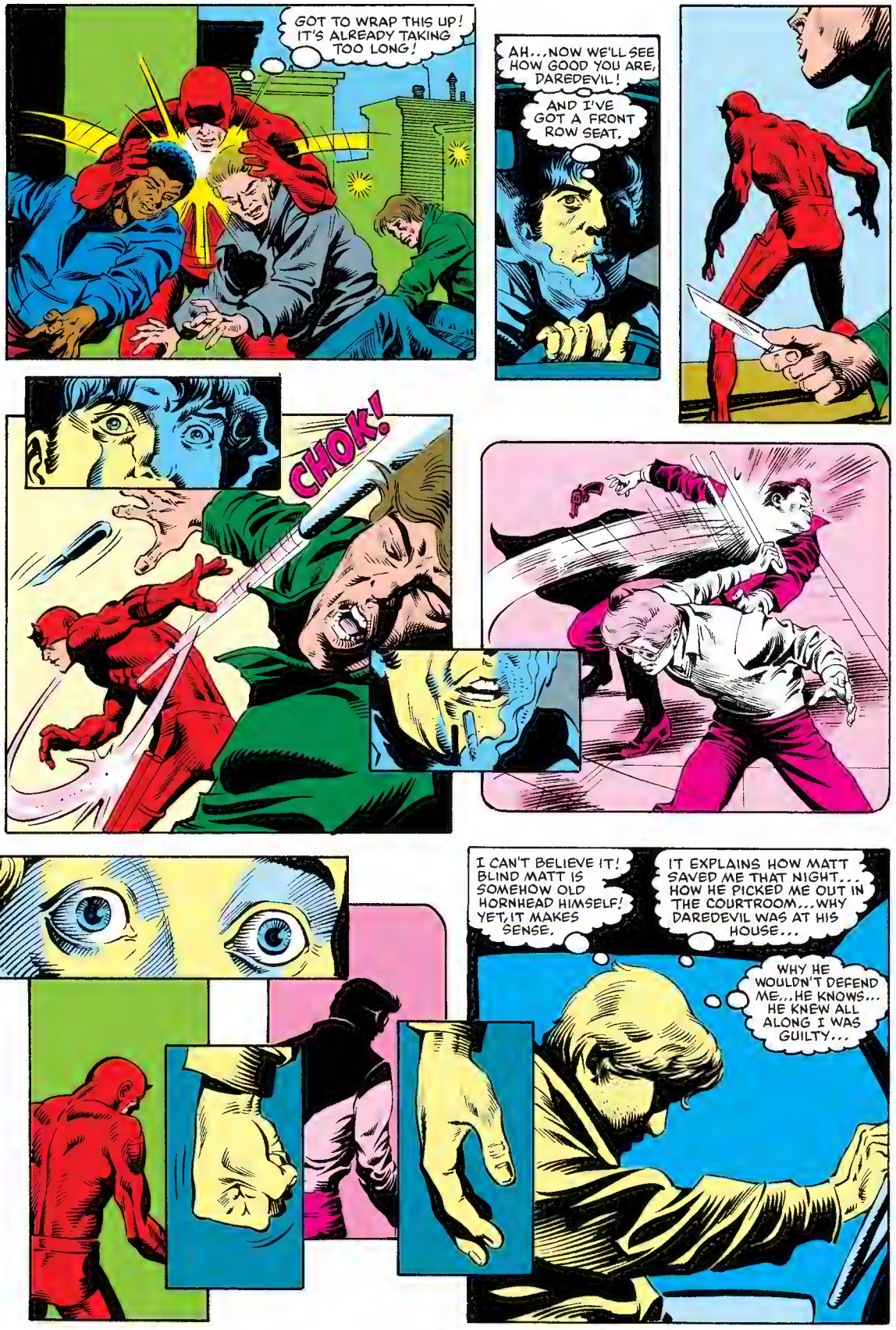
AHA! THE ONE I FAKED OUT IS COMING DOWN THE BACK ALLEY. I KNOW I GOT OUT OF EYESIGHT RANGE-- MAYBE SHE'S HOMING IN ON MY HEART-BEAT.
THINK I CAN CRACK THIS CASE-- IF I LIVE THROUGH IT!

THIS IS MATT'S BLOCK...
WHAT THE--?
IT'S THAT BUM-- DAREDEVIL!
TWO MORE NEAR MY BANK...
DELI
...AND ANOTHER NEXT TO MY DELI!
HOW MANY MORE ARE THERE?

THERE'S AN ARMY OF 'EM. AND THEY'RE ALL WHINING ABOUT SOMETHING.
HELP ME, MISTER DAREDEVIL! MOMMY'S IN TROUBLE. YOU'VE GOT TO HELP HER! PLEASE!
RIGHT WITH YOU, GIRLS, AT LEAST 'TIL I CAN GET RID OF ALL OF YOU.
WHAT IN THE WORLD IS THAT CRAZY DAREDEVIL UP TO? MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.
MAYBE I CAN GET SOMETHING ON HIM. HE'S THE ONLY WITNESS AGAINST ME. WITHOUT HIM...
HMMM... HE COULD BE WORTH FOLLOWIN'--
"--OH NO! SHE'S NOT EVEN LOOKING!
"WATCH OUT, GIRL!"
BADOOM!

OH NO!!
WHEW! LOOKS LIKE NOBODY WAS HURT!
HEY, DD! WHAT'S GOING ON?
NOTHING I CAN'T HANDLE, GENTLEMEN. JUST STAY AWAY FROM THOSE GIRLS.
YOU GOT IT!
AND TELL THE POLICE TO KEEP THE STREETS CLEAR FOR ME. THIS IS AN EMERGENCY SITUATION!
THAT LITTLE GIRL... EXPLODED! THIS GUY'S A LOON. HE DON'T CARE NOTHING FOR HIMSELF. WHAT'S HE IN IT FOR?
HEY, MAYBE ONE'LL EXPLODE IN HIS FACE. THAT'D SOLVE ALL MY PROBLEMS.
NOW THERE'S SOMETHING YOU DON'T SEE EVERYDAY!
NOT MUCH FURTHER NOW. GOT TO CONCENTRATE ...CAN'T MISS ANYTHING.
ANOTHER ACCIDENT COULD BE FATAL!
A SUPER HERO CHASING A TROOP OF BROWNIE SCOUTS!
YOU'RE THROWING SPITBALLS AT A BATTLESHIP, BUSTER.

SCREECH!
HEAD 'EM OFF AT THE PASS, DAREDEVIL!
DUMB KIDS--THEY DON'T KNOW HOW LUCKY THEY ARE!
DK-1
UH-OH! A MUGGING NEARBY. THAT MAN IS GOING TO GET CREAMED.
CAN'T STAND BY AND DO NOTHING.
SORRY I CAN'T STAY LONG FOR FUN AND GAMES, BOYS.
SHALL I JUST HIT AND RUN?
...INCREDIBLE...


GOT TO WRAP THIS UP! IT'S ALREADY TAKING TOO LONG!
AH...NOW WE'LL SEE HOW GOOD YOU ARE, DAREDEVIL!
AND I'VE GOT A FRONT ROW SEAT.
CHOK!
I CAN'T BELIEVE IT! BLIND MATT IS SOMEHOW OLD HORNHEAD HIMSELF! YET, IT MAKES SENSE.
IT EXPLAINS HOW MATT SAVED ME THAT NIGHT... HOW HE PICKED ME OUT IN THE COURTROOM...WHY DAREDEVIL WAS AT HIS HOUSE...
WHY HE WOULDN'T DEFEND ME...HE KNOWS... HE KNEW ALL ALONG I WAS GUILTY...

BUT HE'S STILL MY FRIEND. HE'S STILL TRYING TO WATCH OUT FOR ME.
GOT TO FOLLOW HIM...
MADE IT! NOW IF I'M RIGHT, EVERY LAST FERSHLUGGING ROBOT IS PROGRAMMED TO EXPLODE ONCE INSIDE THE GROUNDS. ALL I HAVE TO DO...
...IS KEEP THEIR ATTENTION!
GOT TO TALK TO MATT...NOW MORE THAN EVER. IF NOTHING ELSE...
...HE CAN TELL ME WHAT'S GOING ON!

ALL RIGHT, GIRLS! I'M HERE! WHERE'S MOMMY?
HELP HER, MISTER DAREDEVIL, HELP HER!
THEY'RE CLOSING IN FAST. SO MANY IT'S HARD TO TELL WHAT'S HAPPENING INSIDE THEM.
STEADY, MATT. BE PATIENT. WAIT... THEIR HYDRAULIC HEARTBEATS SLOWING DOWN...
IT'S TIME!
LOOK, GIRLS! IT'S MOMMY!
SHE'S OVER THERE!
I'LL LEAVE YOU AND HER ALONE NOW! 'BYE!
GOTTA MOVE... I THINK THEY'RE ALL JUST ABOUT TO EXPL--

KRA-BOOM
--UNNHH!
MATT! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?
WHO...?
MISXXERIX... DARRRREEEWEVIL...
OH NO! ONE'S LEFT ...AND I CAN BARELY MOVE!
WHIR'S MIIIA MOMMZZ...

MATT! LOOK OUT!
IT'S JOHNNY! WHAT'S HE...?
STOP! WAIT!
"JOHNNY!"
AAIIEEE!
JOHNNY! WHY DID YOU DO IT?
I HAD...}COUGH{... TO, MATT... I KNOW WHAT YOU'VE DONE FOR ME... HAD TO SET THINGS ...RIGHT BETWEEN US. }COUGH{... DID I DO OKAY?
YOU DID FINE... JUST REST... I'LL GET HELP...
COULD YOU...}COUGH{... SEE MY KIDS ARE TAKEN CARE OF...
AND...TELL MY WIFE... I...
I PROMISE, JOHNNY.
GOODBYE, OLD FRIEND.

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DAREDEVIL
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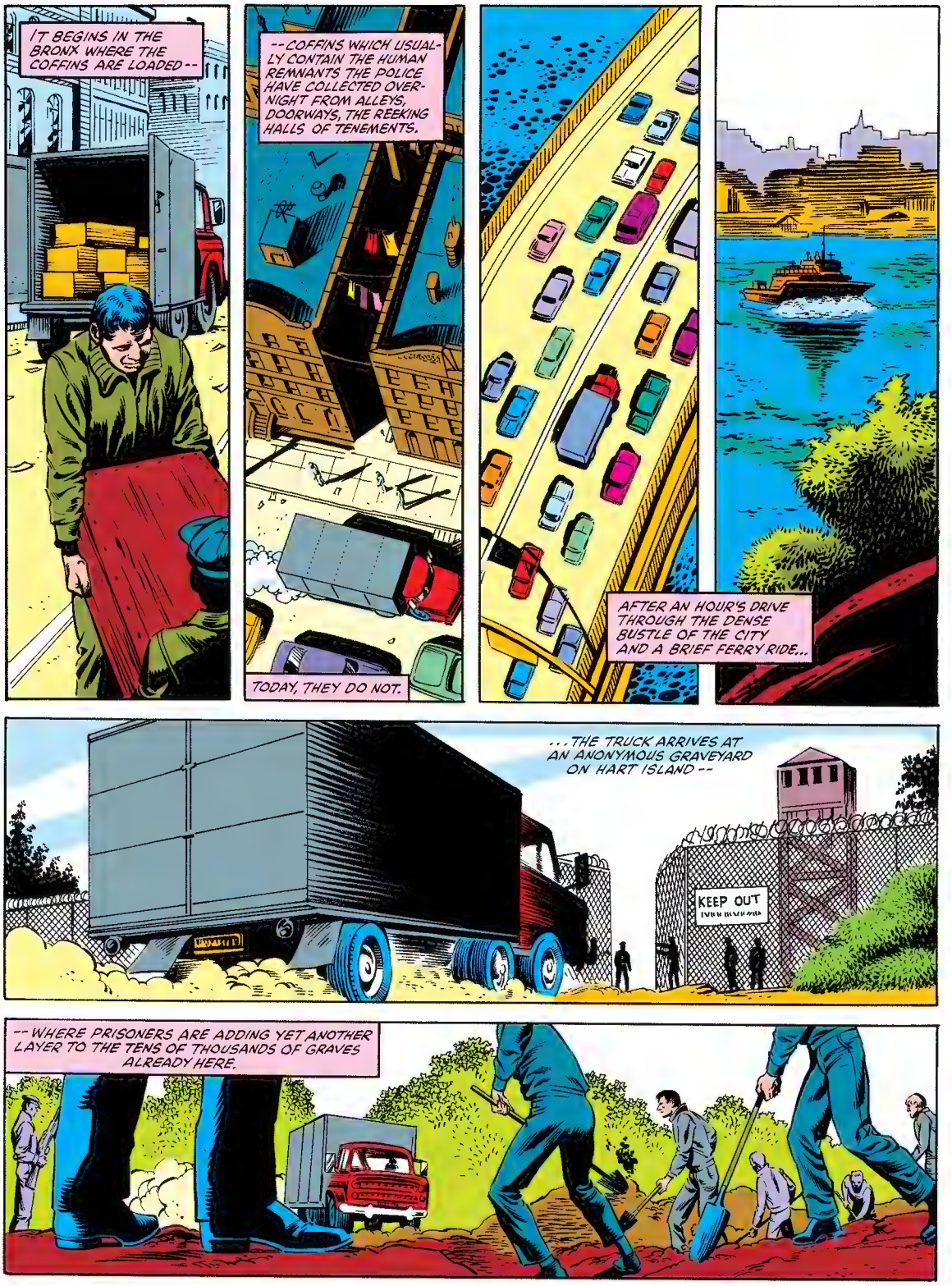
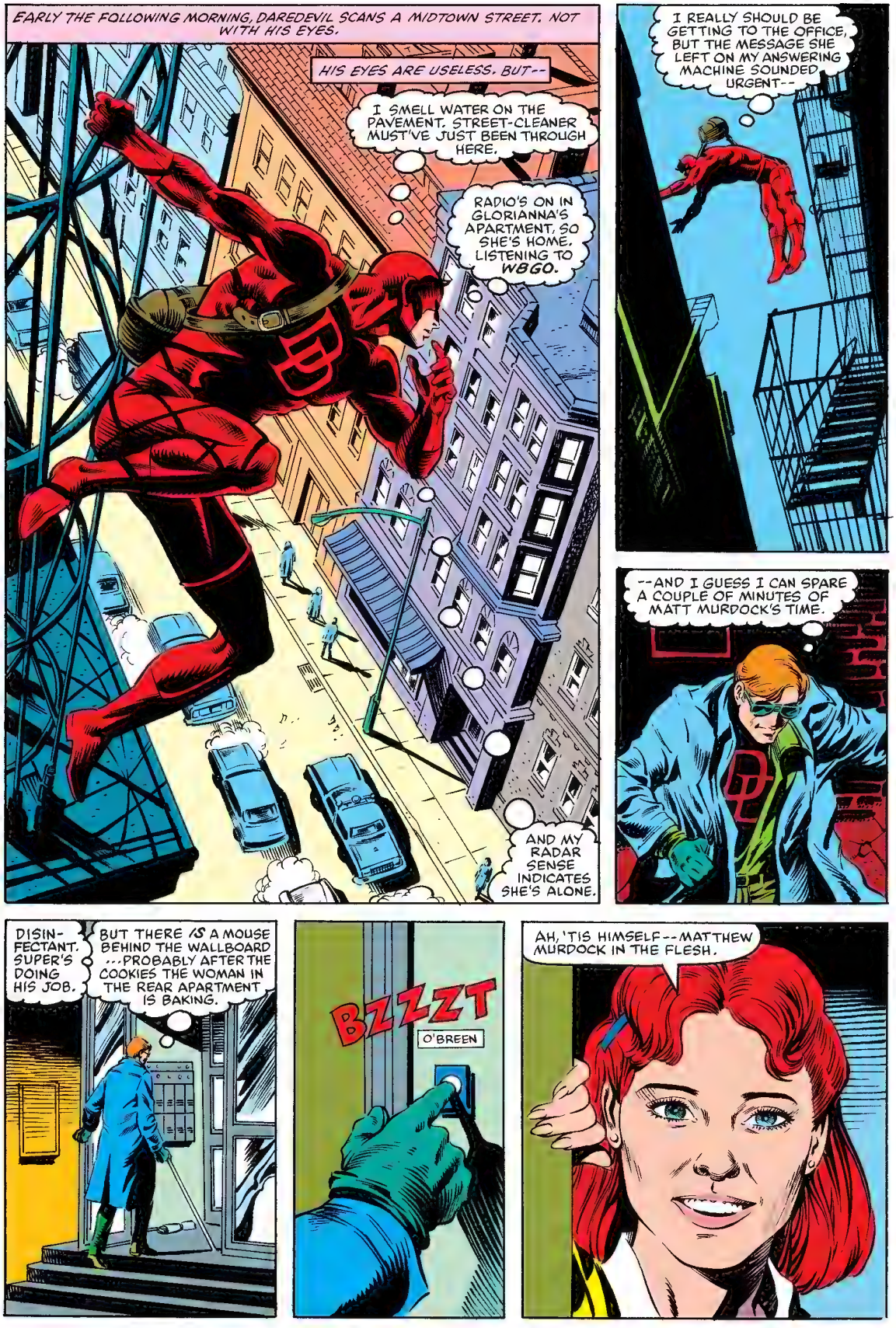
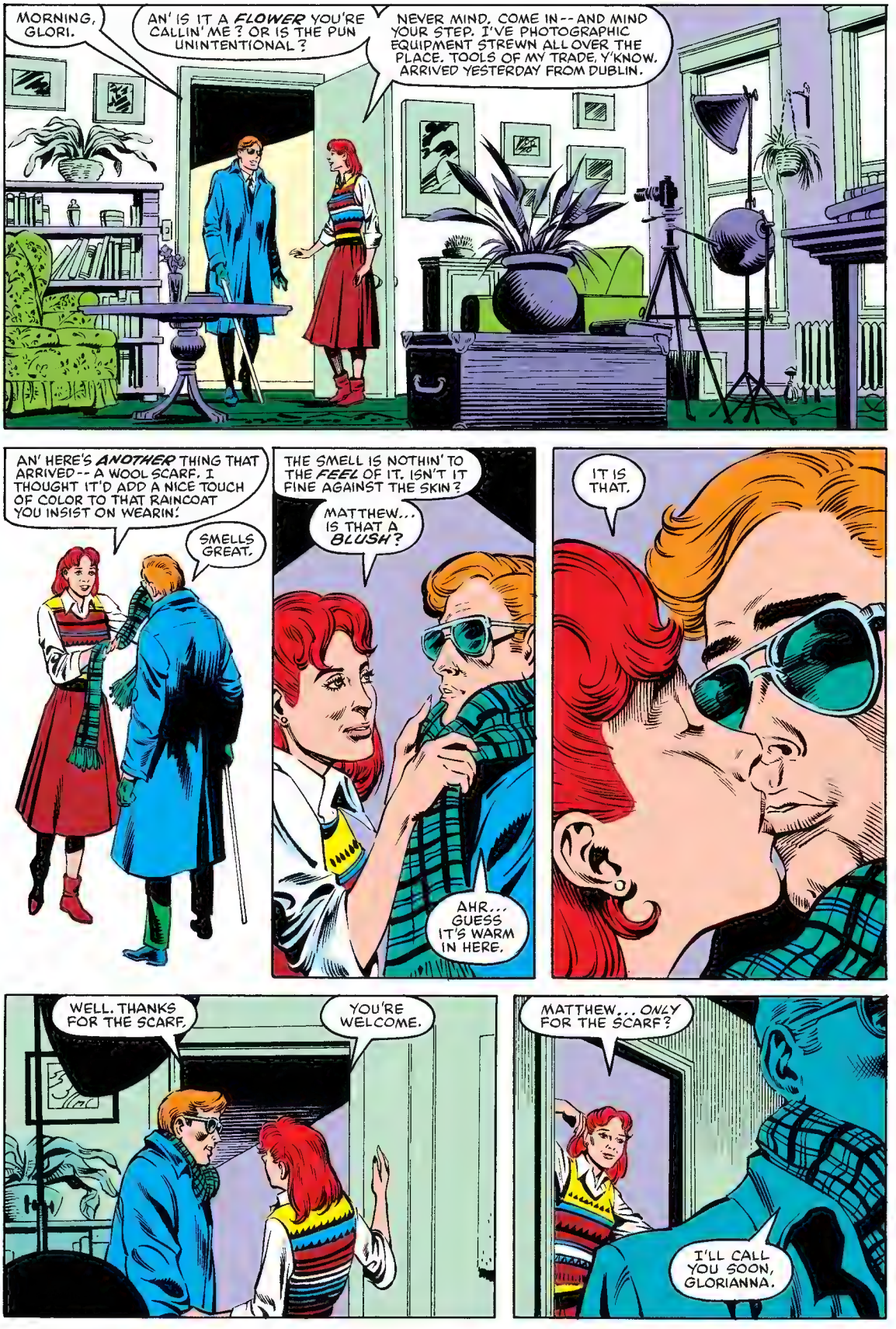

IT BEGINS IN THE BRONX WHERE THE COFFINS ARE LOADED--
--COFFINS WHICH USUALLY CONTAIN THE HUMAN REMNANTS THE POLICE HAVE COLLECTED OVERNIGHT FROM ALLEYS, DOORWAYS, THE REEKING HALLS OF TENEMENTS.
TODAY, THEY DO NOT.
AFTER AN HOUR'S DRIVE THROUGH THE DENSE BUSTLE OF THE CITY AND A BRIEF FERRY RIDE...
...THE TRUCK ARRIVES AT AN ANONYMOUS GRAVEYARD ON HART ISLAND --
KEEP OUT
--WHERE PRISONERS ARE ADDING YET ANOTHER LAYER TO THE TENS OF THOUSANDS OF GRAVES ALREADY HERE.

STAN LEE PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL
SURVIVOR!
THEN, THERE IS A SHRIEK-- WANTON, SAVAGE, FULL OF A MAD JOY, AND INTO THE SUNLIGHT ERUPTS--
SCRIPTER- DENNY O'NEIL
PLOTTER/PENCILER- DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
INKER- DANNY BULANADI
LETTERER- JOE ROSEN
COLORIST- CHRISTIE SCHEELE
EDITOR- BOB BUDIANSKY
WARDEN- JIM SHOOTER

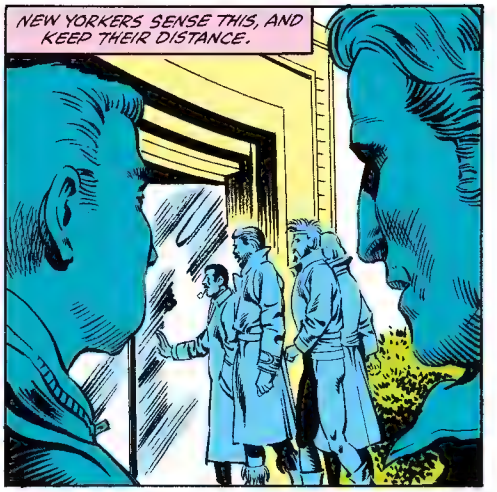
IT IS VIOLENT AND UGLY, THIS BATTLE--
--AND SHORT...
IT BE HIM!
EH--? 'TIS A MISTAKE, LADDIES...
...I'VE NOTHIN' YOU WANT--
UNNGH!
THEY'RE GETTIN' AWAY WITH A PRISONER!
YEAH...THAT CROSSBOW WEIRDO.
WE GOTTA SOUND THE ALARM!
THEN--
BETWEEN YOU LOT AND THE JAIL, I'D TAKE THE JAIL. WHY'D YOU BREAK ME OUT?
YOU MUST SEE OUR LEADER--
--YOU MUST SEE MICAH SYNN!
ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLY, THE MAN CALLED CROSSBOW SHUDDERS...


EARLY THE FOLLOWING MORNING, DAREDEVIL SCANS A MIDTOWN STREET. NOT WITH HIS EYES.
HIS EYES ARE USELESS. BUT--
I SMELL WATER ON THE PAVEMENT. STREET-CLEANER MUST'VE JUST BEEN THROUGH HERE.
RADIO'S ON IN GLORIANNA'S APARTMENT, SO SHE'S HOME. LISTENING TO WBGO.
AND MY RADAR SENSE INDICATES SHE'S ALONE.
I REALLY SHOULD BE GETTING TO THE OFFICE, BUT THE MESSAGE SHE LEFT ON MY ANSWERING MACHINE SOUNDED URGENT--
--AND I GUESS I CAN SPARE A COUPLE OF MINUTES OF MATT MURDOCK'S TIME.
DISIN-FECTANT. SUPER'S DOING HIS JOB.
BUT THERE *IS* A MOUSE BEHIND THE WALLBOARD ...PROBABLY AFTER THE COOKIES THE WOMAN IN THE REAR APARTMENT IS BAKING.
BZZZT
O'BREEN
AH, 'TIS HIMSELF--MATTHEW MURDOCK IN THE FLESH.


MORNING, GLORI.
AN' IS IT A FLOWER YOU'RE CALLIN' ME? OR IS THE PUN UNINTENTIONAL?
NEVER MIND. COME IN--AND MIND YOUR STEP. I'VE PHOTOGRAPHIC EQUIPMENT STREWN ALL OVER THE PLACE. TOOLS OF MY TRADE, Y'KNOW. ARRIVED YESTERDAY FROM DUBLIN.
AN' HERE'S ANOTHER THING THAT ARRIVED--A WOOL SCARF. I THOUGHT IT'D ADD A NICE TOUCH OF COLOR TO THAT RAINCOAT YOU INSIST ON WEARIN'.
SMELLS GREAT.
THE SMELL IS NOTHIN' TO THE FEEL OF IT. ISN'T IT FINE AGAINST THE SKIN?
MATTHEW... IS THAT A BLUSH?
AHR... GUESS IT'S WARM IN HERE.
IT IS THAT.
WELL. THANKS FOR THE SCARF.
YOU'RE WELCOME.
MATTHEW... ONLY FOR THE SCARF?
I'LL CALL YOU SOON, GLORIANNA.

THEN, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
MATT, HAVE YOU HEARD?
ABOUT CROSSBOW'S ESCAPE?
YES. I CAUGHT A NEWSCAST A WHILE AGO.
NO, NO... ABOUT OUR CLIENT! MICAH SYNN.
FOGGY AND... HIS WIFE ARE WAITING INSIDE. THEY'LL TELL YOU.
BECKY LIKES DEBBIE NELSON AS MUCH AS I DO--
--NOT A BIT.
HELLO, DEBBIE.
YOU LOOK SCRUMPTIOUS.
MATT, HAVE YOU SEEN A PAPER?
NO. OF COURSE NOT. SORRY.
ANYWAY, IT'S ON PAGE THREE OF THE TIMES.
LISTEN: "MICAH SYNN TOLD REPORTERS THAT HE FEELS A CIVILIZED CITY HAS NO ROOM FOR SUCH MEN AS DAREDEVIL. 'HE SHOULD BE LOCKED AWAY,' THE LEADER OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED KINGORGE TRIBE SAID AT A LUNCHEON..."
THAT'S ENOUGH, FOGGY--
--MORE THAN ENOUGH.
ISN'T MICAH WONDERFUL? I'LL BET HE WINS A NOBEL PEACE PRIZE OR SOMETHING.
OUTSIDE--
-- THE BUSY AVENUE SUDDENLY GROWS QUIET.

FOR YEARS, THESE PEOPLE SURVIVED IN AN ENVIRONMENT OF TOTAL HOSTILITY. SURVIVED ...AND BECAME BOTH MORE AND LESS THAN HUMAN.


NEW YORKERS SENSE THIS, AND KEEP THEIR DISTANCE.

MISS, WILL YOU TELL MESSRS. NELSON AND MURDOCK THAT MICAH SYNN AND PROFESSOR PIPER ARE HERE--
NELSON
GO ON IN, PROFESSOR. THEY'RE EXPECTING YOU.

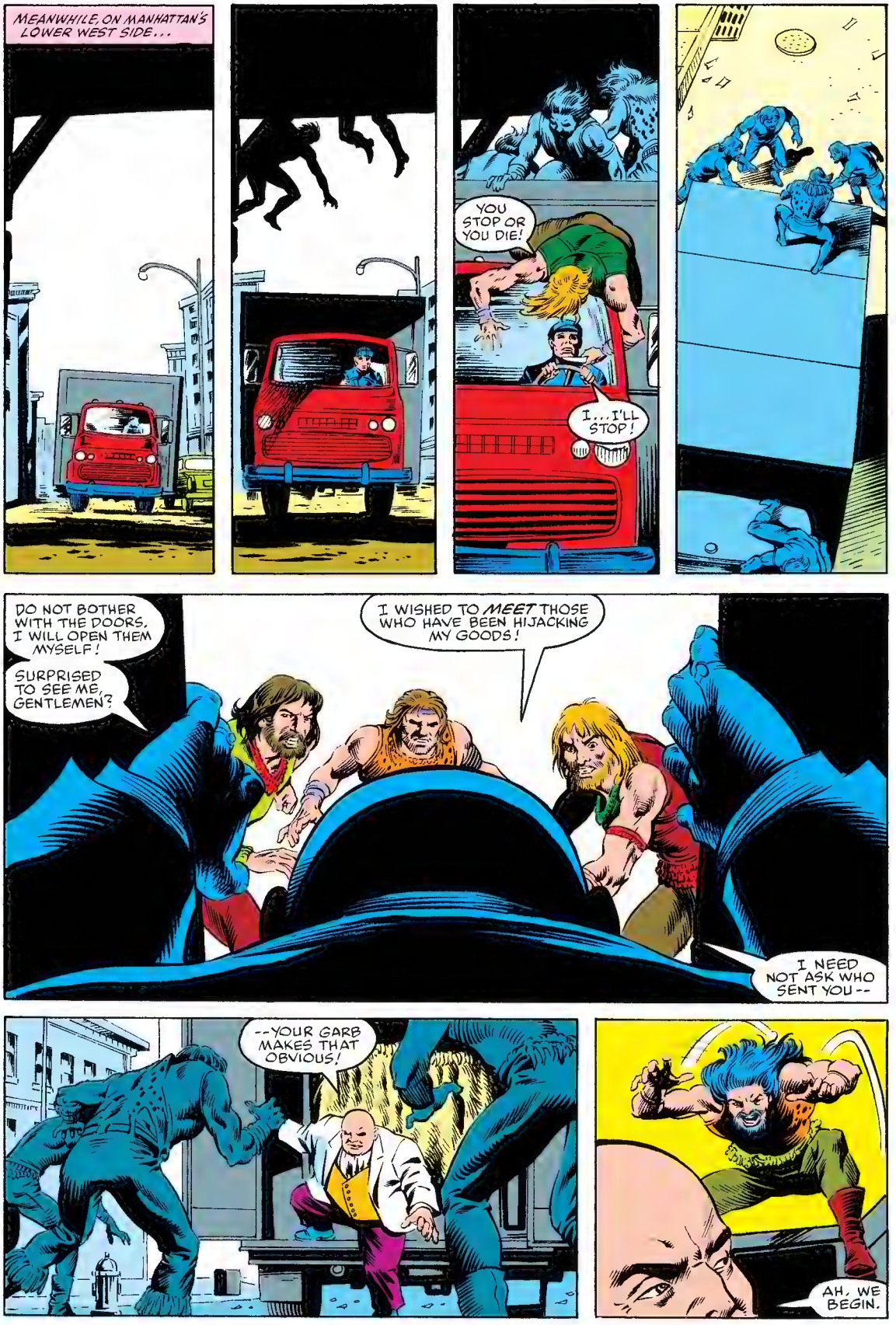
MYYY-CAH! YOU ARE LOOKING POSITIVELY SCRUMPTIOUS!
I THOUGHT I WAS THE SCRUMPTIOUS ONE.
BEEN READING MICAH'S WORDS OF WISDOM, MR. NELSON?
YES, UH...VERY INTERESTING.

HOW IS WORK ON THE INHERITANCE PROGRESSING?
WELL...AS A DESCENDANT OF THE SYNN FAMILY, MICAH IS CERTAINLY ENTITLED TO PART OF THE ESTATE. HOWEVER...THERE ARE DIFFICULTIES.

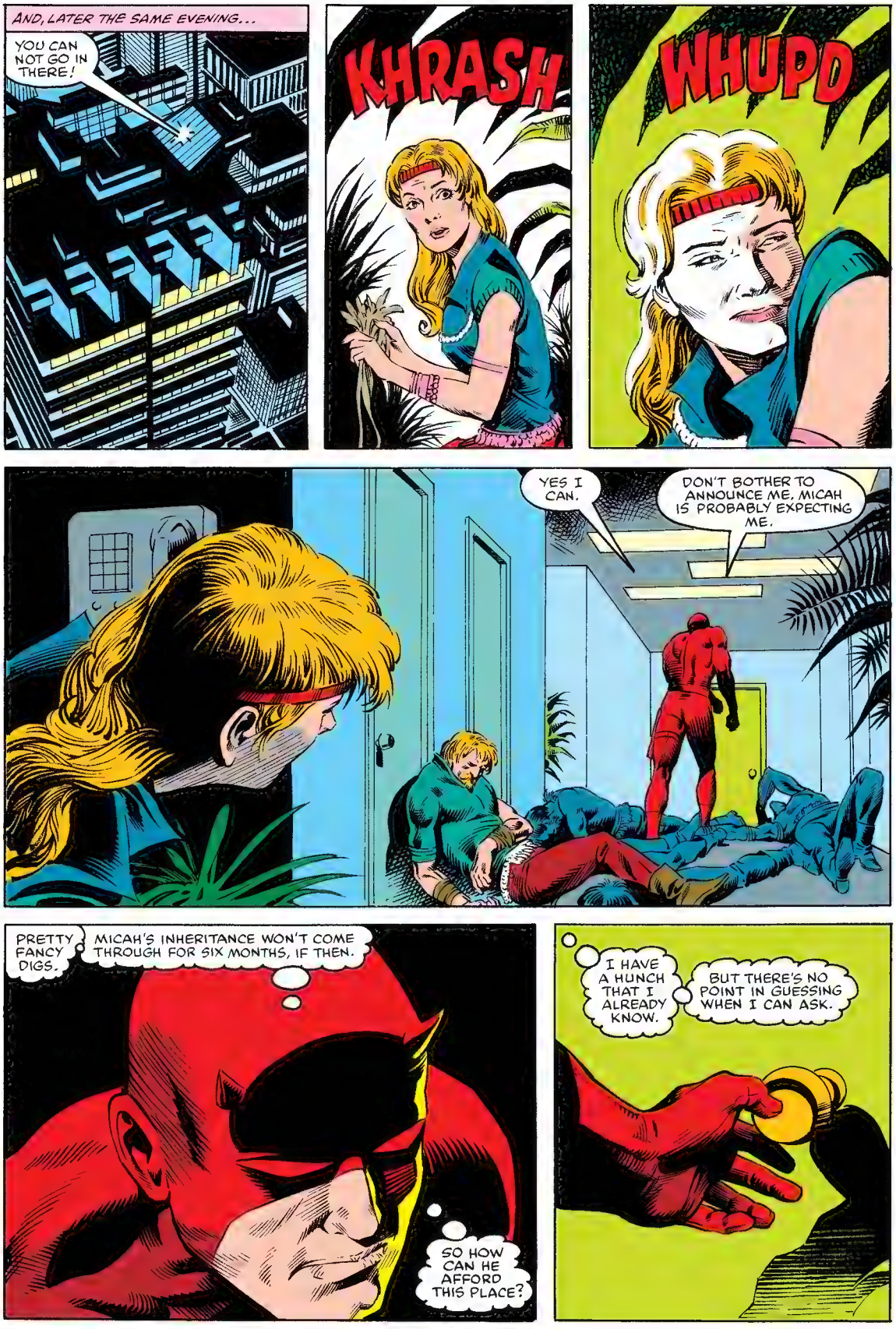
WE NEED A DEPOSITION FROM THAT RELATIVE OF MICAH'S... THE ONE DAREDEVIL SENT OUT OF THE COUNTRY AFTER THE ASSASSINATION ATTEMPT..*
DAREDEVIL! HIM!
HE IS A THORN IN YOUR SIDE, ISN'T HE?
*DAREDEVIL #204--BOB.
I HAVE AN IDEA. COULDN'T YOU GET A THING AGAINST DAREDEVIL?--A RESTRAINING ORDER, IS IT CALLED?
I DO NOT BELIEVE THAT WOMAN!
I'M NOT SURE THAT'D BE A GOOD IDEA.
WHY NOT?
I THINK IT HAS MERIT. AFTER ALL, DAREDEVIL HAS BEEN HARASSING MICAH.
AND MICAH HAS BEEN TRYING TO MURDER DAREDEVIL!
HUH--? WHAT'S HE UP TO?
HE'S TAKING MY SCARF, AND BEING BLIND--I HAVE TO PRETEND I DON'T KNOW!
I'M AFRAID I MUST INSIST ON THAT RESTRAINING ORDER.
GOODY.
NICE SEEING YOU GENTLEMEN AGAIN.

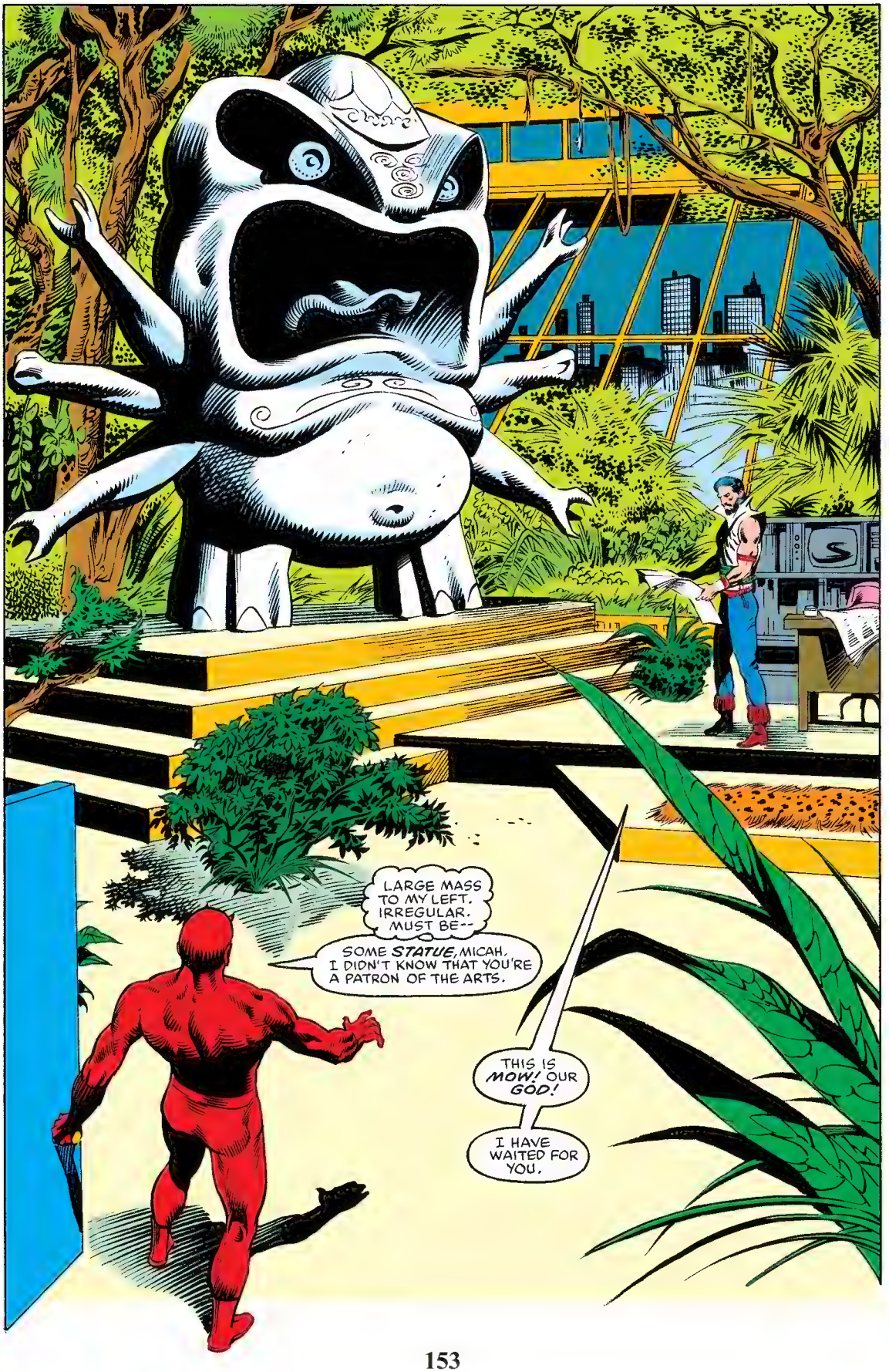
LATER, AT SYNN'S NEWLY ACQUIRED PENTHOUSE...
〈THE MAKER OF CLOTHING IS HERE, CHIEF MICAH,*〉
ENGLISH! SPEAK ONLY ENGLISH!
* TRANSLATED FROM THE KINGORGE DIALECT.
ENGLISH IS THE TONGUE OF THIS PLACE AND WE WILL USE IT--
--AND EVERYTHING ELSE.
PREPARE FOOD AND SUMMON EBENEZER.
YES, CHIEF MICAH.
THEN--
NELSON AND MURDOCK HAVE GET THE RESTRAIN ORDER.
"I HAVE GOTTEN." SAY THE WORDS CORRECT.
THIS IS GOOD. DAREDEVIL NOW CANNOT COME NEAR ME. MY PLANS CAN GO AHEAD.
YOU ARE FINISHED?
THE SHOULDERS ARE A FRIGHTFUL PROBLEM... BUT YES. I'M FINISHED.
ELSEWHERE...
THE BLOODY APE IS GOING TO KILL ME-- THAT'S WHY HE HAD ME BROUGHT HERE.
JUST BECAUSE I TRIED TO KILL HIM!
BUT HE DESERVED TO DIE!

HIM-- FROM AN OLD ENGLISH FAMILY... BEHAVIN' LIKE A SAVAGE... 'TIS A DISGRACE!
WORSE'N A DISGRACE.
I SHOULD'VE GOTTEN MY IRE UP SOONER! LENDS ME STRENGTH, IT DOES!
ONCE FREE, I'LL HAVE NO TROUBLE--
YOU PLEASURE YOURSELF?
YE'VE COME TO DO ME?
THEN GET ON WITH IT! I'VE NO WISH TO HEAR A SPEECH--
--AND I'LL NOT BE GROVELIN' EITHER. I'LL GO TO MY GRAVE LIKE AN ENGLISHMAN!
DO YOUR WORST!
I WILL. BUT NOT AS YOU THINK.


MEANWHILE, ON MANHATTAN'S LOWER WEST SIDE...
YOU STOP OR YOU DIE!
I...I'LL STOP!
DO NOT BOTHER WITH THE DOORS. I WILL OPEN THEM MYSELF!
SURPRISED TO SEE ME, GENTLEMEN?
I WISHED TO MEET THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN HIJACKING MY GOODS!
I NEED NOT ASK WHO SENT YOU--
--YOUR GARB MAKES THAT OBVIOUS!
AH, WE BEGIN.

YOU OKAY, BOSS?
INDEED. IT HAS BEEN AN EDUCATIONAL FEW MOMENTS.
MY SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED. MICAH SYNN IS BEHIND MY RECENT TROUBLES.
HE HAS BETRAYED MY TRUST.
UNFORTUNATE. FOR HIM.


AND, LATER THE SAME EVENING...
YOU CAN NOT GO IN THERE!
KHRASH
WHUPD
YES I CAN.
DON'T BOTHER TO ANNOUNCE ME, MICAH IS PROBABLY EXPECTING ME.
PRETTY FANCY DIGS.
MICAH'S INHERITANCE WON'T COME THROUGH FOR SIX MONTHS, IF THEN.
SO HOW CAN HE AFFORD THIS PLACE?
I HAVE A HUNCH THAT I ALREADY KNOW.
BUT THERE'S NO POINT IN GUESSING WHEN I CAN ASK.


LARGE MASS TO MY LEFT. IRREGULAR. MUST BE--
SOME *STATUE*, MICAH. I DIDN'T KNOW THAT YOU'RE A PATRON OF THE ARTS.
THIS IS *NOW!* OUR *GOD!*
I HAVE WAITED FOR YOU.

I'LL JUST BET YOU HAVE.
YOUR PET PROFESSOR TALKED NELSON AND MURDOCK INTO GETTING THAT RESTRAINING ORDER --AND THEN YOU HAD IT STOPPED FOR 24 HOURS!
WHY?
I KNEW THIS BRINGS YOU.
IN THE JUNGLE OF AFRICA, WE ALWAYS USE THE RIGHT BAIT.
I LEARN IT IS NOT TRULY DIFFERENT IN THE JUNGLE OF NEW YORK.
PIPER SAY I AM AD... ADAPTING.
SOUND-- LEATHER ON TILE. A MAN, MOVING.
CREAK OF WOOD, A WEAPON?
BEHIND THE STATUE-- CROSSBOW!
MICAH! THE MAN WHO TRIED TO KILL YOU. HE'S FREE!
HE'S HERE!
DOWN!
WAIT! I'VE MADE A MISTAKE. THE ARROW ISN'T AIMED AT SYNN. IT'S AIMED AT--

COULD BE WORSE. IF IT HAD TAKEN ANOTHER FRACTION OF A SECOND FOR ME TO REALIZE WHERE THE SHAFT WAS GOING--
--I'D BE DEAD.
GOT TO CONTROL THE PAIN... THE SHOCK...
...STEADY BREATHING AND HEART-BEAT...
RADAR SHOWS THERE ARE ONLY THE TWO OF THEM.
STALL...BUY TIME TO RECOVER...
GUESS YOU AND CROSSBOW HAVE KISSED AND MADE UP, HUH?
THE RIGHT BAIT-- AND THE RIGHT TRAP.
CROSSBOW IS THE TRAP. THIS IS HIS TEST.
BUT YOU ARE ALIVE.

YOU ARE ALIVE AS ANIMAL IN A PIT IS ALIVE. SQUIRMING. HELPLESS.
CROSSBOW!
I'LL DO FOR 'IM, LADDY--
--AND WHEN HE'S OUT OF THE WAY, I'LL DO FOR YOU!
HURRY! I SENSE HE IS--
--RECOVERING!
YOU TALKED A BIT TOO LONG, MICAH.
UNGG!
BUT I'VE GOT TO BUY STILL MORE TIME! I'LL DASH BACK HERE--
--AND CIRCLE AROUND. IT'LL TAKE THEM A FEW SECONDS TO REALIZE WHERE I'VE GONE--
--I HOPE!
CAN'T AFFORD TO LOSE ANY MORE BLOOD. THIS IMPROVISED DRESSING SHOULD HOLD UNTIL--
UH-OH, CROSSBOW'S SPOTTED ME.

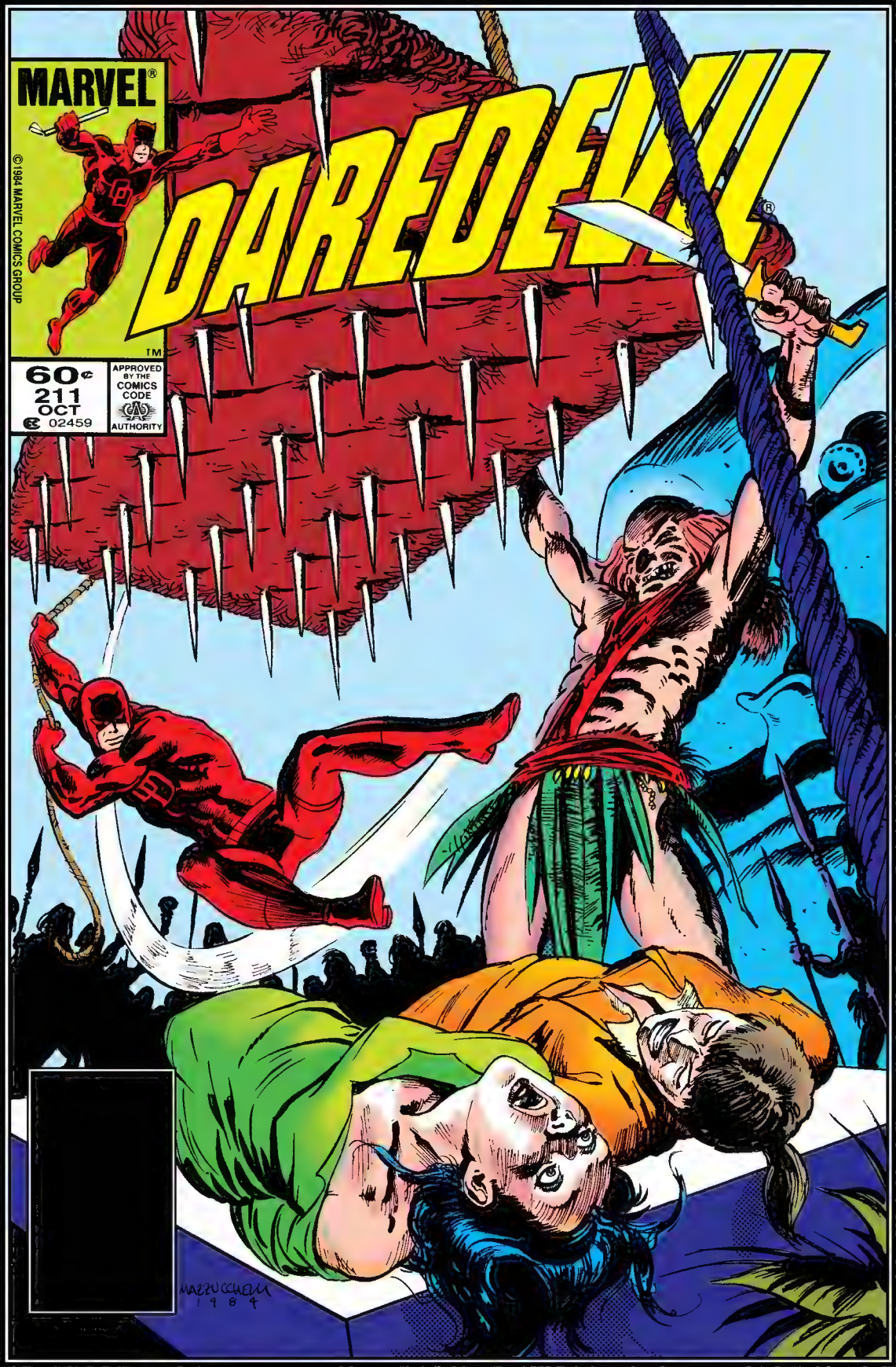
YOU'VE GOT A THING ABOUT MODERN WEAPONS, HAVEN'T YOU?
YOU WON'T USE THEM.
YOUR LOSS. I PROBABLY COULDN'T DODGE A BULLET SO EASILY--
--AND YOU WOULDN'T NEED TO RELOAD A GUN AFTER ONLY A SINGLE SHOT.
NOT THAT I'M COMPLAINING.
YOU'RE A SWIFT AND SLY LAD, BUT I'VE A BIT OF CUNNING MESELF--
--AND THERE'S MORE'N ONE WAY TO LAUNCH ARROWS.

THEY'VE TRANSFORMED THIS PLACE INTO A REAL JUNGLE--THEIR JUNGLE!
--TRAP!
GOT TO END IT BEFORE I BLUNDER INTO ANOTHER--
HHAAA... 'TIS LOVELY TO SEE--HIM DANGLIN' LIFE A FISH ON A LINE.
I DESERVE THIS. I MADE THE MOST BASIC MISTAKE--I GOT OVERANXIOUS.
YOU'VE A FEW MOMENTS LIVIN' LEFT, LAD. FOR I'LL NOT SKEWER YE--
DO NOT TALK. KILL.
--I'LL AIM FOR THE ROPE. YE CAN CONTEMPLATE YER FOLLY DURIN' THE FALL.
IF YOU'RE RELIGIOUS, YE MIGHT MUMBLE A PRAYER.
HIS GLOATING HAS GIVEN ME A CHANCE. I KNOW WHERE THE ARROW IS GOING...AND IF MY TIMING IS PERFECT--

YOU TALK TOO MUCH--!
DON'T WORRY, YE SAVAGE! I'LL KILL 'IM--SOON AS I FIND WHERE HE'S GONE--
--I'M BLEEDING.
SOK
YER BLOW WAS WEAK! YER LABORS HAVE TAKEN THEIR TOLL!
GOT TO TAKE HIM OUT--!
BANDAGE CAME LOOSE--
ANGF!

WOOZY... BARELY ABLE TO STAND...
YER PALE AS A LILY. TREMBLING, YE BOASTED ABOUT DODGIN' ARROWS, DO YE THINK YE'LL DODGE THIS ONE?
HOLD IT!
FREEZE, MASKED MAN!
I'LL BE... DELIGHTED TO!
MICAH'S SECRETARY SAW YOU BREAK IN HERE--
--AND CALLED US. YOU REALIZE THAT TEN MINUTES AGO THE RESTRAINING ORDER WENT INTO EFFECT?
I'M NOT WEARING A WATCH.
DON'T GET SMART, MISTER. YOU KNOW THE LAW.
MY LAW...
AND HIS.
HIS IS OLDER, AND MUCH SIMPLER.
ADAPT. SURVIVE.
IF YOU GENTLEMEN WILL EXCUSE ME--

THEY HAVE GONE.
WITHOUT SEEIN' ME.
DAREDEVIL LIVES.
AND SO DO YE--FOR NOW!
BUT HE OBEYS HIS LAW. HE CAN NOT COME TO ME.
HAHAHAHA
HE DROPPED THIS CLOTH. THIS SLEEVE.
LISTEN, WE'LL USE YER RESOURCES TO TRACK 'IM DOWN AND--
NO NEED TO TRACK.
WE KNOW WHO OUR ENEMIES ARE.
--DAREDEVIL... AND THE LAWYER--MATTHEW MURDOCK!
NEXT ISSUE: SACRIFICE!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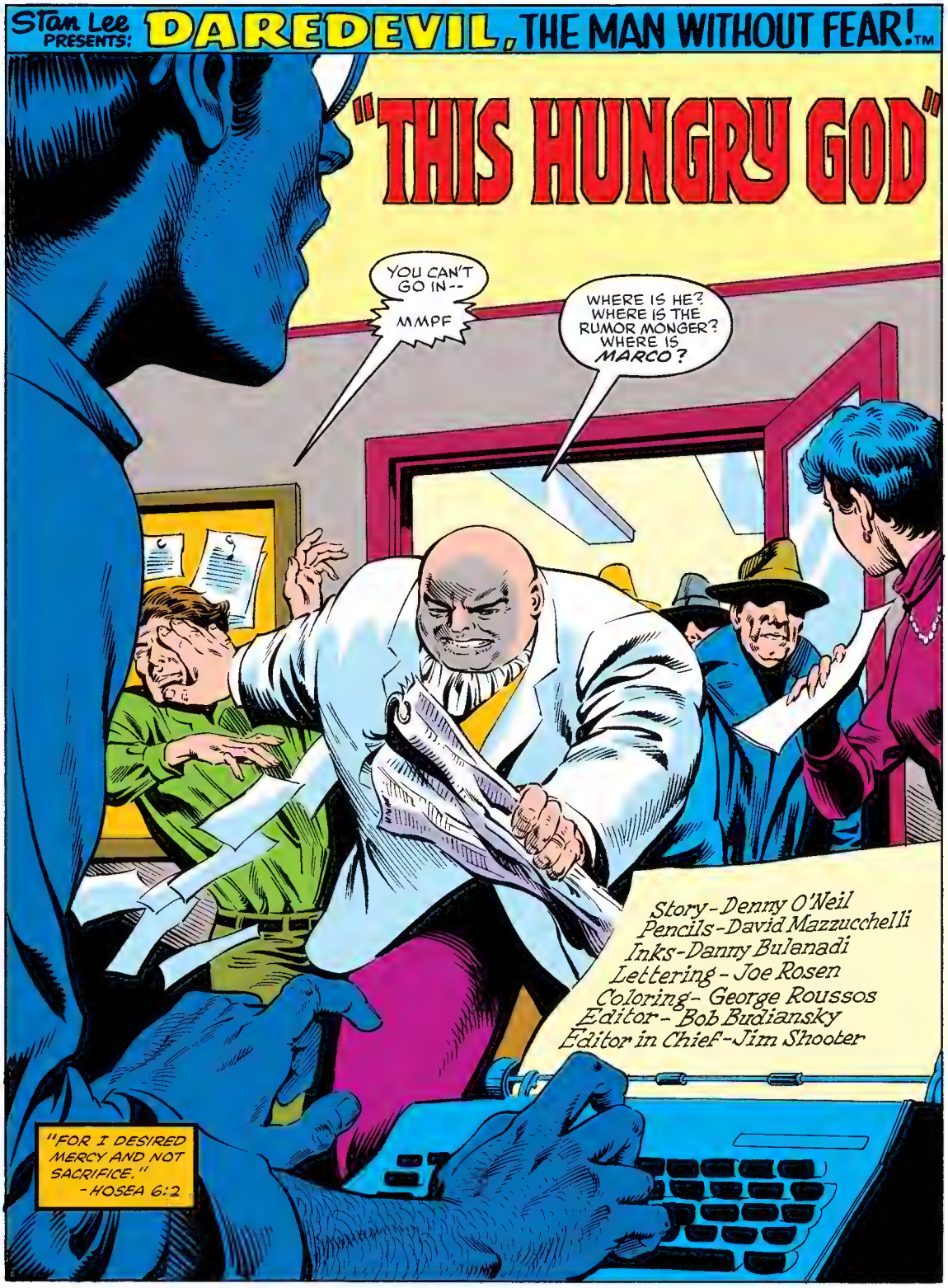
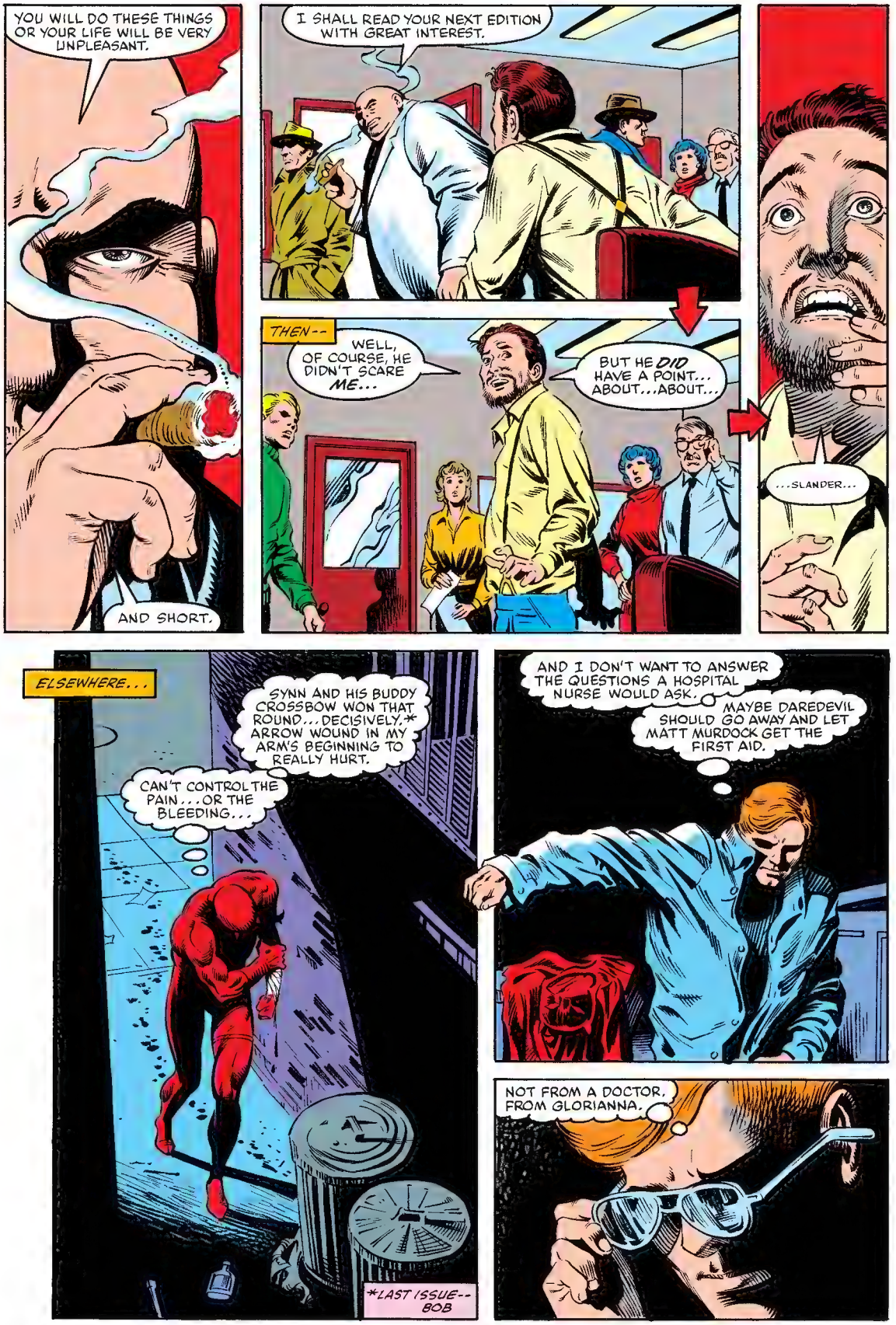
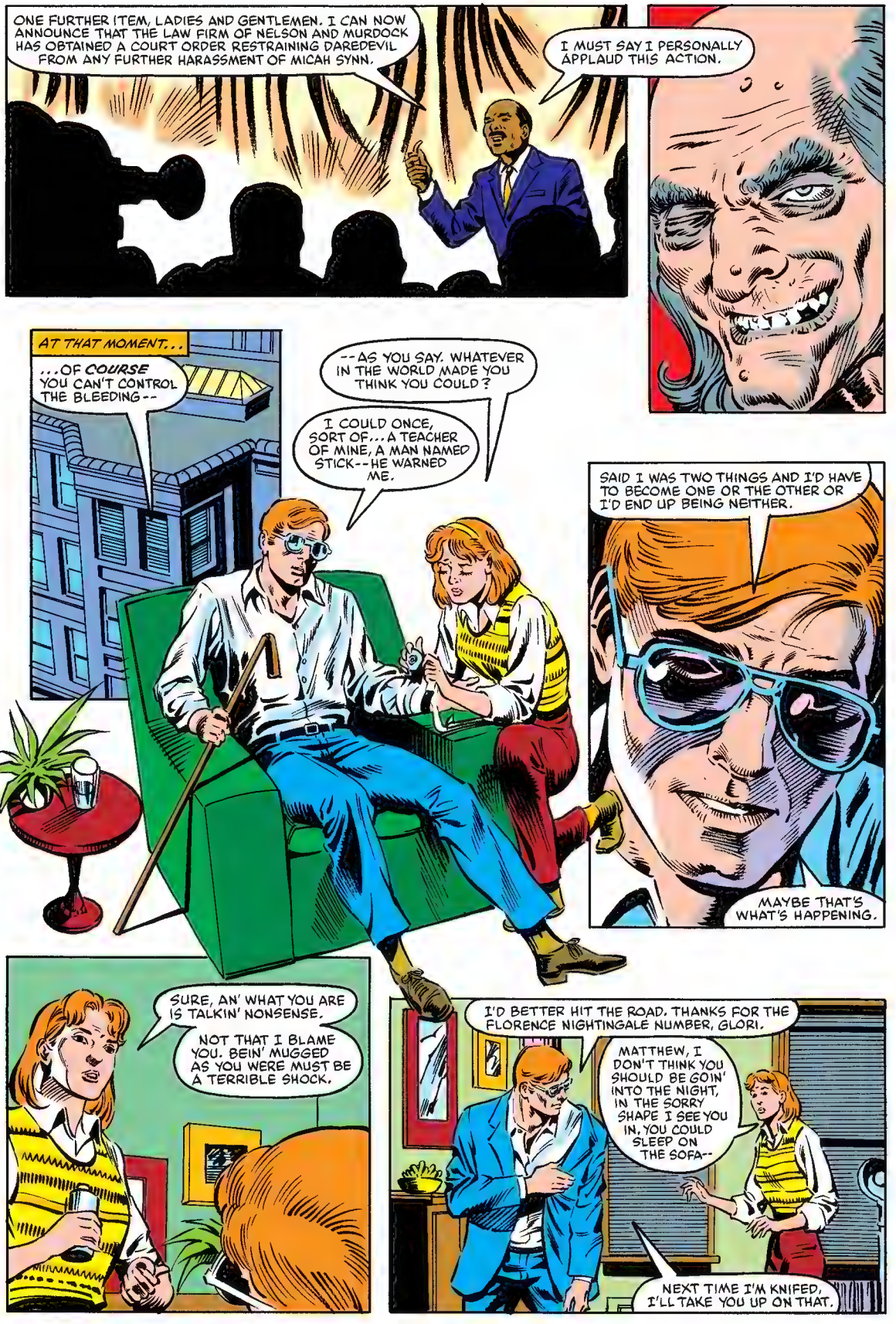
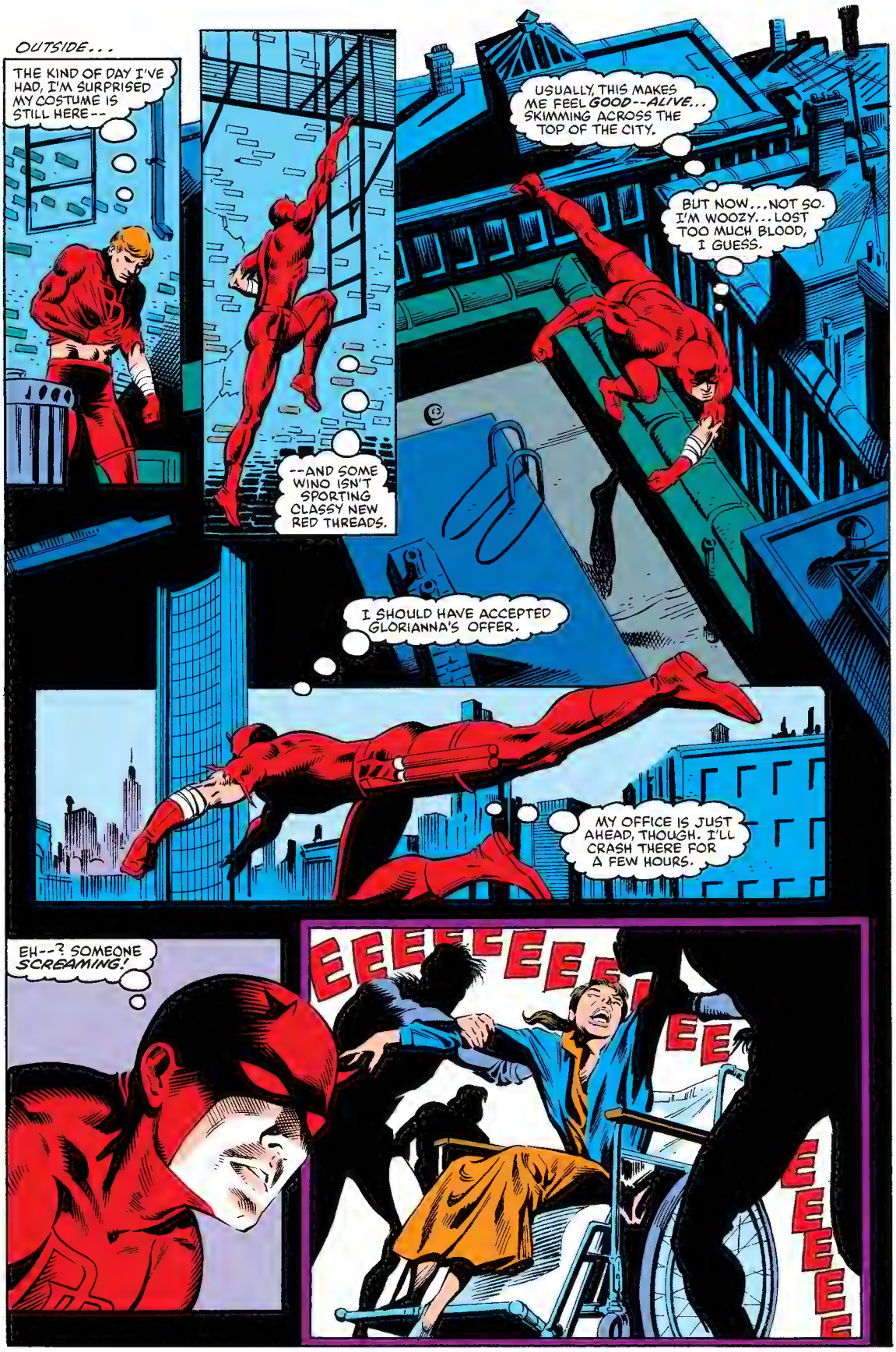

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
"THIS HUNGRY GOD"
YOU CAN'T GO IN--
MMPF
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THE RUMOR MONGER? WHERE IS MARCO?
Story - Denny O'Neil
Pencils - David Mazzucchelli
Inks - Danny Bulanadi
Lettering - Joe Rosen
Coloring - George Roussos
Editor - Bob Budiansky
Editor in Chief - Jim Shooter
"FOR I DESIRED MERCY AND NOT SACRIFICE."
-HOSEA 6:2

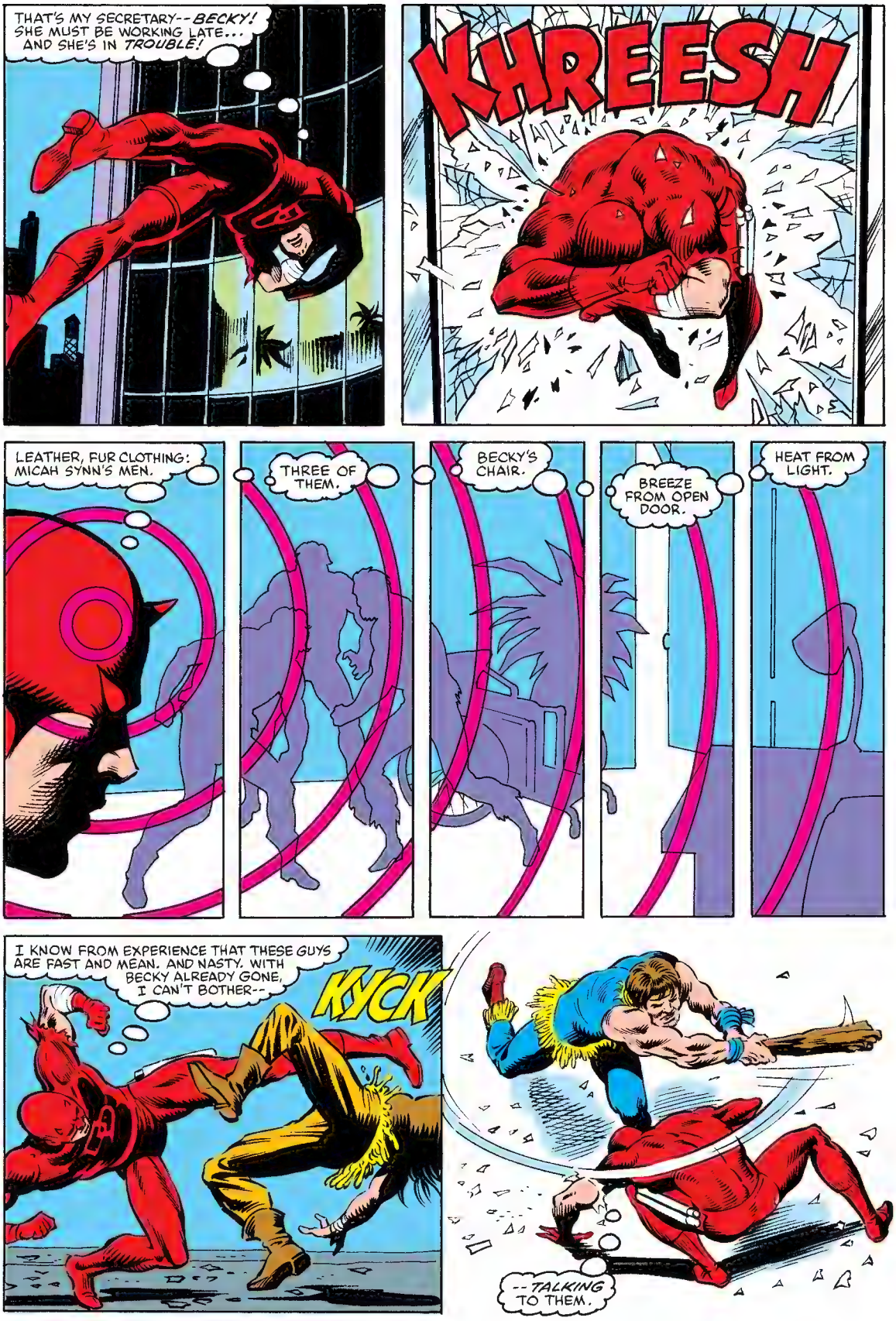
YOU'RE MARCO?
Revealer "Gets to the Guts"
NO.
YOU LIE.
YOUR PICTURE APPEARS AT THE TOP OF YOUR COLUMN.
YOU WROTE THIS.
WELL, IT WAS EDITED...
YOU WROTE IT--
--AND YOU IMPLY THAT I AM ...INVOLVED WITH THIS WOMAN. THIS ACTRESS!
CRIME LORD AND HIS BABE?
I AM MARRIED, TO VANESSA. WHOM I LOVE.
I SUSPECT THAT YOU WERE URGED TO PRINT THAT SLANDER BY MICAH SYNN. THEREFORE YOU WILL DO TWO THINGS--YOU WILL WRITE A RETRACTION AND YOU WILL PUBLISH SOMETHING SLANDEROUS ABOUT SYNN.


YOU WILL DO THESE THINGS OR YOUR LIFE WILL BE VERY UNPLEASANT.
AND SHORT.
I SHALL READ YOUR NEXT EDITION WITH GREAT INTEREST.
THEN--
WELL, OF COURSE, HE DIDN'T SCARE ME...
BUT HE DID HAVE A POINT... ABOUT...ABOUT...
...SLANDER...
ELSEWHERE...
SYNN AND HIS BUDDY CROSSBOW WON THAT ROUND...DECISIVELY.* ARROW WOUND IN MY ARM'S BEGINNING TO REALLY HURT.
CAN'T CONTROL THE PAIN...OR THE BLEEDING...
*LAST ISSUE-- BOB
AND I DON'T WANT TO ANSWER THE QUESTIONS A HOSPITAL NURSE WOULD ASK.
MAYBE DAREDEVIL SHOULD GO AWAY AND LET MATT MURDOCK GET THE FIRST AID.
NOT FROM A DOCTOR, FROM GLORIANNA.

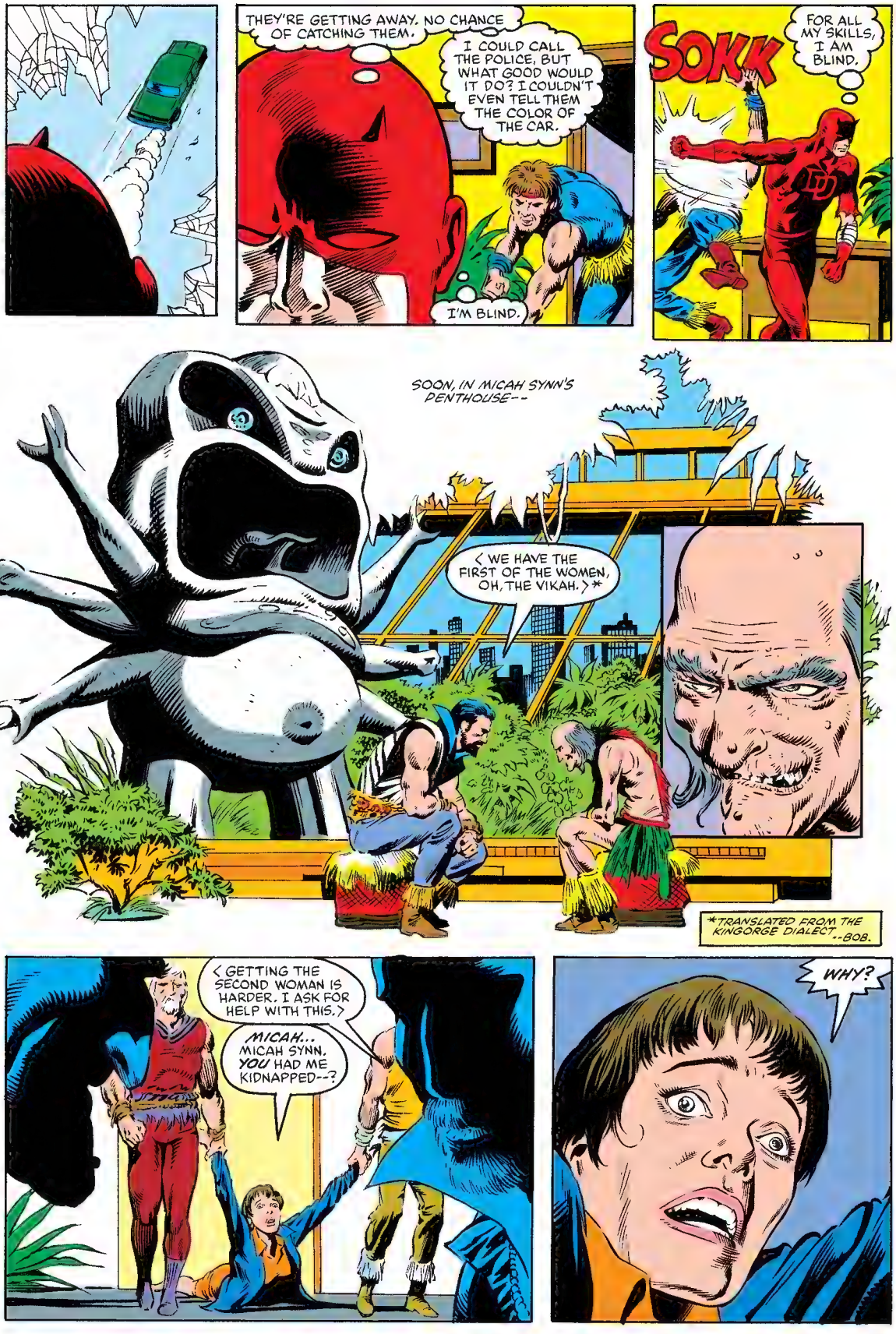
MEANWHILE, AT A LARGE, MIDTOWN HOTEL.
...MY PLEASURE TO INTRODUCE TO YOU LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS --
--THE LATEST OF CHIEF MICAH SYNN'S TRIBE TO ARRIVE IN THIS COUNTRY FROM AFRICA--THE VIKAH.
AS YOU KNOW, CHIEF MICAH SYNN'S PEOPLE ARE DESCENDANTS OF LOST ENGLISH EXPLORERS.
FOR CENTURIES, THEY LIVED CUT OFF FROM THE WORLD IN INCREDIBLE HARDSHIP AND POVERTY.
DURING THAT TIME THEY EVOLVED THEIR OWN LANGUAGE AND CUSTOMS.
THE VIKAH, HERE, IS...WELL, IT'S RATHER DIFFICULT TO EXPLAIN. HE'S SORT OF A DOCTOR, A MINISTER, A MAGICIAN AND A WISE MAN ROLLED INTO ONE.

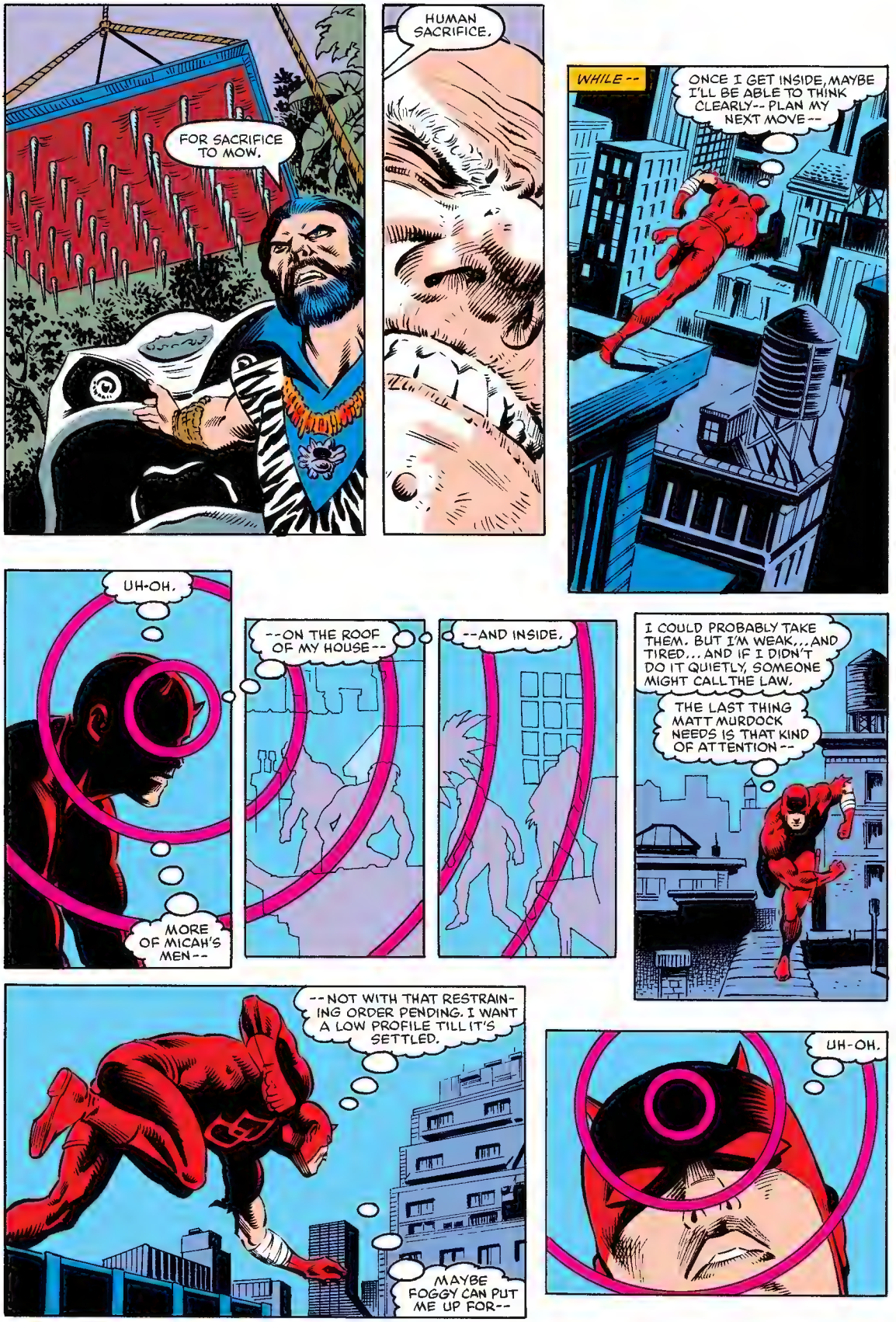

ONE FURTHER ITEM, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. I CAN NOW ANNOUNCE THAT THE LAW FIRM OF NELSON AND MURDOCK HAS OBTAINED A COURT ORDER RESTRAINING DAREDEVIL FROM ANY FURTHER HARASSMENT OF MICAH SYNN.
I MUST SAY I PERSONALLY APPLAUD THIS ACTION.
AT THAT MOMENT...
...OF COURSE YOU CAN'T CONTROL THE BLEEDING--
--AS YOU SAY. WHATEVER IN THE WORLD MADE YOU THINK YOU COULD?
I COULD ONCE, SORT OF... A TEACHER OF MINE, A MAN NAMED STICK--HE WARNED ME.
SAID I WAS TWO THINGS AND I'D HAVE TO BECOME ONE OR THE OTHER OR I'D END UP BEING NEITHER.
MAYBE THAT'S WHAT'S HAPPENING.
SURE, AN' WHAT YOU ARE IS TALKIN' NONSENSE.
NOT THAT I BLAME YOU. BEIN' MUGGED AS YOU WERE MUST BE A TERRIBLE SHOCK.
I'D BETTER HIT THE ROAD. THANKS FOR THE FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE NUMBER, GLORI.
MATTHEW, I DON'T THINK YOU SHOULD BE GOIN' INTO THE NIGHT, IN THE SORRY SHAPE I SEE YOU IN, YOU COULD SLEEP ON THE SOFA--
NEXT TIME I'M KNIFED, I'LL TAKE YOU UP ON THAT.

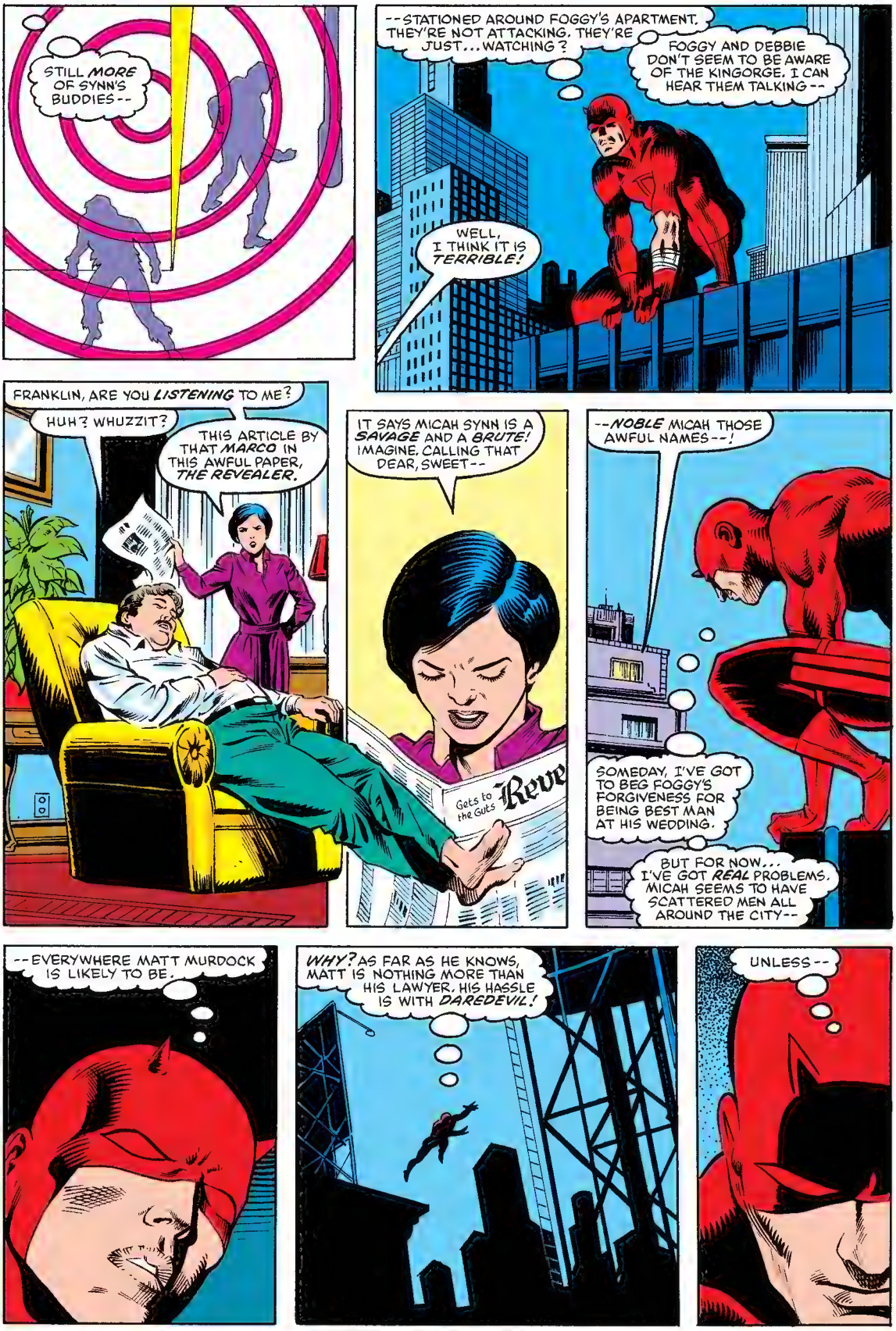

OUTSIDE...
THE KIND OF DAY I'VE HAD, I'M SURPRISED MY COSTUME IS STILL HERE--
--AND SOME WINO ISN'T SPORTING CLASSY NEW RED THREADS.
USUALLY, THIS MAKES ME FEEL GOOD--ALIVE... SKIMMING ACROSS THE TOP OF THE CITY.
BUT NOW...NOT SO. I'M WOOZY...LOST TOO MUCH BLOOD, I GUESS.
I SHOULD HAVE ACCEPTED GLORIANNA'S OFFER.
MY OFFICE IS JUST AHEAD, THOUGH. I'LL CRASH THERE FOR A FEW HOURS.
EH--? SOMEONE SCREAMING!
EEEE


THAT'S MY SECRETARY--BECKY! SHE MUST BE WORKING LATE... AND SHE'S IN TROUBLE!
KHREESH
LEATHER, FUR CLOTHING: MICAH SYNN'S MEN.
THREE OF THEM.
BECKY'S CHAIR.
BREEZE FROM OPEN DOOR.
HEAT FROM LIGHT.
I KNOW FROM EXPERIENCE THAT THESE GUYS ARE FAST AND MEAN. AND NASTY. WITH BECKY ALREADY GONE, I CAN'T BOTHER--
KYCK
--TALKING TO THEM.

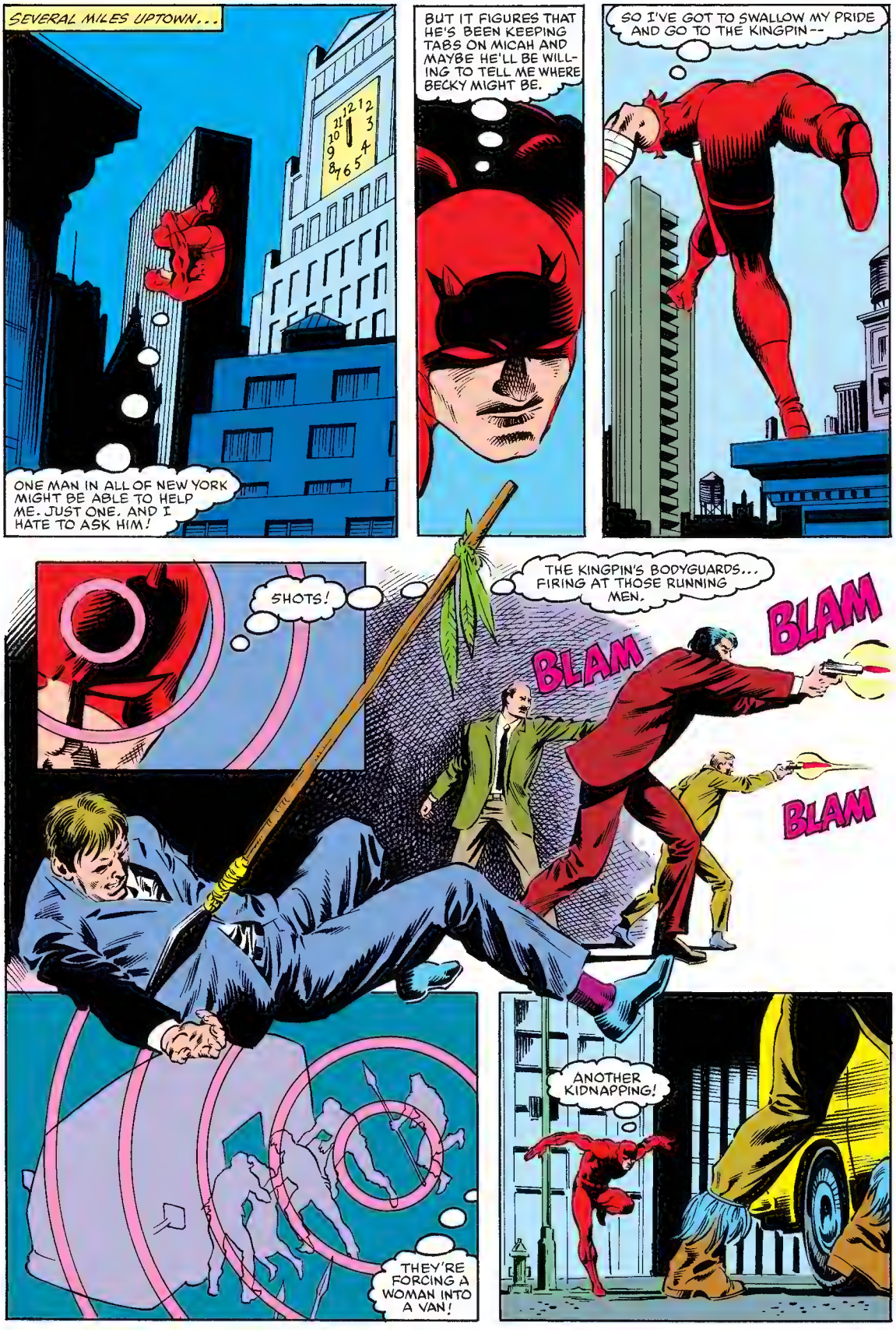
TCHOCK
NOK
WHOD
WHOEVER GRABBED BECKY WILL HAVE REACHED THE STREET BY NOW--
--I CAN HEAR AN ENGINE RUNNING... BECKY'S SHOES SCRAPING THE PAVEMENT.

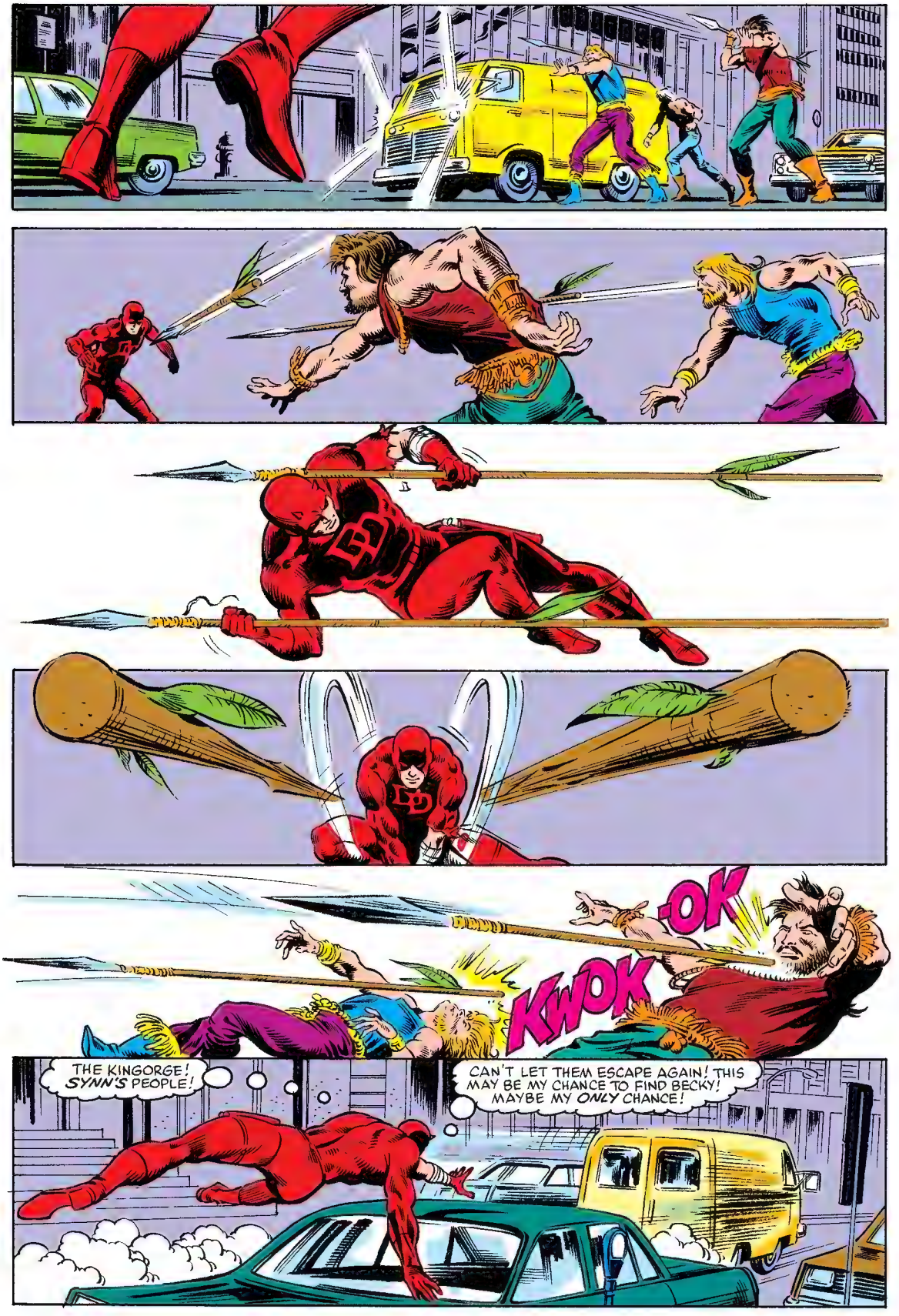

THEY'RE GETTING AWAY. NO CHANCE OF CATCHING THEM.
I COULD CALL THE POLICE, BUT WHAT GOOD WOULD IT DO? I COULDN'T EVEN TELL THEM THE COLOR OF THE CAR.
I'M BLIND.
SOKK
FOR ALL MY SKILLS, I AM BLIND.
SOON, IN MICAH SYNN'S PENTHOUSE--
< WE HAVE THE FIRST OF THE WOMEN, OH, THE VIKAH. >*
*TRANSLATED FROM THE KINGORGE DIALECT--BOB.
< GETTING THE SECOND WOMAN IS HARDER. I ASK FOR HELP WITH THIS. >
MICAH... MICAH SYNN. YOU HAD ME KIDNAPPED--?
WHY?

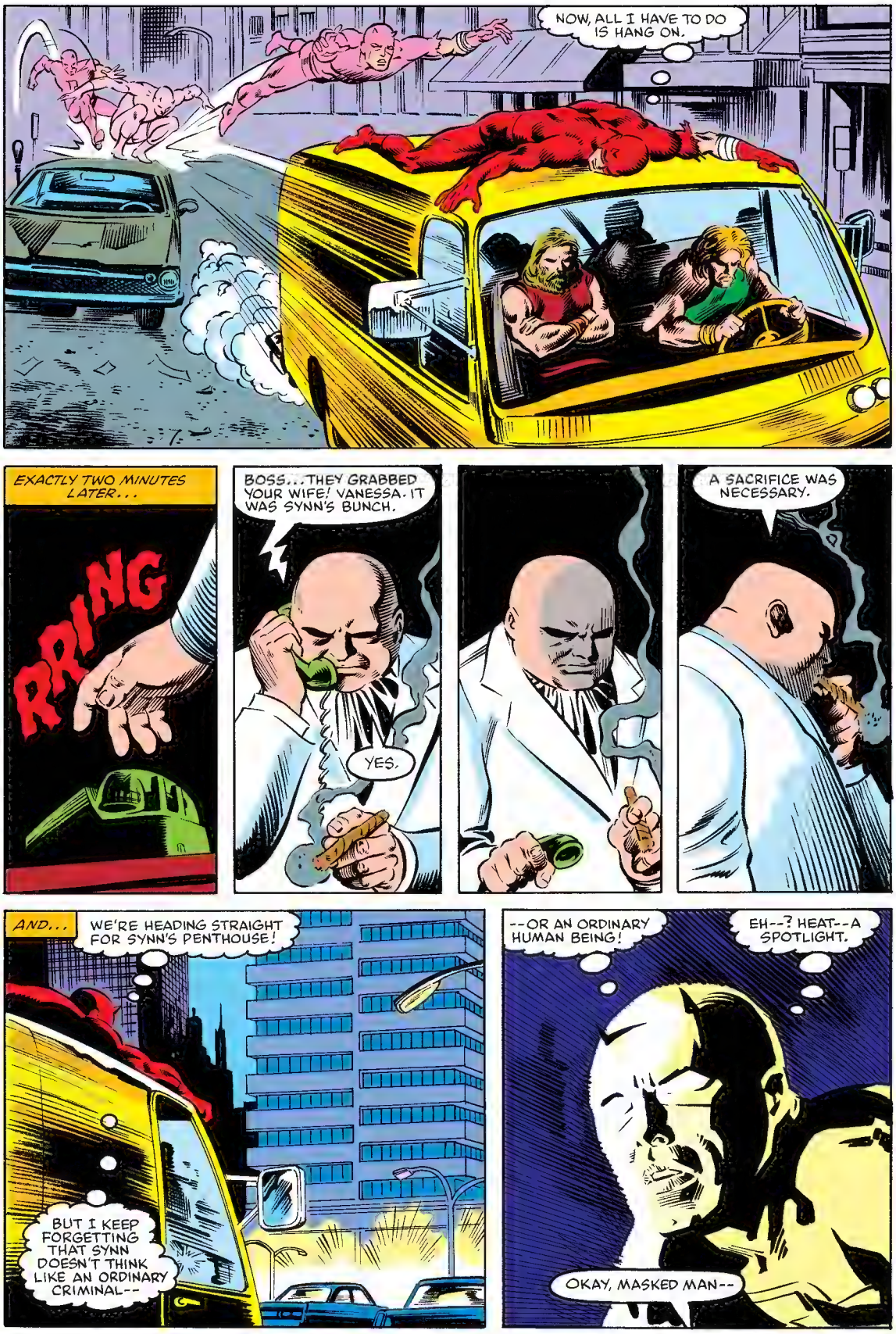

FOR SACRIFICE TO MOW.
HUMAN SACRIFICE.
WHILE --
ONCE I GET INSIDE, MAYBE I'LL BE ABLE TO THINK CLEARLY-- PLAN MY NEXT MOVE--
UH-OH.
MORE OF MICAH'S MEN--
--ON THE ROOF OF MY HOUSE--
--AND INSIDE.
I COULD PROBABLY TAKE THEM. BUT I'M WEAK,,,AND TIRED,,, AND IF I DIDN'T DO IT QUIETLY, SOMEONE MIGHT CALL THE LAW.
THE LAST THING MATT MURDOCK NEEDS IS THAT KIND OF ATTENTION--
--NOT WITH THAT RESTRAINING ORDER PENDING. I WANT A LOW PROFILE TILL IT'S SETTLED.
MAYBE FOGGY CAN PUT ME UP FOR--
UH-OH.


STILL MORE OF SYNN'S BUDDIES--
--STATIONED AROUND FOGGY'S APARTMENT. THEY'RE NOT ATTACKING. THEY'RE JUST...WATCHING?
FOGGY AND DEBBIE DON'T SEEM TO BE AWARE OF THE KINGORGE. I CAN HEAR THEM TALKING--
WELL, I THINK IT IS TERRIBLE!
FRANKLIN, ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
HUH? WHUZZIT?
THIS ARTICLE BY THAT MARCO IN THIS AWFUL PAPER, THE REVEALER.
IT SAYS MICAH SYNN IS A SAVAGE AND A BRUTE! IMAGINE, CALLING THAT DEAR, SWEET--
Gets to the Guts
Reve
--NOBLE MICAH THOSE AWFUL NAMES--!
SOMEDAY, I'VE GOT TO BEG FOGGY'S FORGIVENESS FOR BEING BEST MAN AT HIS WEDDING.
BUT FOR NOW... I'VE GOT REAL PROBLEMS. MICAH SEEMS TO HAVE SCATTERED MEN ALL AROUND THE CITY--
--EVERYWHERE MATT MURDOCK IS LIKELY TO BE.
WHY? AS FAR AS HE KNOWS, MATT IS NOTHING MORE THAN HIS LAWYER. HIS HASSLE IS WITH DAREDEVIL!
UNLESS--

HE STOLE MY SCARF...AND HE SNIFFED THE SLEEVE I LOST IN HIS PSEUDO-JUNGLE... AND HE DOES HAVE EXTREMELY ACUTE SENSES...
HE KNOWS.
AND, AT THE OFFICES OF THE REVEALER...
MR. MARCO? YOU IN HERE?
PUTTIN' IN A LATE ONE, HUH, MR. MARCO?
HALP! POLICE!
CALL THE POLICE!


SEVERAL MILES UPTOWN...
ONE MAN IN ALL OF NEW YORK MIGHT BE ABLE TO HELP ME. JUST ONE. AND I HATE TO ASK HIM!
BUT IT FIGURES THAT HE'S BEEN KEEPING TABS ON MICAH AND MAYBE HE'LL BE WILLING TO TELL ME WHERE BECKY MIGHT BE.
SO I'VE GOT TO SWALLOW MY PRIDE AND GO TO THE KINGPIN--
SHOTS!
THE KINGPIN'S BODYGUARDS... FIRING AT THOSE RUNNING MEN.
BLAM
BLAM
BLAM
THEY'RE FORCING A WOMAN INTO A VAN!
ANOTHER KIDNAPPING!

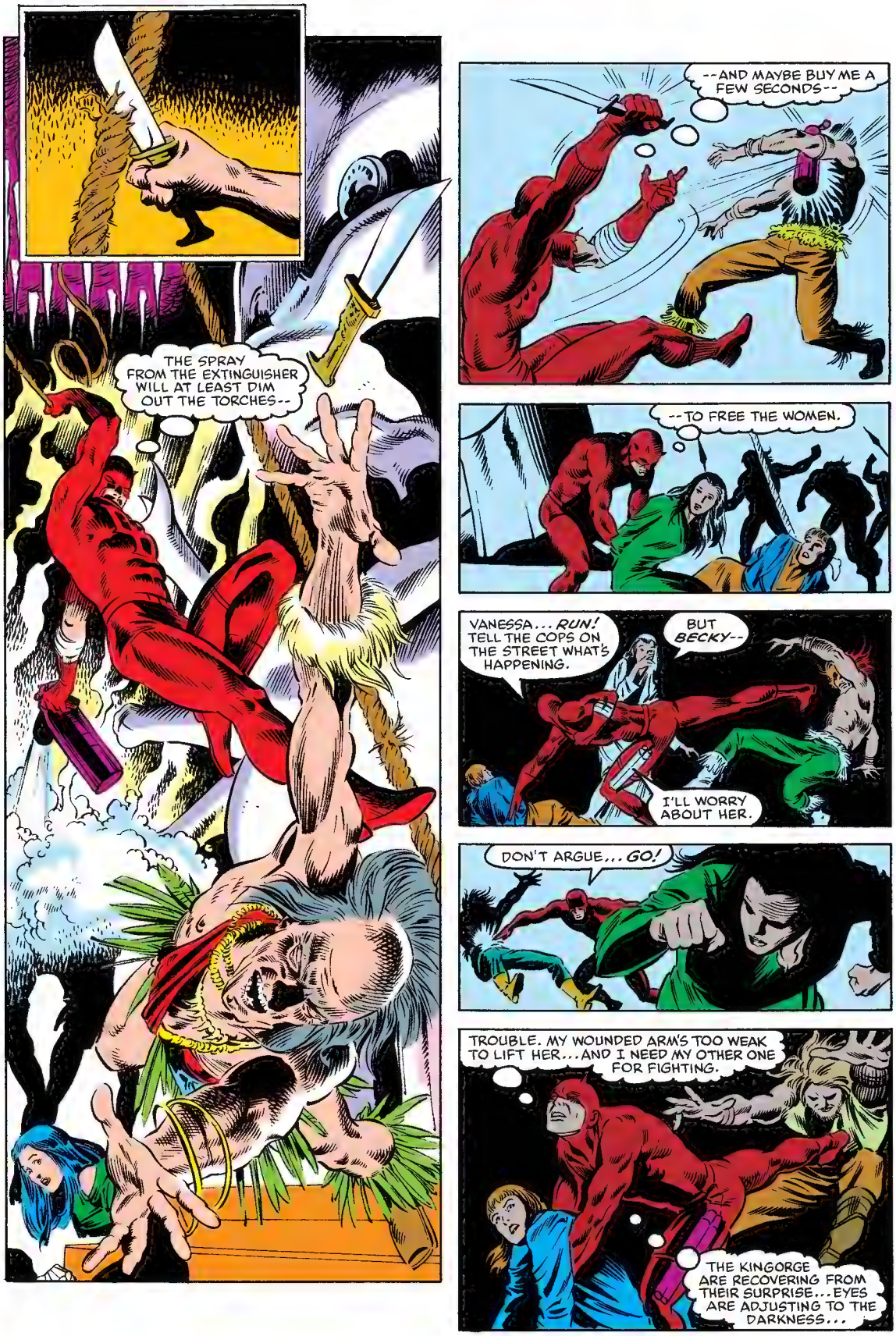

KWOK
-OK
THE KINGORGE! SYNN'S PEOPLE!
CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE AGAIN! THIS MAY BE MY CHANCE TO FIND BECKY! MAYBE MY ONLY CHANCE!


NOW, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS HANG ON.
EXACTLY TWO MINUTES LATER...
RRING
BOSS...THEY GRABBED YOUR WIFE! VANESSA. IT WAS SYNN'S BUNCH.
YES.
A SACRIFICE WAS NECESSARY.
AND...
WE'RE HEADING STRAIGHT FOR SYNN'S PENTHOUSE!
BUT I KEEP FORGETTING THAT SYNN DOESN'T THINK LIKE AN ORDINARY CRIMINAL--
--OR AN ORDINARY HUMAN BEING!
EH--? HEAT--A SPOTLIGHT.
OKAY, MASKED MAN--

--COME DOWN OFF THERE NICE AND SLOW!
TRYIN' A SNEAK PAST US, HUH?
GUESS YOU DIDN'T BELIEVE IT WHEN THE JUDGE SAID YOU GOTTA STAY CLEAR OF SYNN!
*MICAH SYNN GOT A TEMPORARY RESTRAINING ORDER AGAINST D.D. LAST ISSUE -- BOB.
YOU CRAZY?
I OWED HIM ONE.
POLICE HAVE SYNN'S BUILDING SURROUNDED.

AND I CAN HEAR CHOPPERS CIRCLING OVERHEAD.
IT'S A CINCH THE PLACE IS BATHED IN LIGHT, TOO.
FOR HOURS I'VE BEEN DASHING AROUND IN A PANIC...BLEEDING ALL OVER TOWN...SCURRYING LIKE A FRIGHTENED ANIMAL...
...GETTING NOWHERE. GOT TO RELAX, REFLECT, UNDERSTAND...
EXACTLY 500 YARDS AWAY...
OH THE VIKAH, THE SACRIFICES ARE READY.
CLAP
WE BEGIN.

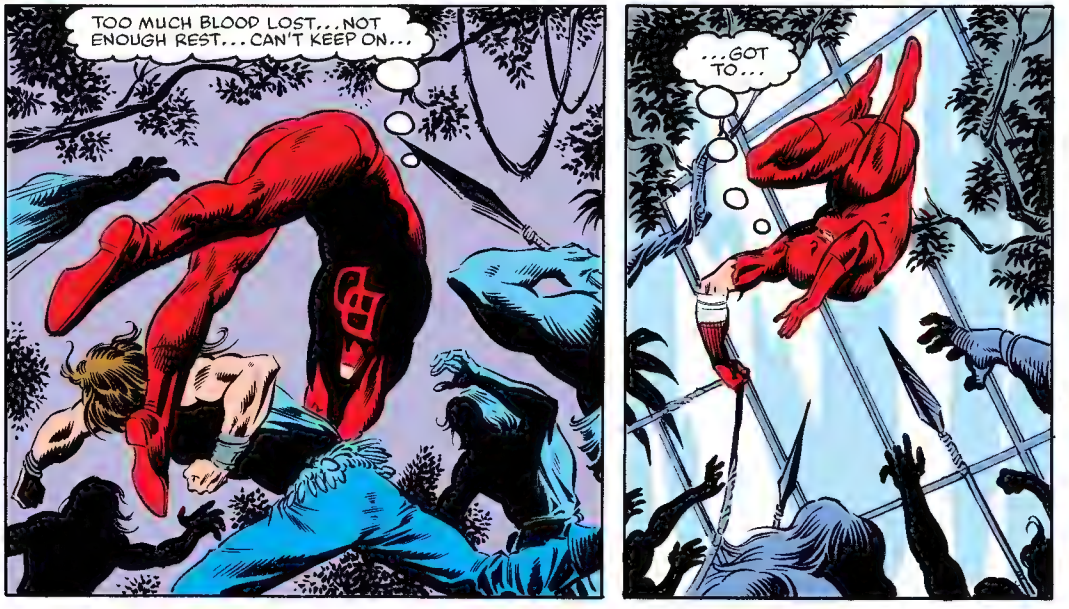
AND, 40 FLOORS BELOW...
BUT I'M MR. SYNN'S ATTORNEY.
LET 'IM PASS, JONSEY. OUR ORDERS SAY WE GOTTA KEEP DAREDEVIL OUT. THEY DON'T SAY *NOTHIN'* ABOUT MATT MURDOCK.
THANKS.
SMELL OF WOOD BURNING.
FIRE EXTINGUISHER
WE MAY NEED THIS.
TO THIS HUNGRY GOD--
--WE OFFER THESE SACRIFICES...
NO... *NO!* YOU'RE MAKING A *MISTAKE*--


THE SPRAY FROM THE EXTINGUISHER WILL AT LEAST DIM OUT THE TORCHES--
--AND MAYBE BUY ME A FEW SECONDS--
--TO FREE THE WOMEN.
VANESSA... RUN! TELL THE COPS ON THE STREET WHAT'S HAPPENING.
BUT BECKY--
I'LL WORRY ABOUT HER.
DON'T ARGUE... GO!
TROUBLE. MY WOUNDED ARM'S TOO WEAK TO LIFT HER... AND I NEED MY OTHER ONE FOR FIGHTING.
THE KINGORGE ARE RECOVERING FROM THEIR SURPRISE... EYES ARE ADJUSTING TO THE DARKNESS...

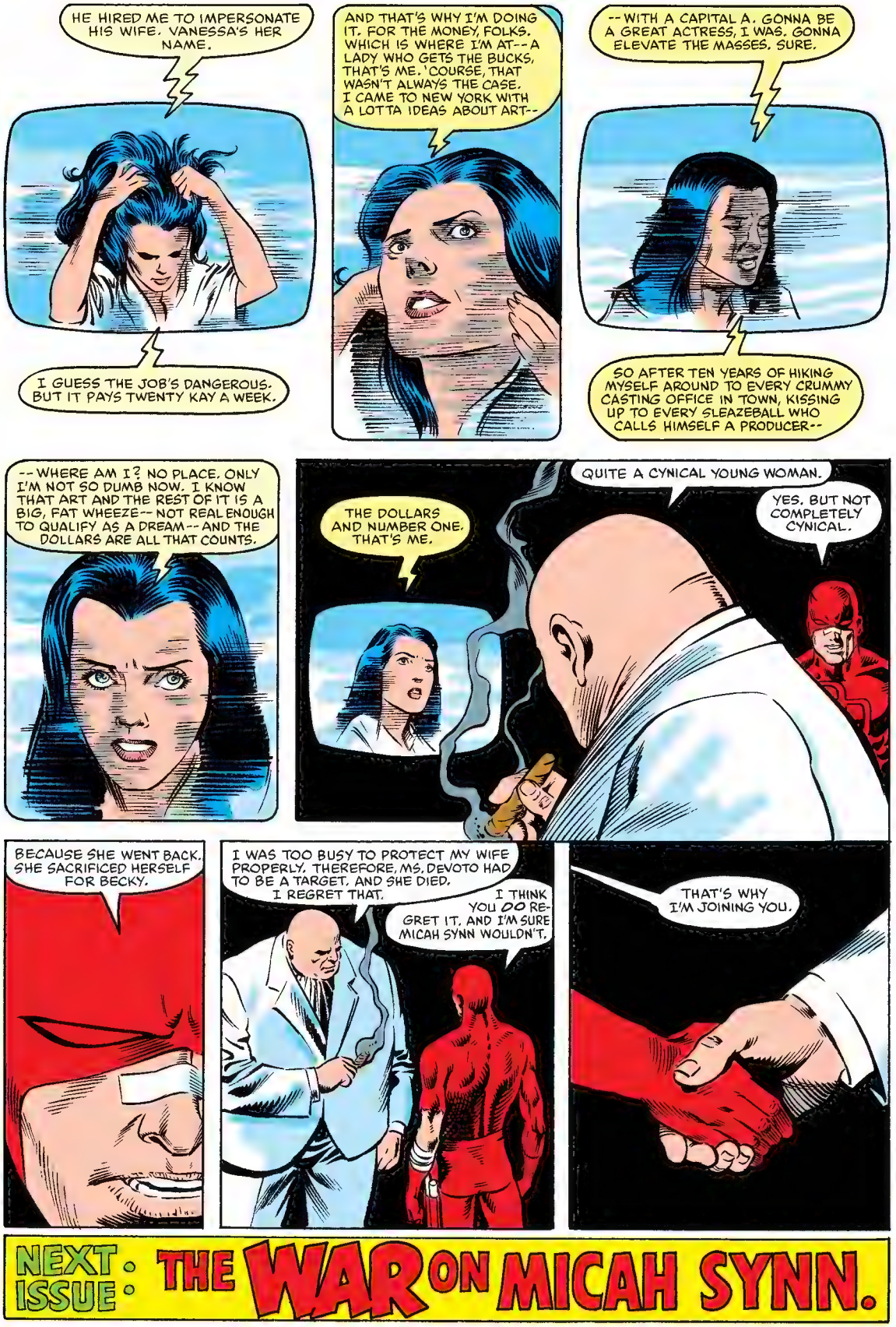
MISTER... YOU CAN'T DO IT!
YOU'LL NEVER GET HER OUT!
BUT MAYBE I CAN.
YOU CAN TRY--
MICAH'S RECOVERED... MOVING IN FROM THE LEFT. I WON'T BE ABLE TO HANDLE HIM AND HIS MEN.
I'M NOT SURE I COULD HANDLE HIM!
BUT I'VE GOT TO DELAY HIM A FEW SECONDS LONGER--
--TILL VANESSA AND BECKY REACH THE ELEVATOR.
OKAY BECKY, WE'RE ALMOST HOME!

AAGH!

I HEARD THE ELEVATOR DOORS CLOSE JUST AS THE WOMAN SCREAMED... BECKY'S PROBABLY SAFE--AT LEAST FOR A MINUTE OR TWO.
BUT I WON'T BE...NOT IF MICAH'S FIST CONNECTS.


TOO MUCH BLOOD LOST...NOT ENOUGH REST...CAN'T KEEP ON...
...GOT TO...

...ESCAPE--
KRHEESH
LOOKS LIKE DAREDEVIL COMIN' OUTTA THERE!
COULDN'T BE.
HELP...
PLEASE HELP ME...
THEN, AS THE SUN'S FIRST RAYS BURN AWAY THE NIGHT...
TELL THE KINGPIN I'M HERE AND...
...TELL HIM I NEED A DOCTOR.
SOON--
MY ASSOCIATE IN THE POSTAL SYSTEM INTERCEPTED THIS TAPE CASSETTE. IT IS FROM A MS. HEIDI DEVOTO AND IT IS ADDRESSED TO A PLACE IN KANSAS.
SHOULD I CARE?
PERHAPS NOT. BUT YOU WILL FIND IT INTERESTING.
IF YOU'RE SEEING THIS, SOMETHING'S HAPPENED AND YOU KNOW I'VE BEEN WORKING FOR A MAN CALLED THE KINGPIN. BIG TIME CRIMINAL. BAD GUY.


HE HIRED ME TO IMPERSONATE HIS WIFE. VANESSA'S HER NAME.
I GUESS THE JOB'S DANGEROUS. BUT IT PAYS TWENTY KAY A WEEK.
AND THAT'S WHY I'M DOING IT. FOR THE MONEY, FOLKS. WHICH IS WHERE I'M AT-- A LADY WHO GETS THE BUCKS, THAT'S ME. 'COURSE, THAT WASN'T ALWAYS THE CASE. I CAME TO NEW YORK WITH A LOTTA IDEAS ABOUT ART--
--WITH A CAPITAL A. GONNA BE A GREAT ACTRESS, I WAS. GONNA ELEVATE THE MASSES. SURE.
SO AFTER TEN YEARS OF HIKING MYSELF AROUND TO EVERY CRUMMY CASTING OFFICE IN TOWN, KISSING UP TO EVERY SLEAZEBALL WHO CALLS HIMSELF A PRODUCER--
--WHERE AM I? NO PLACE. ONLY I'M NOT SO DUMB NOW. I KNOW THAT ART AND THE REST OF IT IS A BIG, FAT WHEEZE-- NOT REAL ENOUGH TO QUALIFY AS A DREAM-- AND THE DOLLARS ARE ALL THAT COUNTS.
THE DOLLARS AND NUMBER ONE. THAT'S ME.
QUITE A CYNICAL YOUNG WOMAN.
YES. BUT NOT COMPLETELY CYNICAL.
BECAUSE SHE WENT BACK. SHE SACRIFICED HERSELF FOR BECKY.
I WAS TOO BUSY TO PROTECT MY WIFE PROPERLY. THEREFORE, MS. DEVOTO HAD TO BE A TARGET. AND SHE DIED. I REGRET THAT.
I THINK YOU DO REGRET IT. AND I'M SURE MICAH SYNN WOULDN'T.
THAT'S WHY I'M JOINING YOU.
NEXT ISSUE • THE WAR ON MICAH SYNN.

MARVEL
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DAREDEVIL
TM
60¢
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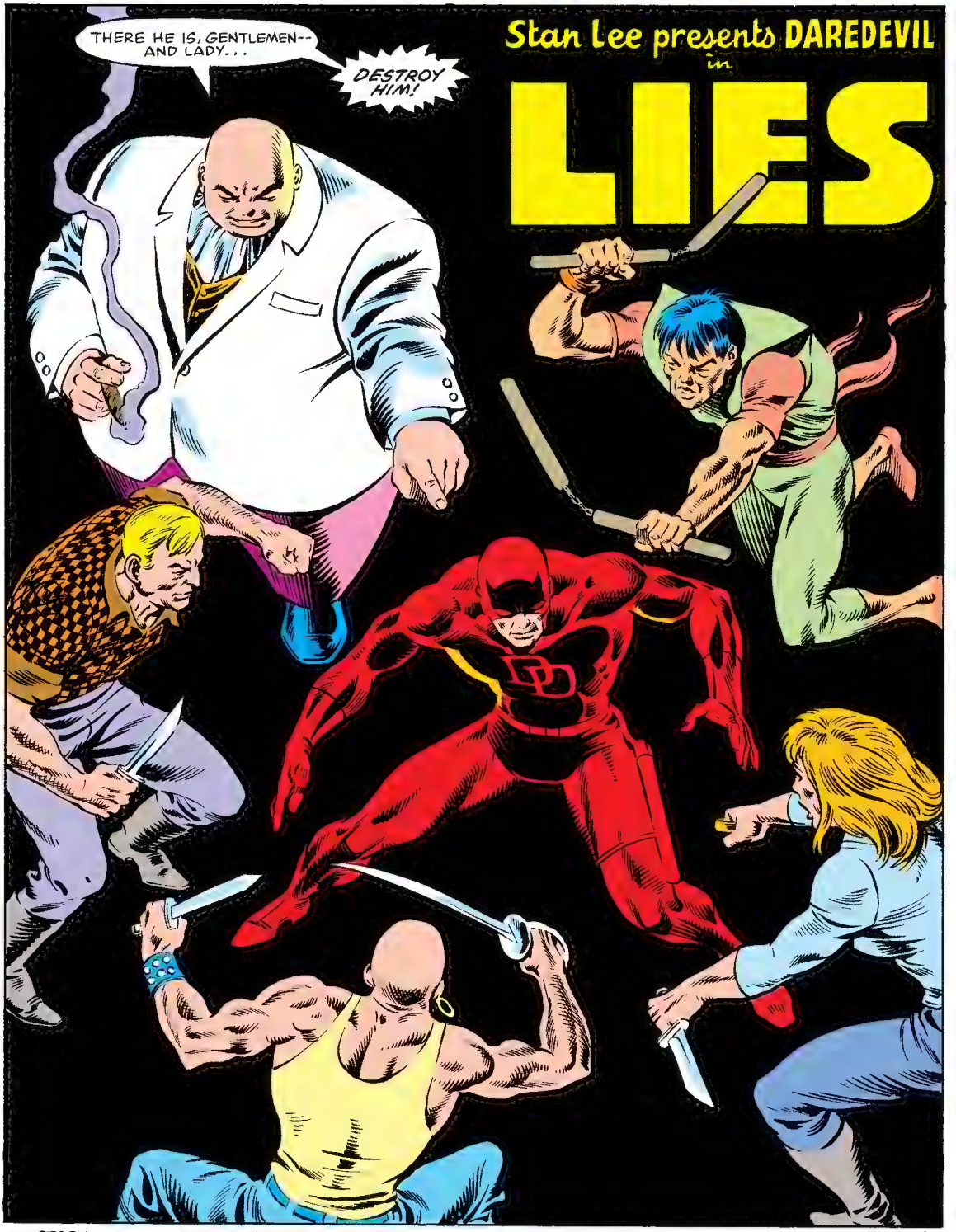
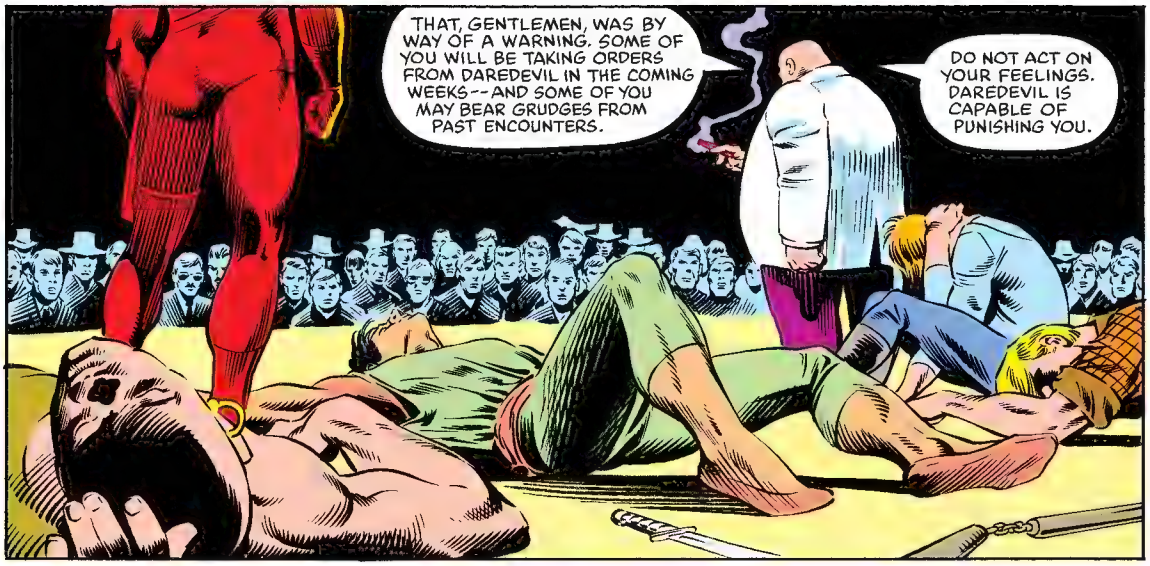
NOV
02459
APPROVED BY THE COMICS CODE AUTHORITY
MAZZUCHELLI



STORY DENNY O'NEIL
PENCILS DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
INKS DANNY BULANADI & PAT REDDING
LETTERING - JOE ROSEN
COLORING - CHRISTIE SCHEELE
SUPERVISON JIM SHOOTER
AND INTRODUCING AS EDITOR RALPH MACCHIO

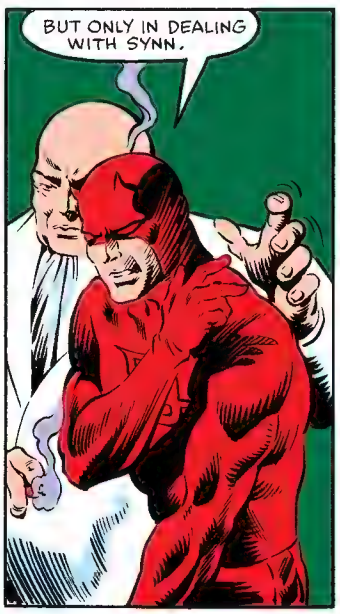
AIN'T NO WAY TO TREAT A LADY.


THAT, GENTLEMEN, WAS BY WAY OF A WARNING. SOME OF YOU WILL BE TAKING ORDERS FROM DAREDEVIL IN THE COMING WEEKS--AND SOME OF YOU MAY BEAR GRUDGES FROM PAST ENCOUNTERS.
DO NOT ACT ON YOUR FEELINGS. DAREDEVIL IS CAPABLE OF PUNISHING YOU.

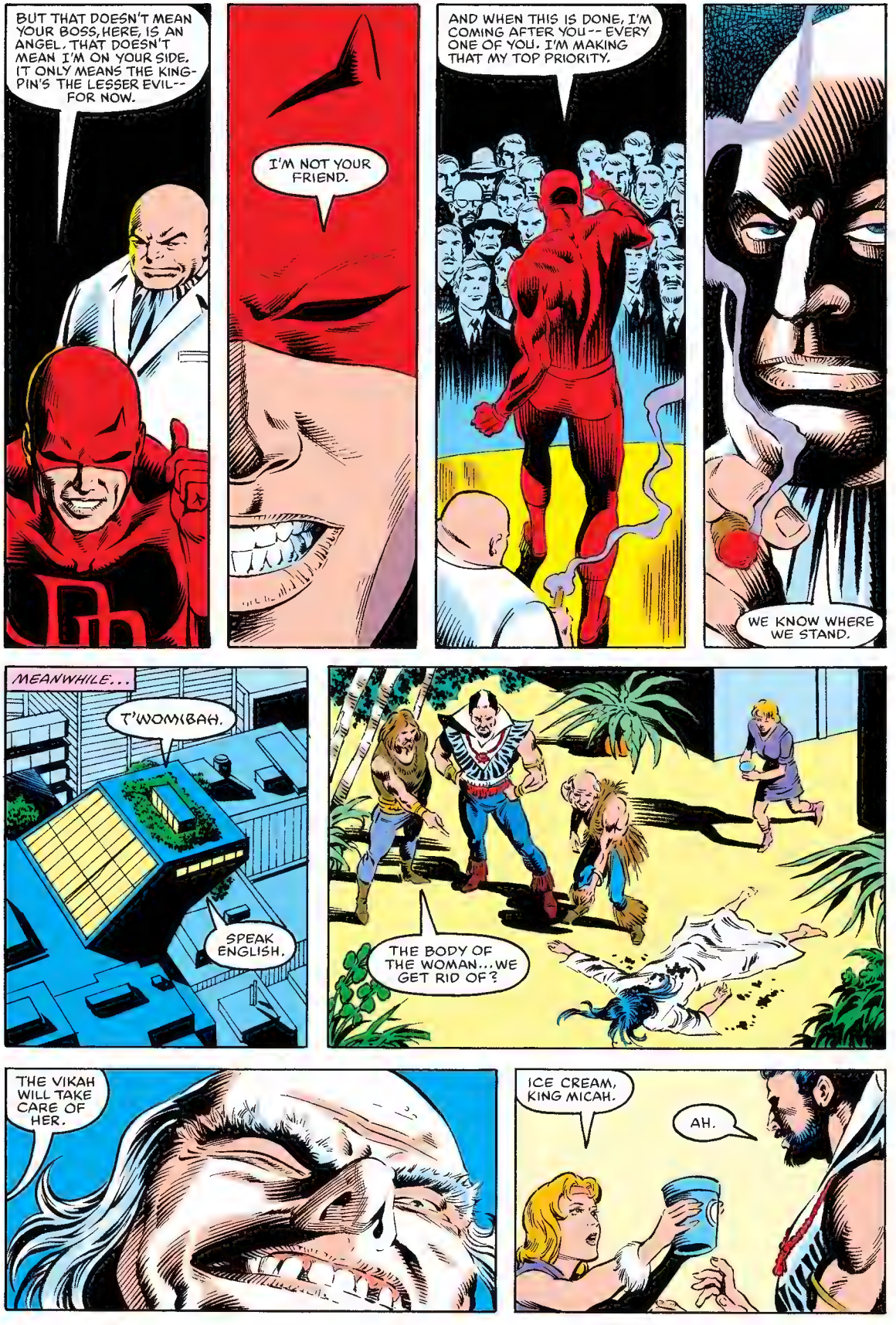
AND IF HE DOES NOT, I SHALL.

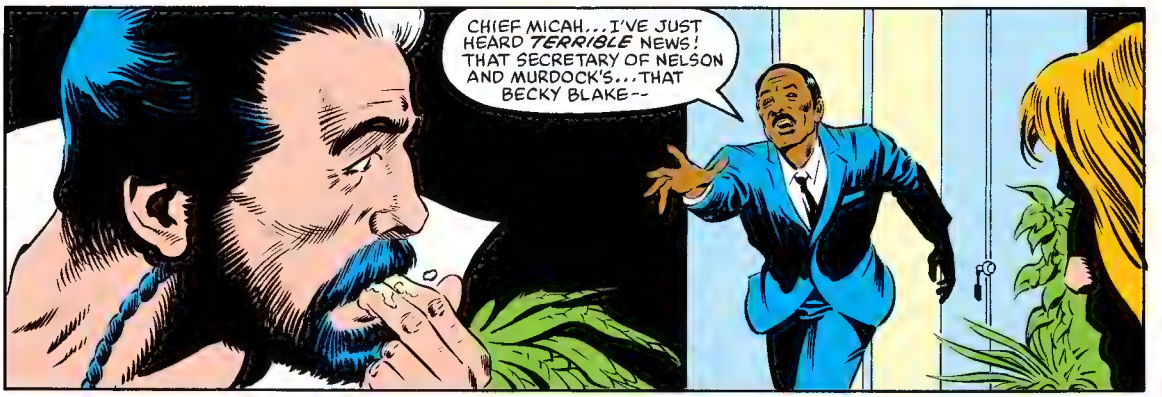
BUT WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT, BOSS?
MICAH SYNN AND HIS RAGAMUFFINS HAVE MOUNTED AN ATTACK ON OUR ORGANIZATION. THE TIMING IS NOT FORTUNATE. OTHER MATTERS ARE DEMANDING MY ATTENTION.

DAREDEVIL WILL ACT AS MY AGENT IN DEALING WITH SYNN.


BUT ONLY IN DEALING WITH SYNN.

LISTEN AND LISTEN GOOD, ALL OF YOU. I'M AGREEING TO THIS BECAUSE MICAH SYNN IS THE MOST RUTHLESS MAN I'VE EVER ENCOUNTERED AND UNLESS HE'S STOPPED HE'LL BRING THE CITY TO ITS KNEES.


BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN YOUR BOSS, HERE, IS AN ANGEL. THAT DOESN'T MEAN I'M ON YOUR SIDE. IT ONLY MEANS THE KINGPIN'S THE LESSER EVIL-- FOR NOW.
I'M NOT YOUR FRIEND.
AND WHEN THIS IS DONE, I'M COMING AFTER YOU-- EVERY ONE OF YOU. I'M MAKING THAT MY TOP PRIORITY.
WE KNOW WHERE WE STAND.
MEANWHILE...
T'WOMIBAH.
SPEAK ENGLISH.
THE BODY OF THE WOMAN...WE GET RID OF?
THE VIKAH WILL TAKE CARE OF HER.
ICE CREAM, KING MICAH.
AH.

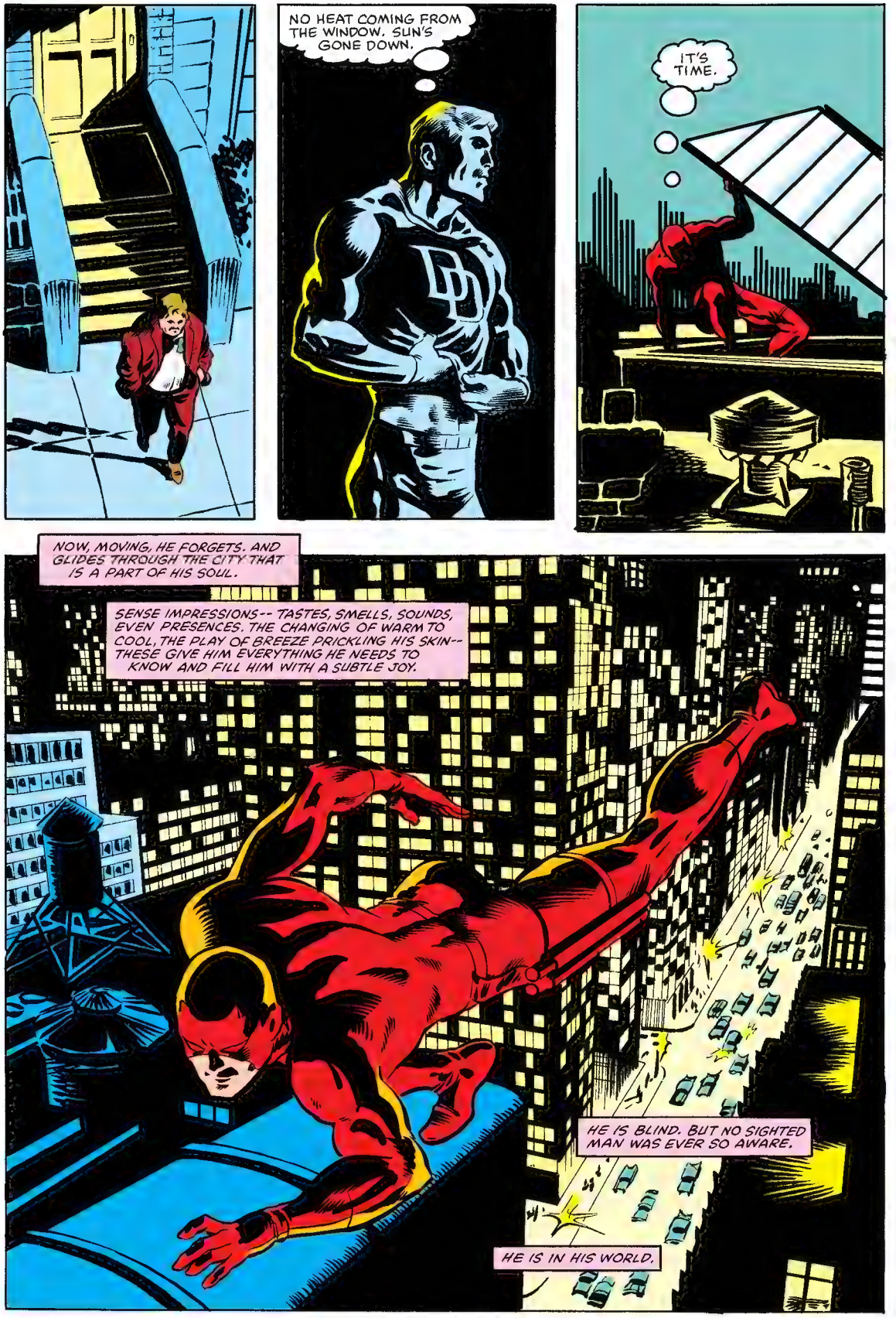

CHIEF MICAH...I'VE JUST HEARD *TERRIBLE* NEWS! THAT SECRETARY OF NELSON AND MURDOCK'S...THAT BECKY BLAKE--

--YOU REMEMBER HER? WELL, SHE'S CALLING A PRESS CONFERENCE. SHE PLANS TO SAY THAT YOU TRIED TO *KILL* HER...THAT YOU *DID* KILL ANOTHER WOMAN IN SOME KIND OF RITUAL SACRIFICE...
ALL A LIE, OF COURSE, BUT...
NO LIE, LITTLE MAN. LOOK!

THAT...THING DROPS ONTO SOMEONE TIED BENEATH, AND, AND...
THAT'S AWFUL, MICAH! YOU'RE...INHUMAN!
BUT YOU WILL SERVE ME ANYWAY.
MEANWHILE, AT THE LAW OFFICES OF NELSON AND MURDOCK...
I CAN'T, DEBBIE!
I CAN'T DO THAT TO BECKY!
SUIT YOURSELF, FRANKLIN! YOU CAN REACH ME AT MY SISTER'S --
-- IF AND WHEN YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND!
DEBBIE... DON'T GO. PLEASE! I... I'LL DO IT!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN--
WE'VE CALLED YOU HERE TODAY BECAUSE MY SECRETARY, MS. BLAKE, HAS SOMETHING TO TELL YOU CONCERNING MICAH SYNN! AS A MEMBER OF THE BAR--AND AS A CONCERNED CITIZEN--I FEEL YOU SHOULD HEAR IT!
BECKY?
I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BEGIN...

IT'S JUST THAT... MICAH SYNN KIDNAPPED ME AND ANOTHER WOMAN--I THOUGHT AT THE TIME SHE WAS VANESSA, THE KINGPIN'S WIFE, BUT NOW I'M NOT SURE...
THEY TIED US UP UNDER A LOT OF SHARP STAKES AND THEY WERE GOING TO...
...TO MURDER US WHEN DAREDEVIL INTERVENED. THE PERSON I KNEW AS VANESSA... SHE HELPED ME GET AWAY BUT AS WE WERE GETTING ON THE ELEVATOR SHE...
THEY THREW A SPEAR INTO HER. I WATCHED HER DIE...
THANK YOU, BECKY.
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I REALIZE THAT SOME OF YOU CONSIDER MICAH SYNN TO BE SOME SORT OF NOBLE SAVAGE--SOME KIND OF MODERN-DAY TARZAN. BELIEVE ME, HE IS NOT.
I DON'T KNOW IF IT'S BECAUSE HE AND HIS FOLLOWERS LIVED ON THAT AFRICAN MOUNTAIN--IN THAT TOTALLY HARSH ENVIRONMENT--OR BECAUSE OF A NATURAL INCLINATION TO EVIL--AND THE REASON ISN'T IMPORTANT.
WHAT MATTERS IS THAT MICAH SYNN IS TOTALLY CORRUPT AND...
LIES!
THAT'S NOT TRUE... ANY OF IT!

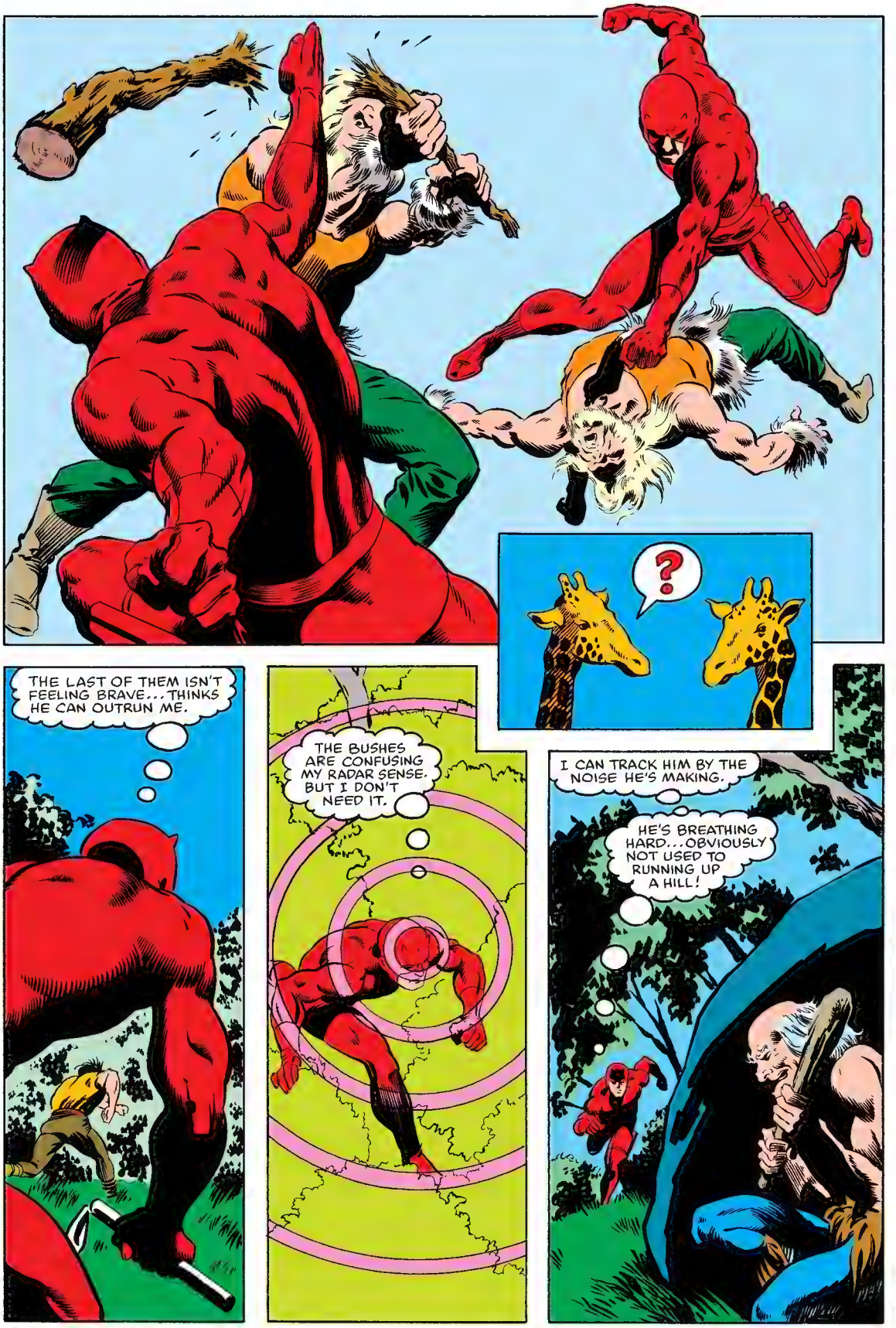
THEN FRANKLIN NELSON WENT ON TO ALLEGE THAT HE OVERHEARD MATTHEW MURDOCK AND MS. BLAKE PLANNING TO LIE BECAUSE MICAH SYNN HAD NOT AGREED TO A LARGER FEE.
THE WEATHER AFTER THIS--
DID I DO WELL?
YES.
AND, ACROSS MANHATTAN...
NO GOOD.
I'VE BEEN TRYING THE BLOSSOM TECHNIQUE FOR FORTY MINUTES AND IT ISN'T WORKING. I CAN'T CONCENTRATE. I CAN'T CALM MYSELF.
EH--? SOMEONE'S COMING.
FOOTSTEPS ARE FAMILIAR--
--AS IS THE AFTERSHAVE. IT'S FOGGY.
R-RING
NO. I WON'T ANSWER. HE CAN'T POSSIBLY SAY ANYTHING I WANT TO HEAR.


NO HEAT COMING FROM THE WINDOW. SUN'S GONE DOWN.
IT'S TIME.
NOW, MOVING, HE FORGETS. AND GLIDES THROUGH THE CITY THAT IS A PART OF HIS SOUL.
SENSE IMPRESSIONS-- TASTES, SMELLS, SOUNDS, EVEN PRESENCES. THE CHANGING OF WARM TO COOL, THE PLAY OF BREEZE PRICKLING HIS SKIN-- THESE GIVE HIM EVERYTHING HE NEEDS TO KNOW AND FILL HIM WITH A SUBTLE JOY.
HE IS BLIND. BUT NO SIGHTED MAN WAS EVER SO AWARE.
HE IS IN HIS WORLD.

THE KINGPIN SAID SYNN'S BOYS WILL BE RECEIVING A PAYOFF HERE TONIGHT... PROTECTION MONEY.
A ZOO! APPROPRIATE ...CONSIDERING WHERE THE KINGORGE COME FROM!
CITY ZOO
IT'S A BIG PLACE...GOT TO LOCATE THEM.
SCRAPE OF CLOTH AGAINST CLOTH / MOVEMENT / SMELL OF PROCESSED FOOD--
THIS WAY!
ZOO
YER SURE THIS IS OKAY WIT' THE KINGPIN?
GIVE--
--TO ME!
THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS KNOWN AS EVIDENCE!
CONSIDER YOURSELVES UNDER CITIZEN'S ARREST!

I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T.
WHUFF

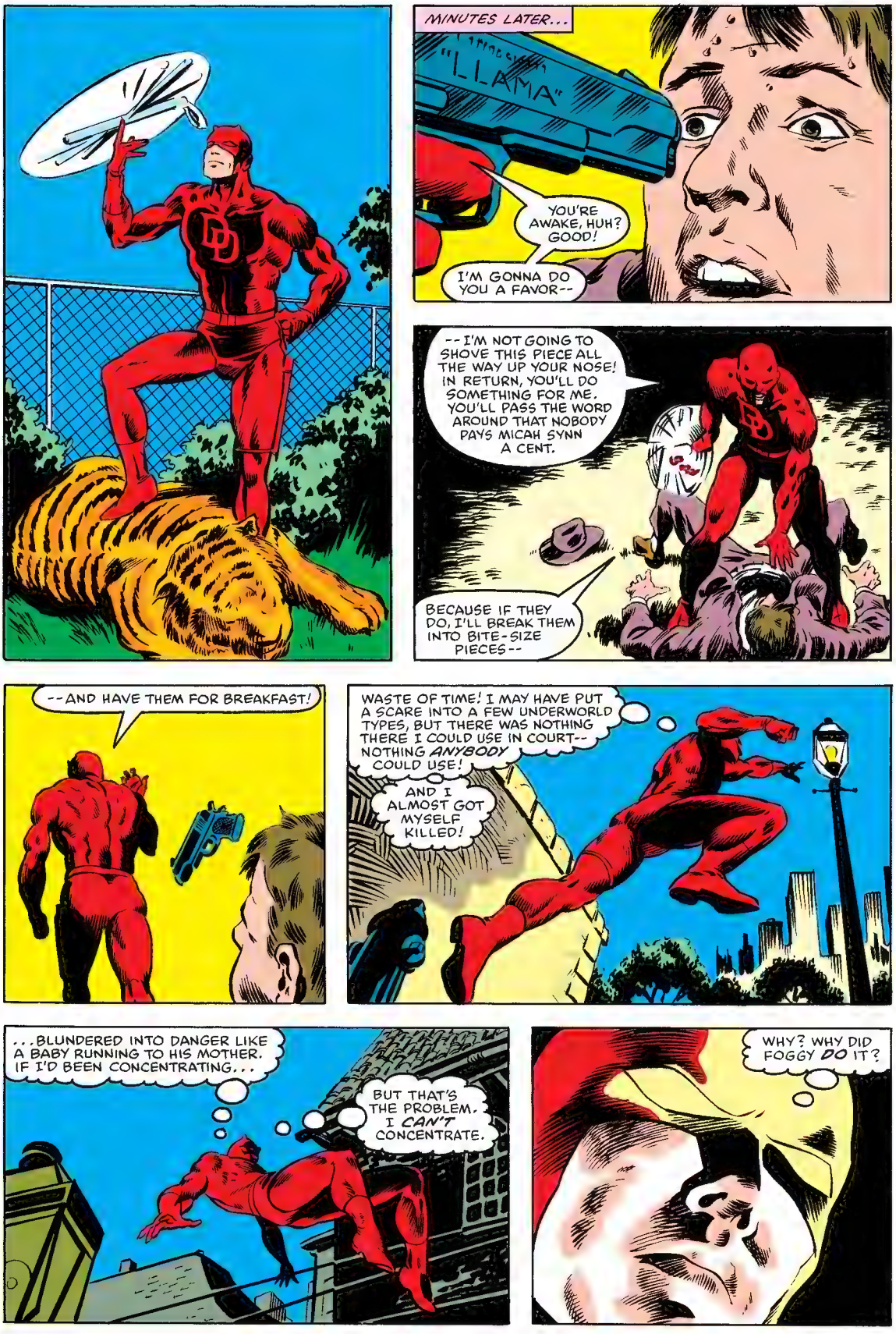
HE'S BUSY WIT' THE FREAKS... GONNA MAKE MY REP--
BLAM
THOK


?
THE LAST OF THEM ISN'T FEELING BRAVE... THINKS HE CAN OUTRUN ME.
THE BUSHES ARE CONFUSING MY RADAR SENSE. BUT I DON'T NEED IT.
I CAN TRACK HIM BY THE NOISE HE'S MAKING.
HE'S BREATHING HARD... OBVIOUSLY NOT USED TO RUNNING UP A HILL!

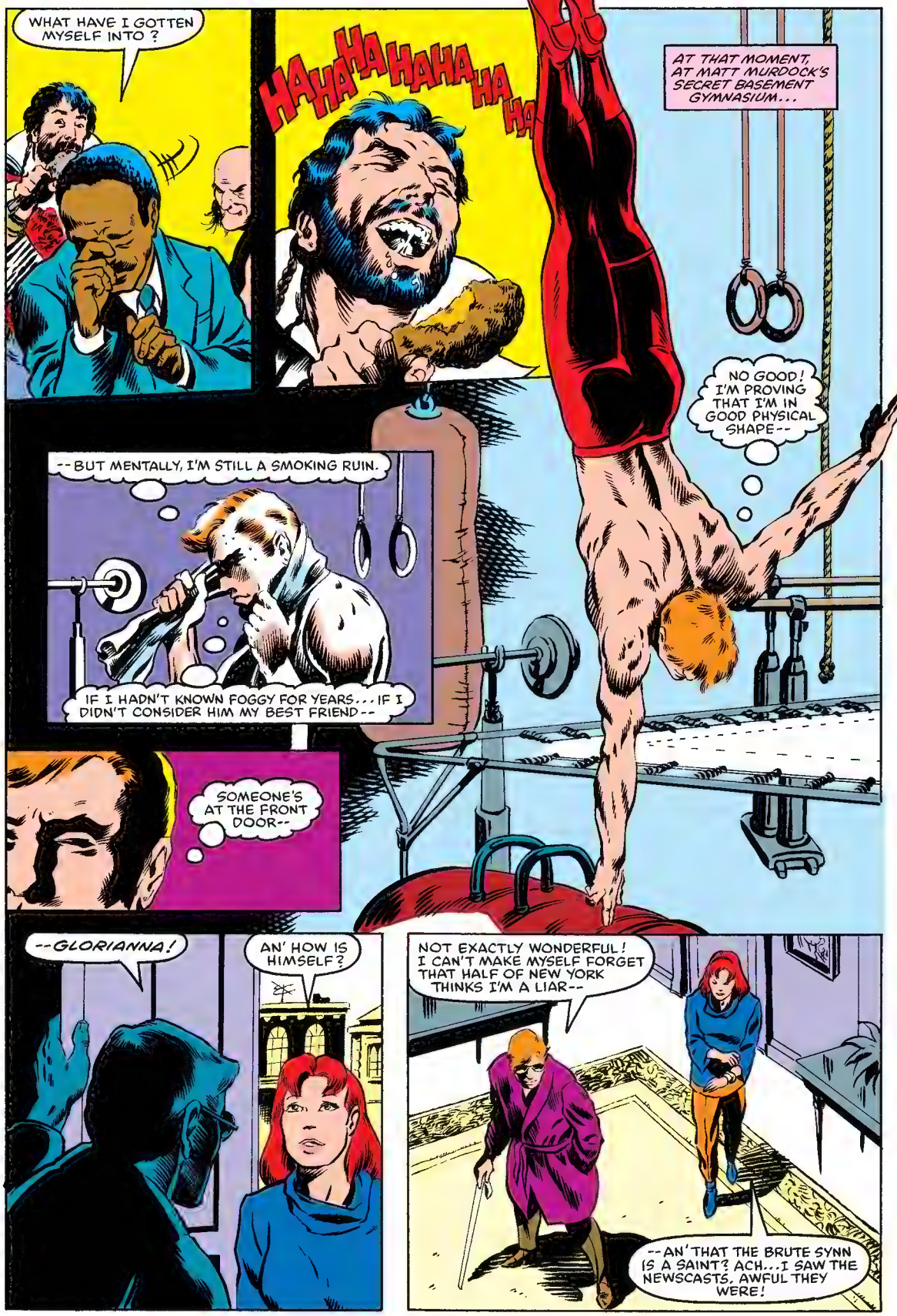
KWOK
WHUMPF!

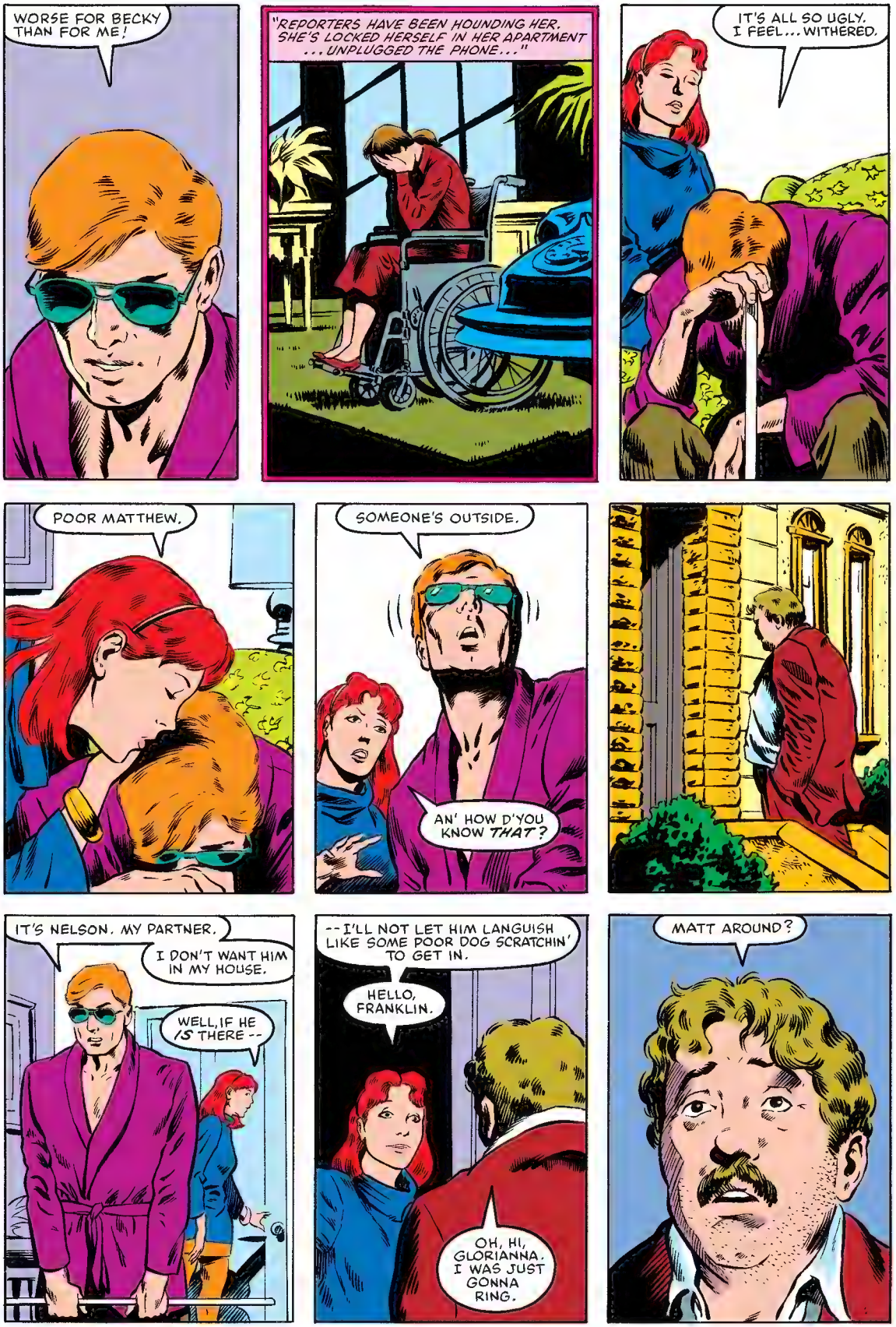
RRRRR-OOARRR
I THINK I'M IN TROUBLE!

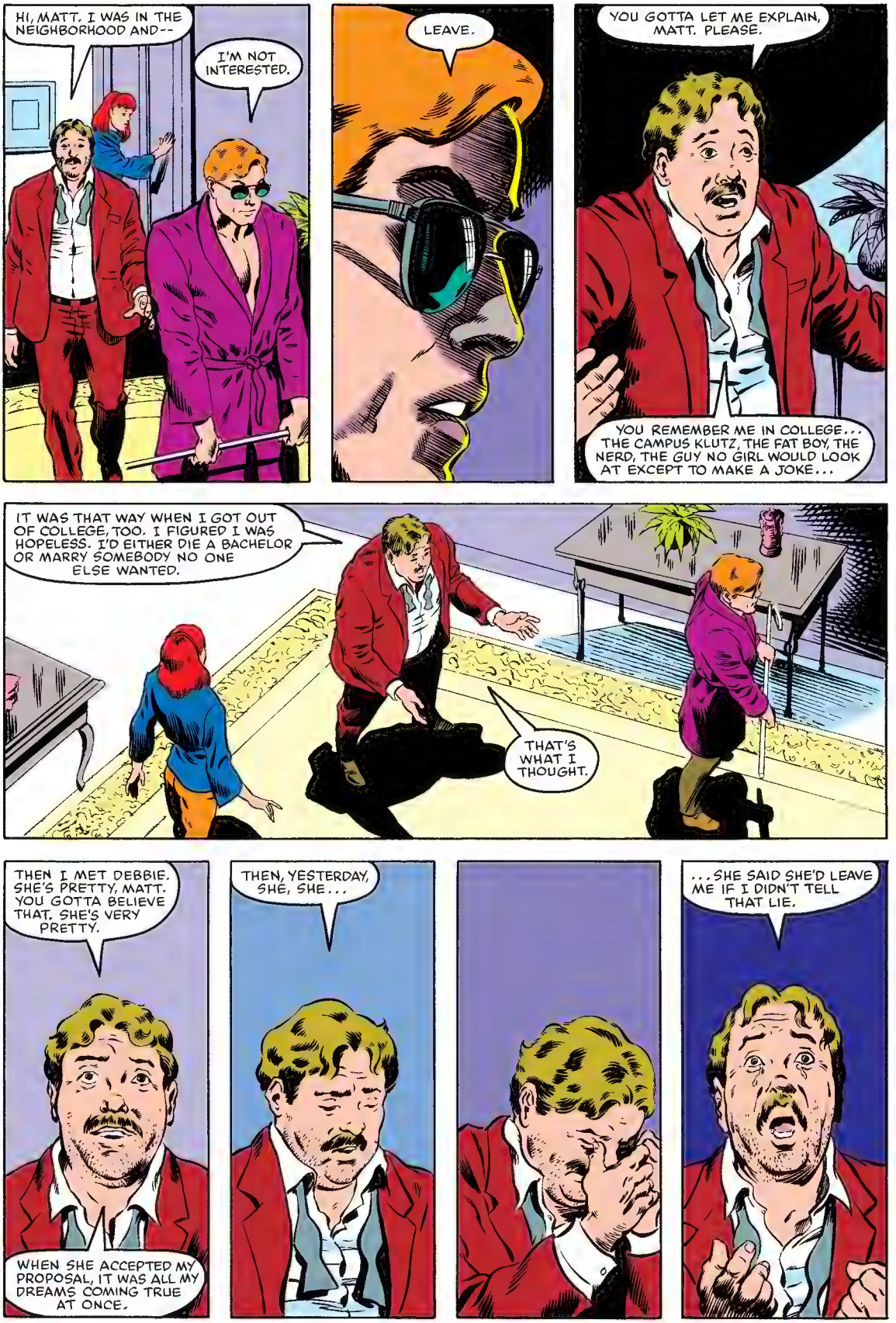
ONE MORE BEAST BETWEEN ME AND THE FENCE . . . AND HE LOOKS UNHAPPY ABOUT WHAT I DID TO HIS FRIEND.
NICE KITTY.
KLUNKK

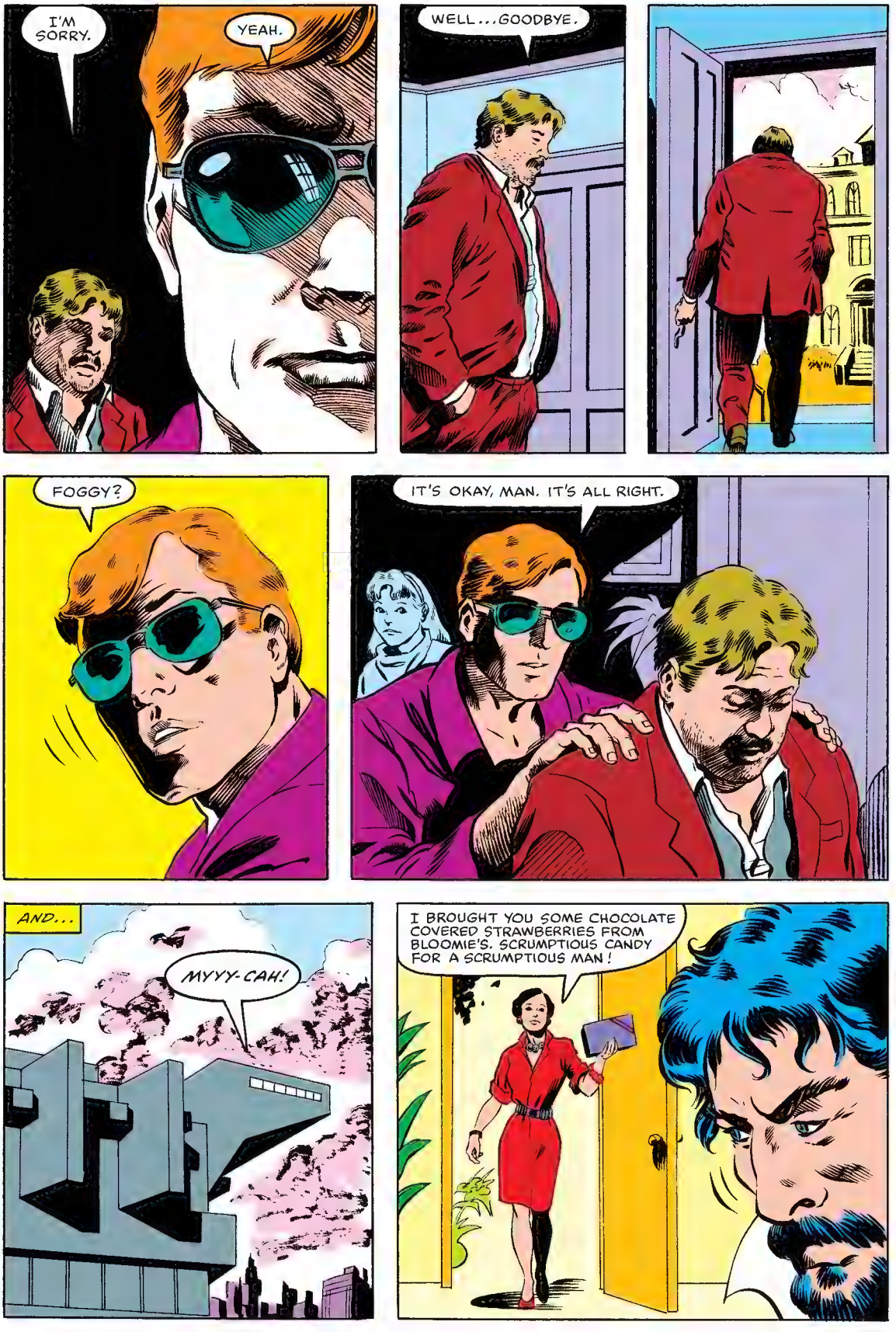

MINUTES LATER...
"LLAMA"
YOU'RE AWAKE, HUH? GOOD!
I'M GONNA DO YOU A FAVOR--
--I'M NOT GOING TO SHOVE THIS PIECE ALL THE WAY UP YOUR NOSE! IN RETURN, YOU'LL DO SOMETHING FOR ME. YOU'LL PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT NOBODY PAYS MICAH SYNN A CENT.
BECAUSE IF THEY DO, I'LL BREAK THEM INTO BITE-SIZE PIECES--
--AND HAVE THEM FOR BREAKFAST!
WASTE OF TIME! I MAY HAVE PUT A SCARE INTO A FEW UNDERWORLD TYPES, BUT THERE WAS NOTHING THERE I COULD USE IN COURT--NOTHING ANYBODY COULD USE!
AND I ALMOST GOT MYSELF KILLED!
...BLUNDERED INTO DANGER LIKE A BABY RUNNING TO HIS MOTHER. IF I'D BEEN CONCENTRATING...
BUT THAT'S THE PROBLEM. I CAN'T CONCENTRATE.
WHY? WHY DID FOGGY DO IT?

AND, THE FOLLOWING MORNING...
...SAW HIM KILL THE TIGERS, KING MICAH!
WHY? WHY AM I NOT RID OF THIS TROUBLE? THIS... DISEASE? THIS STINK? THIS... DAREDEVIL?
CIGARETTE.
AH.
MICAH...WE GOT A CALL FROM GENE JACKSON--FROM THE TELEVISION PROGRAM? HE WANTS YOU TO BE HIS GUEST TOMORROW.
ME. ON TELEVISION? GOOD, YES.
IS...IS THAT WHAT I THINK IT IS?


WHAT HAVE I GOTTEN MYSELF INTO ?
HAHAHAHAHAHAHA
AT THAT MOMENT, AT MATT MURDOCK'S SECRET BASEMENT GYMNASIUM...
NO GOOD! I'M PROVING THAT I'M IN GOOD PHYSICAL SHAPE--
--BUT MENTALLY, I'M STILL A SMOKING RUIN.
IF I HADN'T KNOWN FOGGY FOR YEARS... IF I DIDN'T CONSIDER HIM MY BEST FRIEND--
SOMEONE'S AT THE FRONT DOOR--
--GLORIANNA!
AN' HOW IS HIMSELF?
NOT EXACTLY WONDERFUL! I CAN'T MAKE MYSELF FORGET THAT HALF OF NEW YORK THINKS I'M A LIAR--
--AN' THAT THE BRUTE SYNN IS A SAINT? ACH...I SAW THE NEWSCASTS, AWFUL THEY WERE!


WORSE FOR BECKY THAN FOR ME!
"REPORTERS HAVE BEEN HOUNDING HER. SHE'S LOCKED HERSELF IN HER APARTMENT ...UNPLUGGED THE PHONE..."
IT'S ALL SO UGLY. I FEEL... WITHERED.
POOR MATTHEW.
SOMEONE'S OUTSIDE.
AN' HOW D'YOU KNOW *THAT*?
IT'S NELSON. MY PARTNER.
I DON'T WANT HIM IN MY HOUSE.
WELL, IF HE *IS* THERE --
--I'LL NOT LET HIM LANGUISH LIKE SOME POOR DOG SCRATCHIN' TO GET IN.
HELLO, FRANKLIN.
OH, HI, GLORIANNA. I WAS JUST GONNA RING.
MATT AROUND?


HI, MATT. I WAS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD AND--
I'M NOT INTERESTED.
LEAVE.
YOU GOTTA LET ME EXPLAIN, MATT. PLEASE.
YOU REMEMBER ME IN COLLEGE... THE CAMPUS KLUTZ, THE FAT BOY, THE NERD, THE GUY NO GIRL WOULD LOOK AT EXCEPT TO MAKE A JOKE...
IT WAS THAT WAY WHEN I GOT OUT OF COLLEGE, TOO. I FIGURED I WAS HOPELESS. I'D EITHER DIE A BACHELOR OR MARRY SOMEBODY NO ONE ELSE WANTED.
THAT'S WHAT I THOUGHT.
THEN I MET DEBBIE. SHE'S PRETTY, MATT. YOU GOTTA BELIEVE THAT. SHE'S VERY PRETTY.
WHEN SHE ACCEPTED MY PROPOSAL, IT WAS ALL MY DREAMS COMING TRUE AT ONCE.
THEN, YESTERDAY, SHE, SHE...
...SHE SAID SHE'D LEAVE ME IF I DIDN'T TELL THAT LIE.


I'M SORRY.
YEAH.
WELL...GOODBYE.
FOGGY?
IT'S OKAY, MAN. IT'S ALL RIGHT.
AND...
MYYY-CAH!
I BROUGHT YOU SOME CHOCOLATE COVERED STRAWBERRIES FROM BLOOMIE'S. SCRUMPTIOUS CANDY FOR A SCRUMPTIOUS MAN!

LISTEN, DARLING, NOW THAT THE FRANKLIN THING IS OVER, I'VE BEEN THINKING.
I COULD GET A QUICKIE DIVORCE IN HAITI OR ONE OF THOSE PLACES AND THEN YOU AND I COULD LOOK FOR A PLACE ON THE WEST SIDE...
MICAH? ARE YOU LISTENING TO ME?
NEXT ISSUE • THE BLINDNESS MEN WISH FOR!

MARVEL
DAREDEVIL
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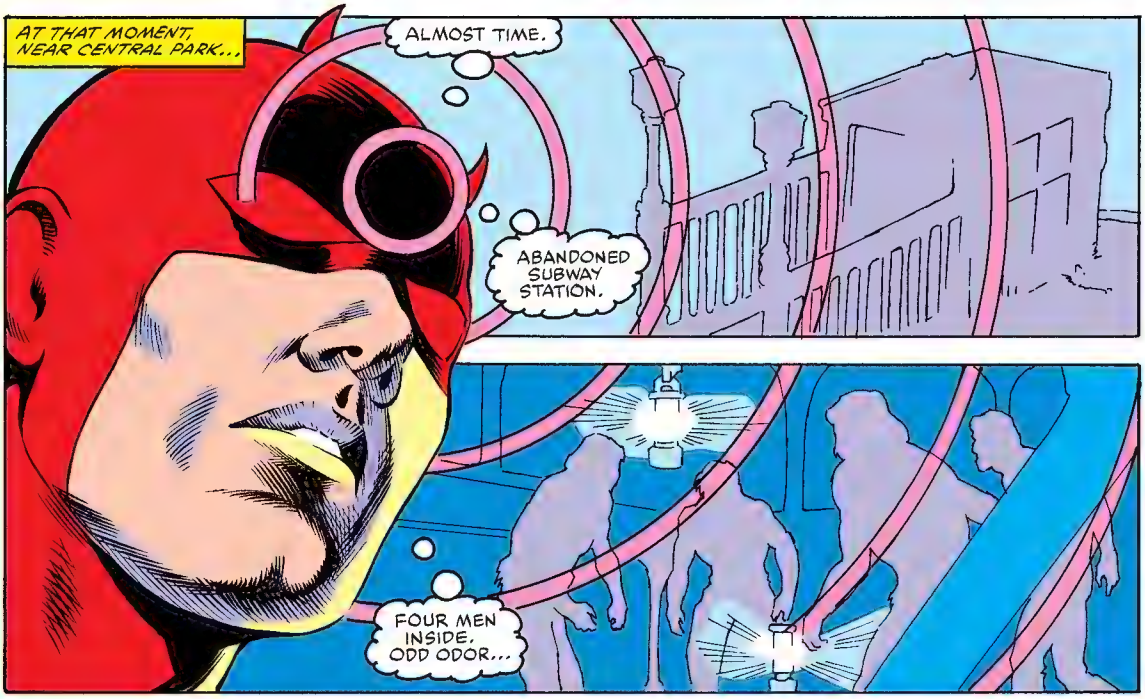
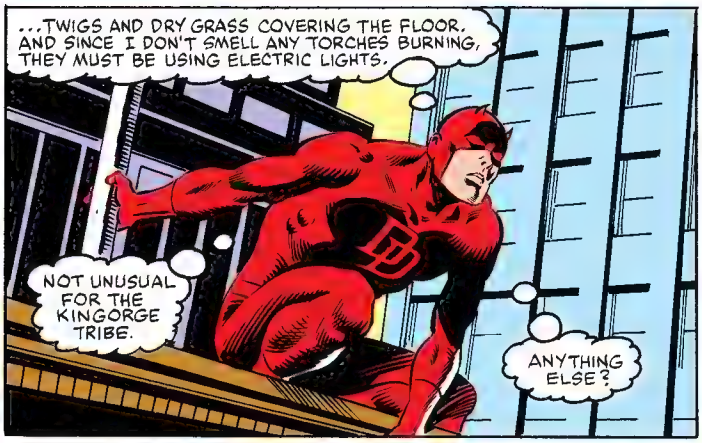
MAZZUCCHELLI

Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
DO NOT SEEK EVIL GAINS; EVIL GAINS ARE THE EQUIVALENT OF DISASTER. -Hesiod
WAR ON MICAH SYNN: II
THE BLINDNESS MEN WISH FOR
HE DOES NOT WANT TO LOOK AT IT, YET HE CAN NOT STOP.
FOR A FULL FIVE MINUTES, NOW, HE HAS STARED IN MUTE FASCINATION AT THE SLAB OF SPIKES AND THE LEERING IDOL BEYOND.
HE HAS BECOME TOTALLY UNAWARE OF THE DISTANT HUM OF TRAFFIC, THE FAINT STIRRING OF AIR AROUND HIM, THE UNPLEASANT, MUSKY SMELL...
NOR DOES HE HEAR FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING...
STORY DENNY O'NEIL
ART DAVID MAZZUCHELLI & DANNY BULANADI
LETTERING JOE ROSEN
COLORING BOB SHAREN
EDITING RALPH MACCHIO
SUPERVISION JIM SHOOTER

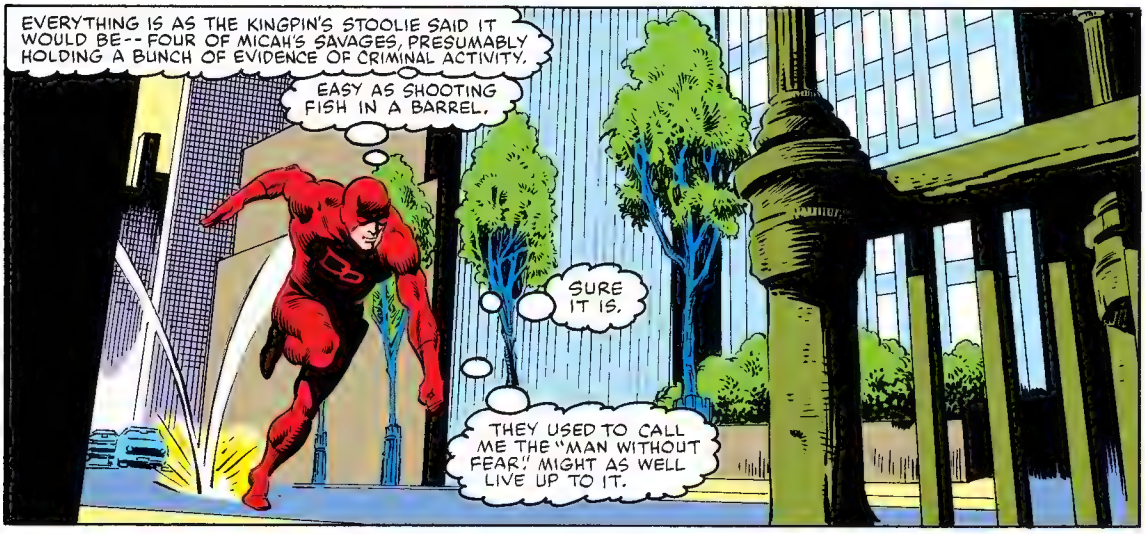
YOU ADMIRE OUR GOD MOW!
OH! THERE YOU ARE, CHIEF MICAH!
YES, INDEED--I DO ADMIRE THE ART AND THE RITUAL OF YOUR PEOPLE--
--THE NOBLE KINGORGE!
CHIEF, THE POST WANTS AN INTERVIEW WITH YOU. I'VE SET IT UP FOR TOMORROW AFTERNOON, IF THAT'S SATISFACTORY.
MUST RUN NOW, I HAVE A DATE WITH MY AGENT, AND THEN THERE'S A FACULTY MEETING...
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
VERY...AMUSING. THE NOBLE KINGORGE TRIBE IS BLESSED WITH A SENSE OF...
...HUMOR...

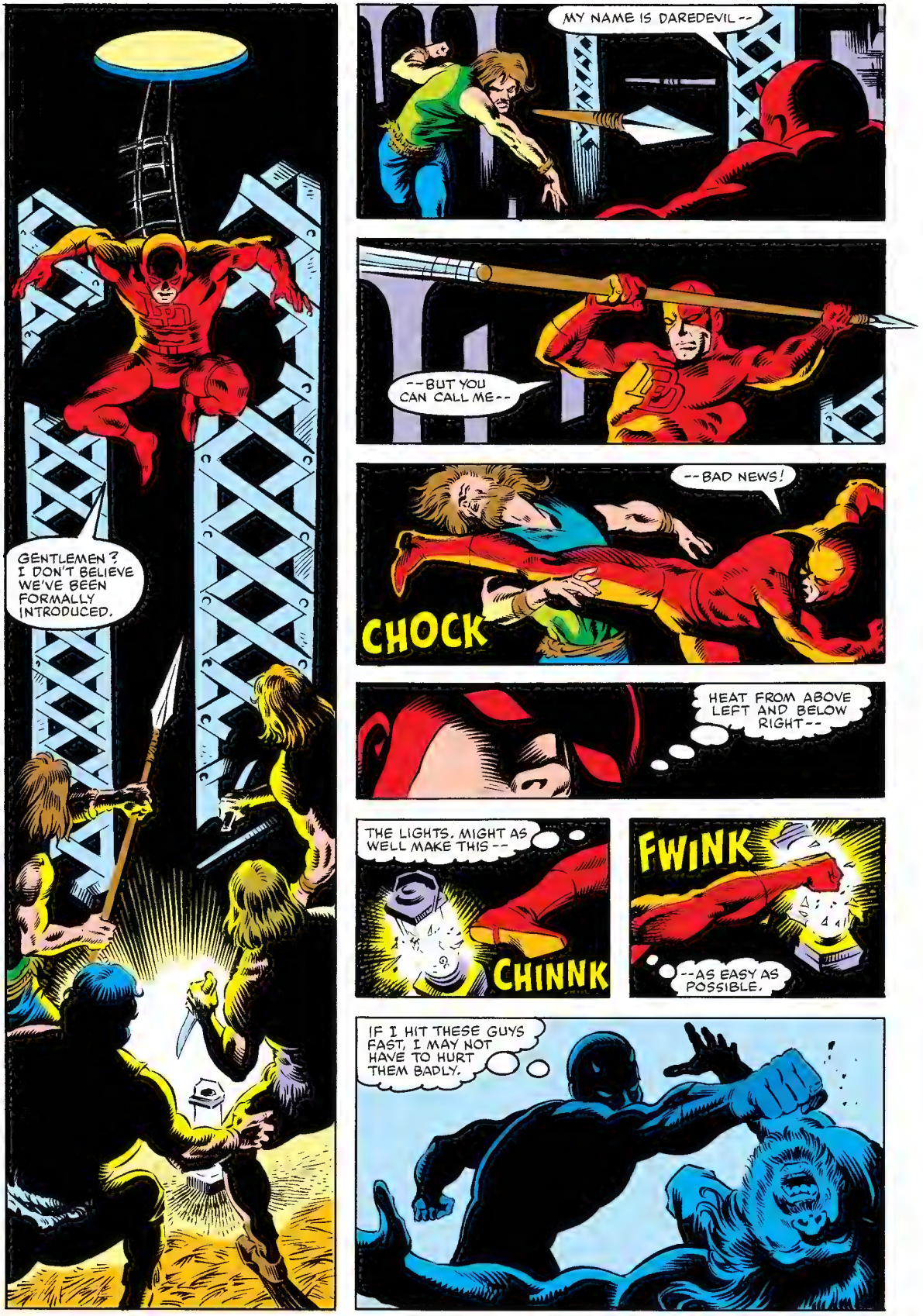
HELP ME, PROFESSOR PIPER... HELP ME--
MMMPF
THE WOMAN INTERESTS YOU?
MRS. NELSON...? NO, NO, I MEAN, SHE IS LOVELY AND CHARMING, OF COURSE... BUT WHATEVER'S BETWEEN THE TWO OF YOU...
...IS NONE OF MY BUSINESS!
WEAKLING.
IS THE TRAP PREPARED FOR DAREDEVIL?


AT THAT MOMENT, NEAR CENTRAL PARK...
ALMOST TIME.
ABANDONED SUBWAY STATION.
FOUR MEN INSIDE. ODD ODOR...


...TWIGS AND DRY GRASS COVERING THE FLOOR. AND SINCE I DON'T SMELL ANY TORCHES BURNING, THEY MUST BE USING ELECTRIC LIGHTS.
NOT UNUSUAL FOR THE KINGORGE TRIBE.
ANYTHING ELSE?

YES. A FIFTH MAN HIDING BEHIND THAT BUSH.


EVERYTHING IS AS THE KINGPIN'S STOOLIE SAID IT WOULD BE-- FOUR OF MICAH'S SAVAGES, PRESUMABLY HOLDING A BUNCH OF EVIDENCE OF CRIMINAL ACTIVITY.
EASY AS SHOOTING FISH IN A BARREL.
SURE IT IS.
THEY USED TO CALL ME THE "MAN WITHOUT FEAR." MIGHT AS WELL LIVE UP TO IT.


GENTLEMEN? I DON'T BELIEVE WE'VE BEEN FORMALLY INTRODUCED.
MY NAME IS DAREDEVIL--
--BUT YOU CAN CALL ME--
--BAD NEWS!
CHOCK
HEAT FROM ABOVE LEFT AND BELOW RIGHT--
THE LIGHTS. MIGHT AS WELL MAKE THIS--
CHINNK
FWINK
--AS EASY AS POSSIBLE.
IF I HIT THESE GUYS FAST, I MAY NOT HAVE TO HURT THEM BADLY.

BUT IF IT CAME TO A FULL-OUT FIGHT--
--I COULDN'T BE AS CAREFUL WITH THEM.
THERE ARE SOME ADVANTAGES TO BEING SIGHTLESS--
EH--?
THE MAN WHO WAS HIDING--
--APPROACHING WITH FIRE...
SO THAT'S THE REASON FOR THE DRIED GRASS! THEY FIGURE TO BROIL ME!
OF COURSE, I KNEW THIS HAD TO BE A TRAP! BUT I DIDN'T THINK THEY'D BE WILLING TO KILL THEIR OWN PEOPLE ALONG WITH ME.
I FORGOT I WAS DEALING WITH MICAH SYNN!
WELL, AS THE SCOUTS SAY...BE PREPARED.
WHICH I AM.
WITH THIS LENGTH OF MONOFILAMENT--

--I'LL WRAP UP THESE CUTIES AND --
--HAUL THEIR FAT OUT OF THE FIRE!
NOT A MOMENT TOO SOON. ANOTHER FEW SECONDS AND THE SMOKE WOULD'VE GOTTEN THEM.
NOW TO PUT THE SKIDS UNDER THEIR PYROMANIACAL BUDDIE.
MIGHT AS WELL STOP RUNNING, MISTER. YOU CAN'T GO FAST ENOUGH--
--OR FAR ENOUGH!
THOD!

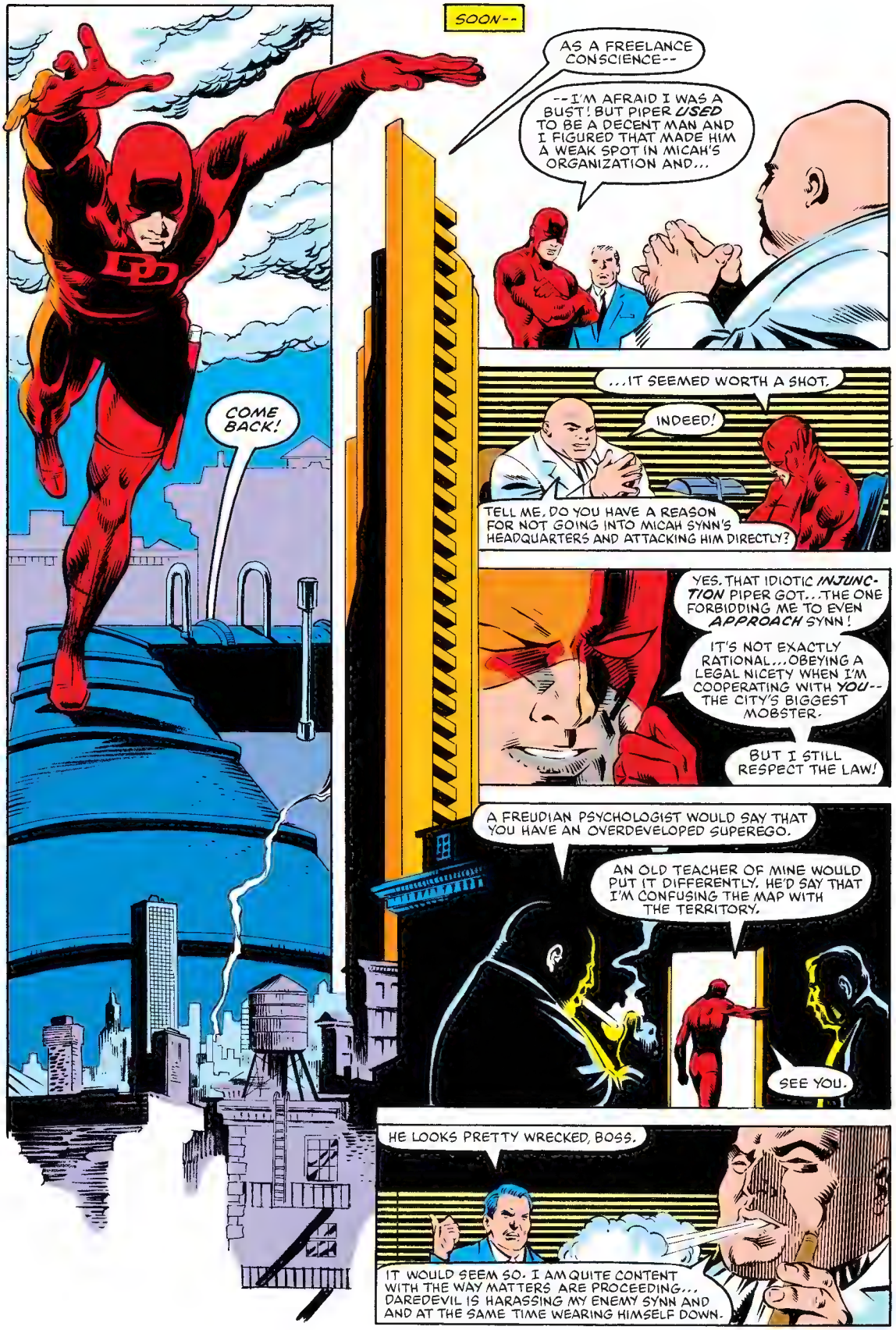
I DIDN'T ASK FOR HELP, KINGPIN.
I WASN'T HELPING. MERELY AMUSING MYSELF.
HOW'D YOU KNOW WHERE I'D BE?
MY AIDE INFORMED ME. I CONCLUDED MY OTHER BUSINESS EARLY, SO I DECIDED TO TREAT MYSELF TO THE SPECTACLE OF DAREDEVIL IN ACTION.
IT IS ALWAYS ENTERTAINING TO WATCH YOU IN ACTION.
YOU WERE SUCCESSFUL?
DID I GET EVIDENCE THAT MICAH AND COMPANY ARE BEHIND THE WAR WITH YOUR ORGANIZATION? BEHIND THE MINI-CRIME WAVE? NO.
THERE *WAS* NO EVIDENCE.
BUT AT LEAST SYNN'S UNDERLINGS CAN BE CHARGED WITH YOUR ATTEMPTED MURDER!
YOU KNOW WHAT THEY'LL SAY--
--THESE UNFORTUNATES WERE LURED AWAY FROM CHIEF MICAH SYNN BY THE *KINGPIN!*
...HIS LIES...
LIES. *LIES!* YOU KNOW THE GREATEST THING ABOUT WHAT YOU CALL CIVILIZATION?

IT IS NOT THE TELEVISION... THE ELECTRICITY... THE AIRPLANES AND THE CARS. IT IS THE LIE! THE WONDERFUL LIE!
IN THE JUNGLE THERE WAS NO LIE. WE WERE HUNGRY... IN DANGER... ONLY TRUTH WAS POSSIBLE.
HERE, YOU SAY. PEOPLE BELIEVE.
VERY USEFUL. THE LIE.
MICAH, WILL YOU LISTEN TO ME--
--PLEASE?
NO.
WILL YOU LISTEN, M'LEE? I MEAN, YOU KINGORGE ARE DESCENDED FROM ENGLISH EXPLORERS. AND I HAVE THE BLOOD OF ENGLISH ROYALTY IN MY VEINS. AND WE ARE A COUPLE OF MICAH'S GIRLS...
GIRL TALK, M'LEE?
I SO DESPERATELY NEED TO TALK TO SOMEONE.
SEE, I THOUGHT I LOVED FRANKLIN WHEN I MARRIED HIM. BUT HE'S... HE'S DULL. A VERY DULL LAWYER. OF COURSE, I THOUGHT THAT'S WHAT I WANTED. I GOT BUSY TRYING TO MAKE HIM OVER ...AND I GUESS I DID AND... I STILL WASN'T SATISFIED.

THEN I MET MICAH AND... WELL, I DON'T HAVE TO TELL YOU HOW ATTRACTIVE HE IS! HOW EXCITING! HOW UNLIKE FRANKLIN NELSON. I WAS SURE HE FELT THE SAME WAY ABOUT ME--
--BUT HE TREATS ME LIKE A DOG. HE WON'T LET ME LEAVE.
YOU DO UNDERSTAND!
HA HA HA HA HA HA HA
MEANWHILE, AT EMPIRE STATE UNIVERSITY...
SEE YOU LATER, PROFESSOR PIPER?
THAT'S A PROMISE, MELISSA.
DOING ALL RIGHT WITH THE LADIES THESE DAYS, HORATIO?
DOING ALL RIGHT IN GENERAL, OTTERSON!
KNOW WHAT THIS IS? A CHECK FOR TEN THOUSAND DOLLARS. AN ADVANCE ON MY NEW BOOK. I'M CALLING IT MICAH AND THE KINGORGE: ONE ANTHROPOLOGIST'S INFORMAL EVALUATION.
CATCHY, EH?

AND DO YOU KNOW SOMETHING ELSE? SOMETHING SPLENDID? I HAVE BEEN ON TELEVISION SIX TIMES THIS MONTH!
A YEAR AGO I WAS JUST ANOTHER UNIVERSITY TEACHER. NOW, I'M SOMEBODY!
STOP HIM! HE SHOT MY BROTHER!--
AAGH!
BLAMM
IT HURTS ...PIPER-- IT HURTS!
FOURTH SHOOT-ING THIS MONTH 'ROUND HERE. TERRIBLE! SOMETHING'S NUTS WITH THE CRIME GUYS, Y'KNOW?
USED TO BE WE GOT RIPPED OFF... BUT WE KNEW WHO WE WAS DEALING WITH. NOW, IT'S LIKE THERE'RE NO RULES!
CHEEZ...WHEN YOU CAN'T EVEN TRUST THE CRIME GUYS--!
NEWS

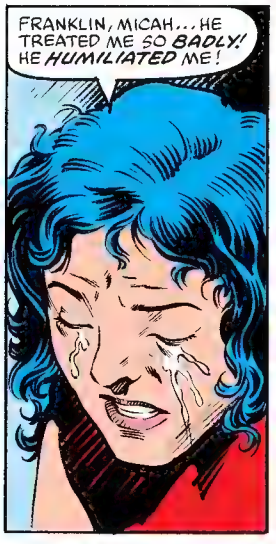
DON'T BOTHER TRYING TO TURN ON THE LIGHTS, PROFESSOR. THEY WON'T WORK.
W-WHO ARE YOU?
A FRIEND. SORT OF.
LISTEN TO ME! WHAT YOU'RE DOING IS WRONG. HELPING MICAH SYNN IS WRONG. YOU KNOW THAT.
YOU'RE CHOOSING TO BE BLIND--IN THE WORST POSSIBLE WAY. YOU'RE NOT SEEING THE EVIL ALL AROUND YOU BECAUSE IF YOU *DID* SEE IT, YOU'D RISK LOSING THE MONEY, THE FAME, THE STATUS.
THAT'S NOT WORTHY OF YOU. YOU'RE BETTER THAN THAT.
WAIT! COME *BACK!*

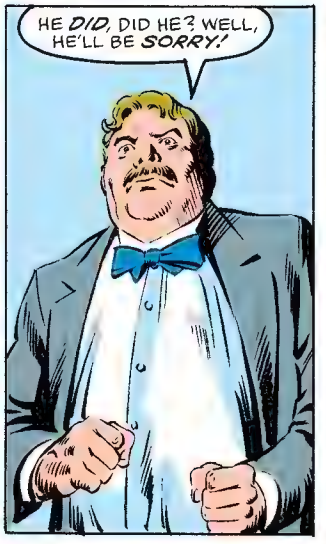

SOON--
AS A FREELANCE CONSCIENCE--
--I'M AFRAID I WAS A BUST! BUT PIPER *USED* TO BE A DECENT MAN AND I FIGURED THAT MADE HIM A WEAK SPOT IN MICAH'S ORGANIZATION AND...
COME BACK!
...IT SEEMED WORTH A SHOT.
INDEED!
TELL ME, DO YOU HAVE A REASON FOR NOT GOING INTO MICAH SYNN'S HEADQUARTERS AND ATTACKING HIM DIRECTLY?
YES. THAT IDIOTIC *INJUNCTION* PIPER GOT...THE ONE FORBIDDING ME TO EVEN *APPROACH* SYNN!
IT'S NOT EXACTLY RATIONAL...OBEYING A LEGAL NICETY WHEN I'M COOPERATING WITH *YOU*--THE CITY'S BIGGEST MOBSTER.
BUT I STILL RESPECT THE LAW!
A FREUDIAN PSYCHOLOGIST WOULD SAY THAT YOU HAVE AN OVERDEVELOPED SUPEREGO.
AN OLD TEACHER OF MINE WOULD PUT IT DIFFERENTLY. HE'D SAY THAT I'M CONFUSING THE MAP WITH THE TERRITORY.
SEE YOU.
HE LOOKS PRETTY WRECKED, BOSS.
IT WOULD SEEM SO. I AM QUITE CONTENT WITH THE WAY MATTERS ARE PROCEEDING... DAREDEVIL IS HARASSING MY ENEMY SYNN AND AND AT THE SAME TIME WEARING HIMSELF DOWN.

WHEN HE IS SUFFICIENTLY WEAKENED--
--WE WILL ELIMINATE HIM.
THAT'S WHAT YOU THINK, FAT MAN!
MEANWHILE...
FIRE!
SOMETHING'S ON FIRE!
MRS. NELSON...HERE. IT'S A KEY TO THE BACK STAIRS. WHILE THEY'RE BUSY WITH THE DISTRACTION I CREATED YOU CAN ESCAPE!
THANK YOU. BUT, BUT--
BUT YOU THOUGHT I WAS WITH THEM? I WAS UNTIL SOMEONE REMINDED ME...
...I'M BETTER THAN THAT.
NOW GO! AND HURRY!

THEN--
FRANKLIN!
DEBBIE! I THOUGHT, I THOUGHT...
...I THOUGHT YOU'D LEFT ME...FOREVER.
FRANKLIN, I'VE BEEN SUCH A--

--FO-O-OL!
THERE, THERE.


FRANKLIN, MICAH... HE TREATED ME SO BADLY! HE HUMILIATED ME!


HE DID, DID HE? WELL, HE'LL BE SORRY!

AT THAT MOMENT, DAREDEVIL IS ABOUT A HALF-MILE AWAY.
HE IS MOVING EASILY, THOUGHTLESSLY, EFFORTLESSLY THROUGH HIS OWN SPECIAL ENVIRONMENT.
HE HAS A DESTINATION, BUT AT THE MOMENT, HE DOES NOT CARE.
IT IS ENOUGH THAT HE MOVES.

HAVEN'T TENDED TO MATT MURDOCK BUSINESS FOR DAYS. I'VE GOT A COUPLE OF LOOSE HOURS--
--I CAN AT LEAST LOOK IN.
BECKY'S ON THE PHONE WITH SOMEONE I HAVEN'T HEARD FROM IN MONTHS--
--WITH MY OLD FRIEND THE JUDGE--
MAXINE LAVENDER JUST CALLED, MATT. SHE SAYS THAT WITHIN AN HOUR THE INJUNCTION AGAINST DAREDEVIL WILL BE VACATED.
WHY?
YOU HAVEN'T HEARD? FOGGY'S WIFE CHANGED HER STORY. SEEMS THAT MICAH SYNN *IS* A BAD GUY, AFTER ALL.
MS. LAVENDER SAYS IT'LL TAKE THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S BUNCH DAYS TO FIGURE OUT WHAT CHARGES THEY CAN BRING ...IF ANY.
MEANWHILE, THOUGH DAREDEVIL'S OFF THE HOOK.
WHERE *IS* FOGGY, ANYWAY?
ON HIS WAY TO SYNN'S. WHEN HE HEARD THAT HIS WIFE HAD BEEN MISTREATED... WELL, HE SAID HE'D HAVE TO TEACH SYNN A LESSON.
SYNN WILL EAT HIM ALIVE.
GOT TO STOP HIM.
HOLD THE FORT, BECKY.

AT THAT MOMENT...
THIS IS WHERE THE FIRE WAS.
I SUPPOSE SOMEONE GOT CARELESS WITH A MATCH, EH!
I FOUND THIS LAYING NEXT TO IT. YOURS?
Horatio Piper
Ten Thousand and
ER...YES. HOW DID THAT GET THERE, I WONDER.
THE LAWYER'S WOMAN HAS GONE. THE REAR DOOR WAS UNLOCKED.
I AM NOT STUPID.
MICAH...IT'S ALL A MISUNDERSTANDING. I CAN EXPLAIN.

FEAR...FEAR THAT BLINDS--

HORATIO PIPER DOES NOT SEE WHERE HE IS RUNNING--
--UNTIL IT IS TOO LATE...
MICAH! MICAH SYNN! DON'T TRY TO HIDE FROM ME!
OH...MYGOSH! THAT'S PROFESSOR PIPER AND HE'S...
YOU MURDERED HIM--!

ON THE STREET BELOW...
LIMO. PROBABLY ANOTHER WOULD-BE CELEBRITY TRYING TO CASH IN ON SYNN'S FAME, I'D BE DISGUSTED IF I WEREN'T SO BUSY.
MY HOUR ISN'T UP YET. TECHNICALLY, I'M NOT SUPPOSED TO BE HERE, BUT--
YOU CAN'T COME IN, BUB.
YOU GOING TO STOP ME?
THUDD!
NO YOU'RE NOT.
AND--
G-GO AHEAD. I'M NOT S-S-SCARED...
KANNK
WE CAN DO THIS IN ONE OF TWO WAYS, GENTLEMEN. YOU CAN RELEASE NELSON AND TELL ME WHERE SYNN IS--

--OR YOU CAN--
--GET HURT--
--AND THEN--
--TELL ME--
--WHERE IS MICAH SYNN?
WHERE?
DON'T KNOW.

KLANK
OKAY, LITTLE MAN, YOU JUST GOT YOURSELF ELECTED SONGBIRD, AGAIN-- FOR THE LAST TIME--
--WHERE IS HE?
DAREDEVIL... I THINK HE'S A MUTE.
SO HE IS. I FORGOT.
NO MATTER. I'LL FIND SYNN MYSELF. SOMEHOW.
POOR PROFESSOR PIPER...
YEAH. BUT AT LEAST HIS DEATH SERVED A PURPOSE. WE CAN PIN IT ON SYNN AND COMPANY.
THIS CHARGE THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO LIE THEIR WAY OUT OF.
MAYBE THAT'S FITTING BECAUSE PIPER WASN'T REALLY ONE OF SYNN'S MEN--
--HE WAS BETTER THAN THAT.
NEXT ISSUE:
THE FINAL CONFRONTATION!

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MAZZUCCHELLI
SYNN... NO MORE!

Stan Lee presents
THE CRUMBLING
CONCLUDING THE WAR ON MICAH SYNN
MICAH SYNN!
YOU HAVE LIED, CHEATED, AND MURDERED.
YOU HAVE LIBELED MY GOOD NAME, TORMENTED MY FRIENDS, HUMILIATED THOSE CLOSEST TO ME.
YOU HAVE BROKEN MY PARTNER'S MARRIAGE.
AND TURNED MY CITY INTO A BATTLEGROUND.
NOW, IT IS TIME FOR RECKONING, MICAH SYNN-- A TIME FOR RETRIBUTION!
SHOW YOURSELF!
STORY DENNY O'NEIL
ART DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
LETTERING JOE ROSEN
COLORING CHRISTIE SHEELE
EDITOR RALPH MACCHIO
SUPERVISION JIM SHOOTER

BUT AFTER THE ECHO OF HIS WORDS FADE, THERE IS ONLY SILENCE.

HE NEITHER HEARS NOR SMELLS ANYTHING HUMAN. NOR DOES THE ABILITY HE CALLS HIS **RADAR** DETECT ANY MOTION MADE BY MAN.

BUT EVEN WITHOUT THE EVIDENCE OF HIS INCREDIBLY DEVELOPED SENSES, HE KNOWS HE IS ALONE.

HIS ENEMY HAS FLED.

HE ***HAD*** TO HAVE BEEN HERE A FEW MINUTES AGO. HE CAN'T HAVE GOTTEN FAR--!

TO THE ROOF?

NO.

THEN DOWN THE BACK STAIRS AND TO A WAITING CAR, WHICH MEANS ***SOMEONE*** MAY HAVE AN IDEA OF WHICH DIRECTION HE WENT.

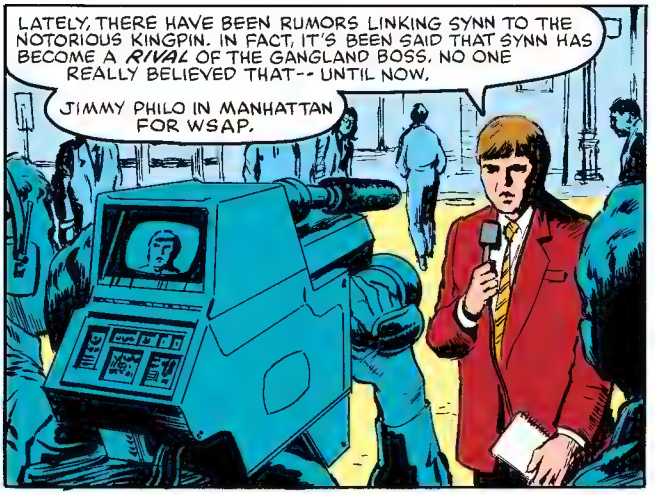
I THINK I'LL HAVE A CHAT WITH THAT SOMEONE.

ON THE STREET BELOW...

THAT'S RIGHT, MICAH SYNN ***KILLED*** PROFESSOR PIPER. OR AT LEAST HIS MEN DID.

YOU TELL THEM, FRANKLIN.

TELL THEM WHAT THAT...THAT CREATURE DID TO ME!
AND WHAT WAS THAT, MRS. NELSON?
HE KEPT ME A PRISONER--
--HE HUMILIATED ME TO DEATH! HE MADE ME WORK...LIKE A SLAVE--! IT WAS AWFUL!
MR. NELSON, A FEW WEEKS AGO YOUR SECRETARY--MS. BLAKE--ACCUSED SYNN OF MURDERING A YOUNG WOMAN. AT THE TIME YOU SAID SHE WAS LYING, HAVE YOU ANY COMMENT ON THAT NOW?
BECKY BLAKE DIDN'T LIE.
I DID.
PLEASE... WE HAVE TO GO.
TAXI
OKAY, BEFORE WE HEAD BACK, LET'S SHOOT MY STAND-UP.
HEY, JIMMY... IT'S GONNA RAIN.
LET IT. BE MORE DRAMATIC.
CERTAINLY A STRANGE TURN OF EVENTS IN THE SAGA OF CHIEF MICAH SYNN AND THE KINGORGE. AS YOU MAY RECALL, THE KINGORGE ARE DESCENDANTS OF A PARTY OF ENGLISH EXPLORERS LOST IN AFRICA CENTURIES AGO. THEY ARRIVED IN NEW YORK LAST YEAR AND BECAME THE DARLINGS OF THE SMART SET.


LATELY, THERE HAVE BEEN RUMORS LINKING SYNN TO THE NOTORIOUS KINGPIN. IN FACT, IT'S BEEN SAID THAT SYNN HAS BECOME A *RIVAL* OF THE GANGLAND BOSS. NO ONE REALLY BELIEVED THAT-- UNTIL NOW.
JIMMY PHILO IN MANHATTAN FOR WSAP.

THAT'S A WRAP, GUYS.
IT DIDN'T START RAINING AFTER ALL.
TOO BAD.

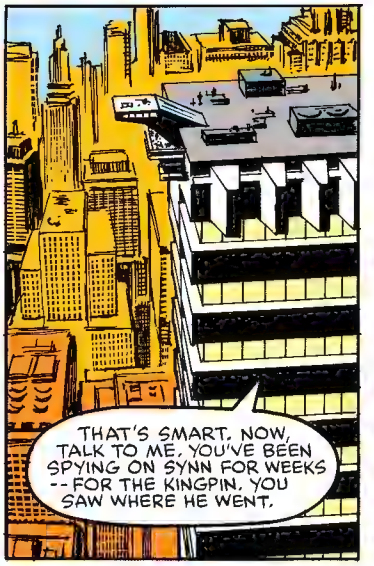
AND NEARBY...
...THEN THEY DROVE AWAY, BOSS. YOU OUGHTTA BE ABLE TO GET A LINE ON 'EM.

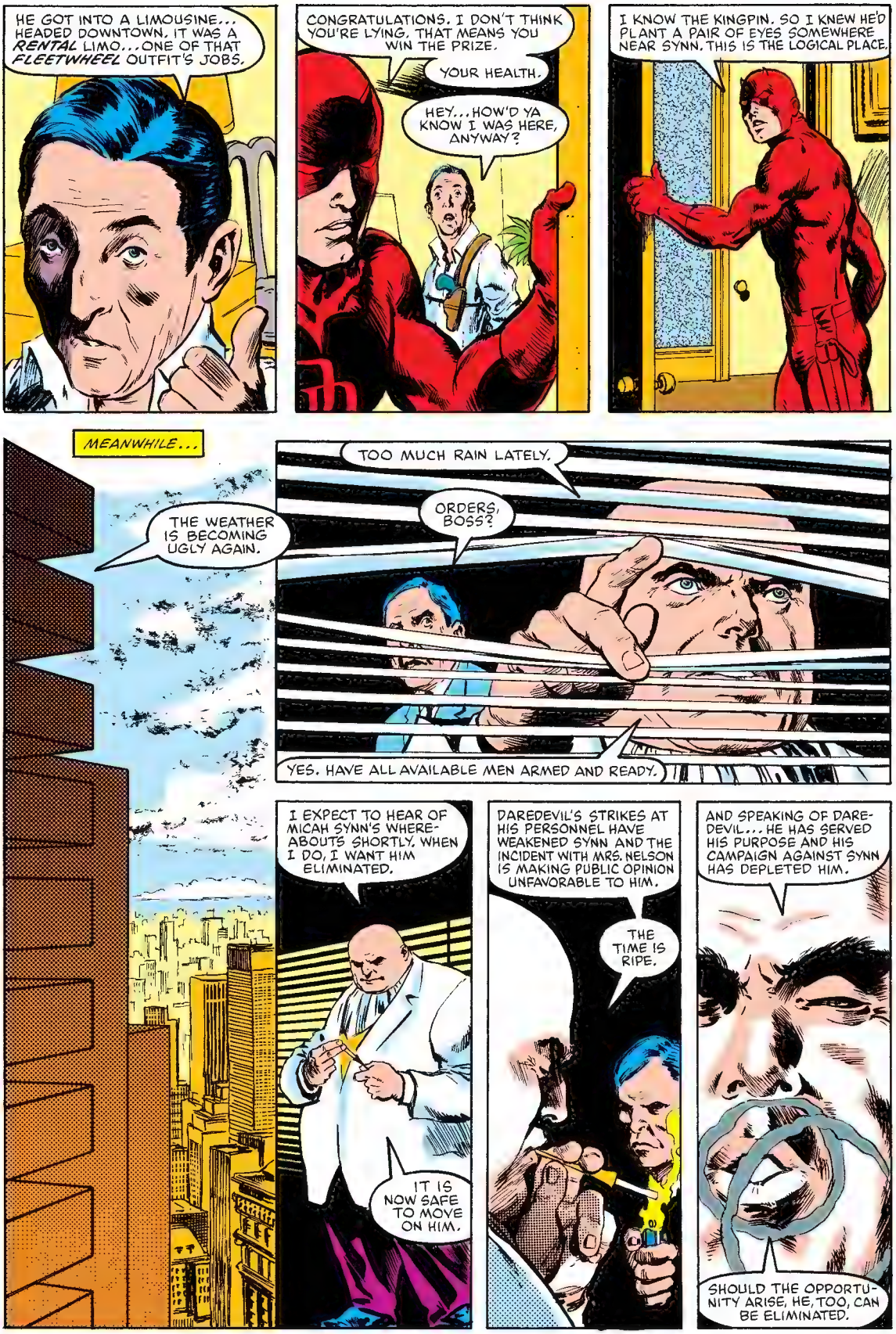
REPORTING TO THE KINGPIN?

DAREDEVIL!
YOU WANT TO PUT THAT GUN AWAY--

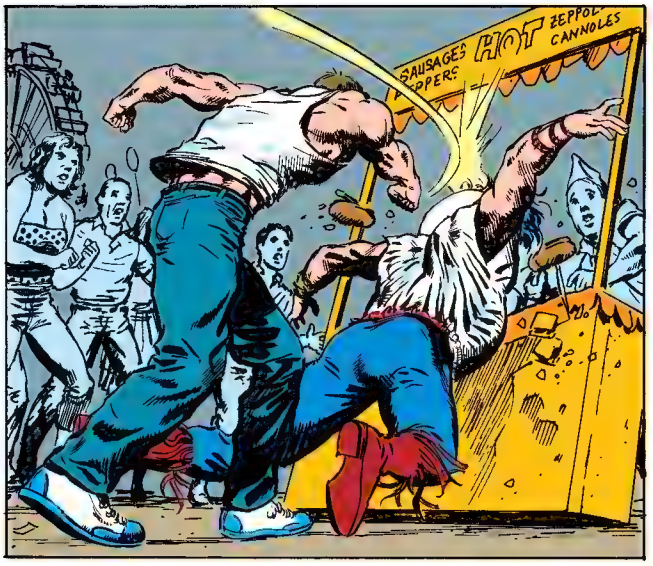
--OR DO YOU WANT TO EAT IT?

NO.

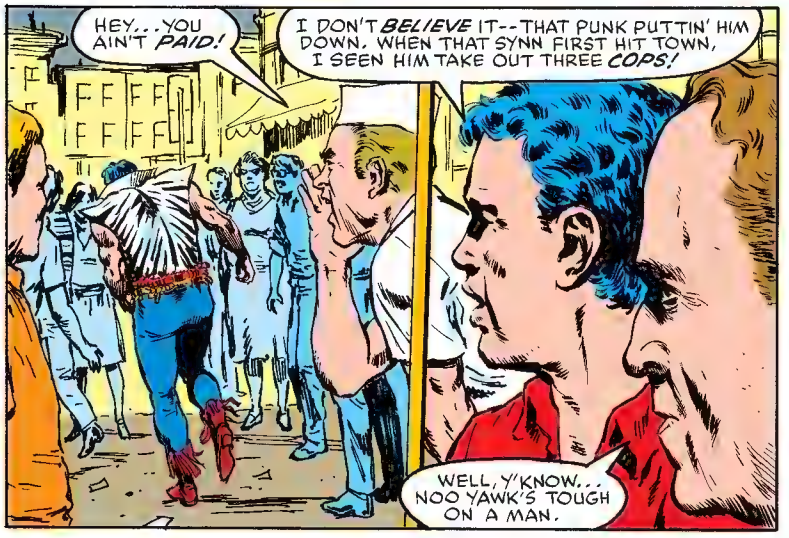

THAT'S SMART. NOW, TALK TO ME. YOU'VE BEEN SPYING ON SYNN FOR WEEKS -- FOR THE KINGPIN. YOU SAW WHERE HE WENT.

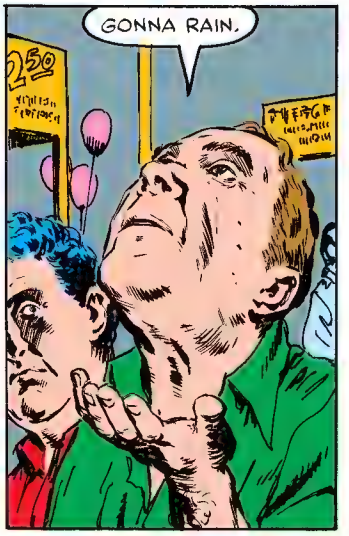

HE GOT INTO A LIMOUSINE... HEADED DOWNTOWN. IT WAS A RENTAL LIMO...ONE OF THAT FLEETWHEEL OUTFIT'S JOBS.
CONGRATULATIONS. I DON'T THINK YOU'RE LYING. THAT MEANS YOU WIN THE PRIZE.
YOUR HEALTH.
HEY...HOW'D YA KNOW I WAS HERE, ANYWAY?
I KNOW THE KINGPIN. SO I KNEW HE'D PLANT A PAIR OF EYES SOMEWHERE NEAR SYNN. THIS IS THE LOGICAL PLACE.
MEANWHILE...
THE WEATHER IS BECOMING UGLY AGAIN.
TOO MUCH RAIN LATELY.
ORDERS, BOSS?
YES. HAVE ALL AVAILABLE MEN ARMED AND READY.
I EXPECT TO HEAR OF MICAH SYNN'S WHEREABOUTS SHORTLY. WHEN I DO, I WANT HIM ELIMINATED.
IT IS NOW SAFE TO MOVE ON HIM.
DAREDEVIL'S STRIKES AT HIS PERSONNEL HAVE WEAKENED SYNN AND THE INCIDENT WITH MRS. NELSON IS MAKING PUBLIC OPINION UNFAVORABLE TO HIM.
THE TIME IS RIPE.
AND SPEAKING OF DAREDEVIL... HE HAS SERVED HIS PURPOSE AND HIS CAMPAIGN AGAINST SYNN HAS DEPLETED HIM.
SHOULD THE OPPORTUNITY ARISE, HE, TOO, CAN BE ELIMINATED.

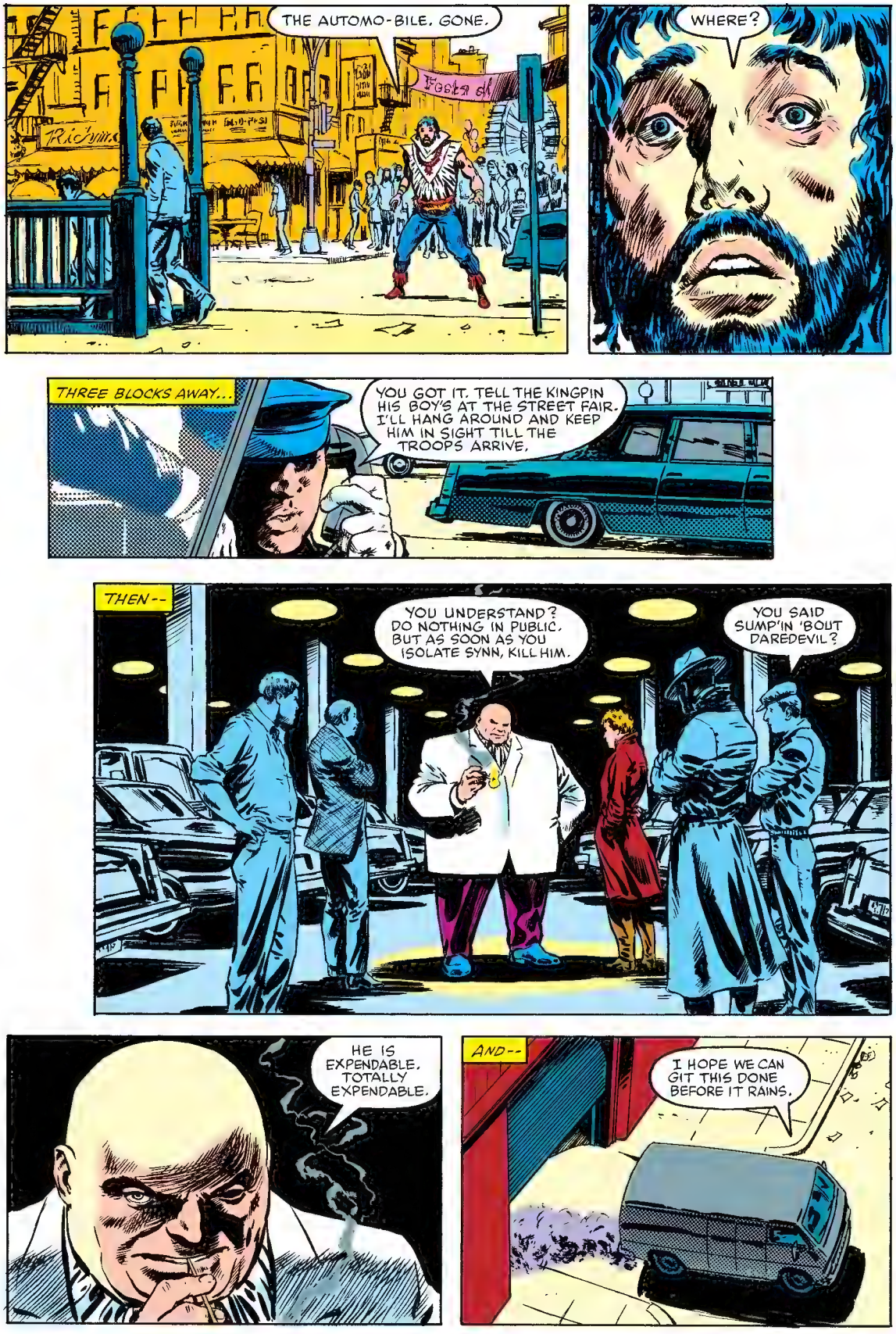
AT THAT MOMENT...
Festa di San Ric
STOP!
HOT!
STREET CLOSED
WAIT FOR ME.
YOU GOT IT, MR. SYNN.
AIN'T THAT THAT AFRICAN DUDE?
FOOD.
LOOKS LIKE.
I AM HUNGRY!
WATCH WHO YER SHOVIN'!
YOU GONNA PAY FOR THAT, FANCY-PANTS?
I AIN'T GONNA LET 'IM GET AWAY WITH IT!


SAUSAGES
PEPPERS
HOT
ZEPPOLI
CANNOLES

I...I HURT YOU LATER!
SURE YOU WILL!


HEY...YOU AIN'T PAID!
I DON'T BELIEVE IT--THAT PUNK PUTTIN' HIM DOWN. WHEN THAT SYNN FIRST HIT TOWN, I SEEN HIM TAKE OUT THREE COPS!
WELL, Y'KNOW... NOO YAWK'S TOUGH ON A MAN.


GONNA RAIN.

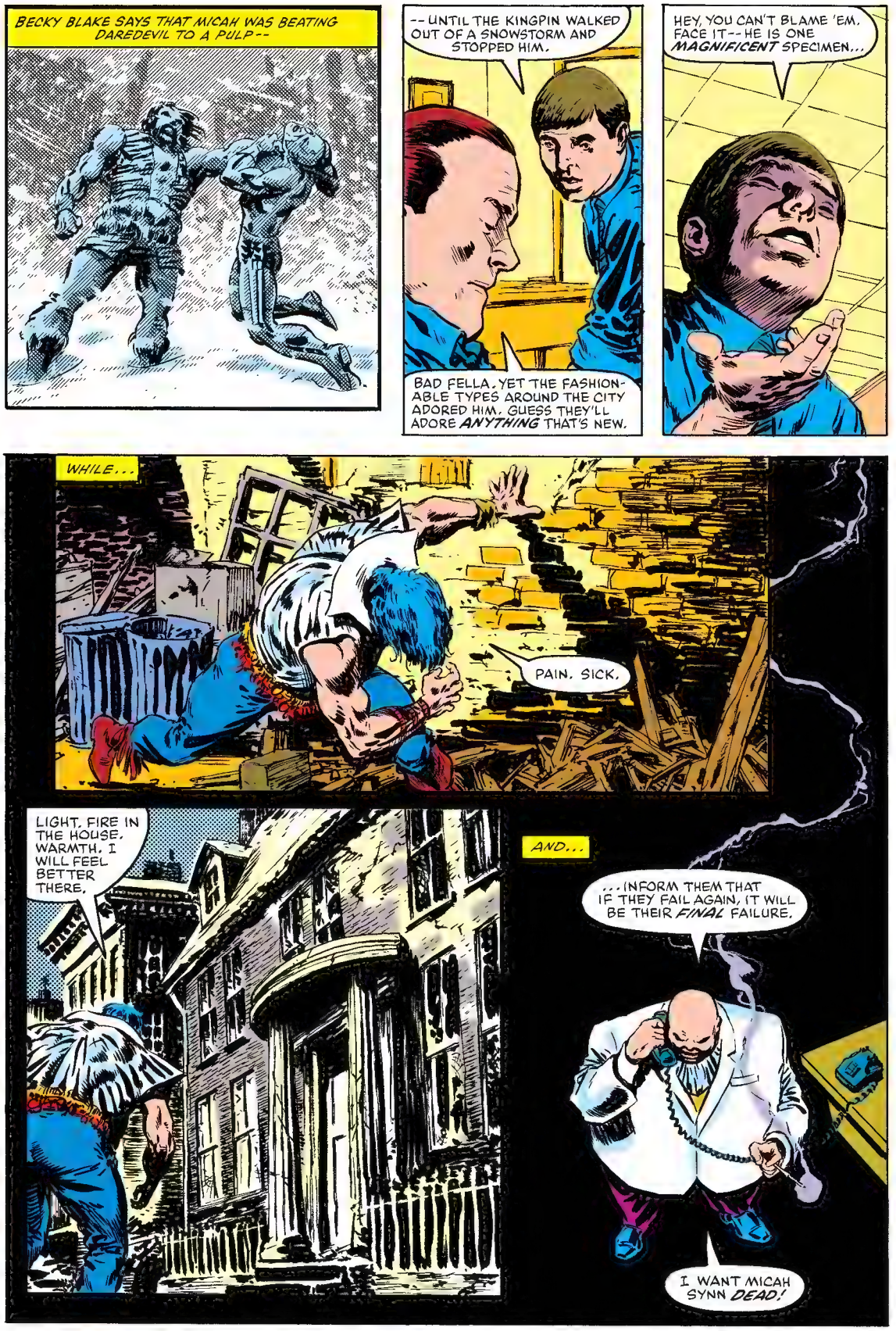

THE AUTOMO-BILE. GONE.
WHERE?
THREE BLOCKS AWAY...
YOU GOT IT. TELL THE KINGPIN HIS BOY'S AT THE STREET FAIR. I'LL HANG AROUND AND KEEP HIM IN SIGHT TILL THE TROOPS ARRIVE.
THEN--
YOU UNDERSTAND? DO NOTHING IN PUBLIC. BUT AS SOON AS YOU ISOLATE SYNN, KILL HIM.
YOU SAID SUMP'IN 'BOUT DAREDEVIL?
HE IS EXPENDABLE. TOTALLY EXPENDABLE.
AND--
I HOPE WE CAN GIT THIS DONE BEFORE IT RAINS.

WHASSA MATTER, YOU SCARED YOU'LL MELT?
YOU NEW? I DON'T REMEMBER SEEIN' YOU.
I JUST GOT IN FROM DETROIT.
AIN'T THAT HIM?
YEAH.
HE'S HEADIN' FOR THEM BURNED-OUT TENEMENTS.
PERFECT FOR US.
NOBODY'S LOOKIN'. I CAN NAIL HIM FROM HERE.
BLAM
A GUN-SHOT. THEY ARE CHASING ME.

HE AIN'T ONE OF US. HE'S--
...DAREDEVIL?
UMGHF
NOW YOU.

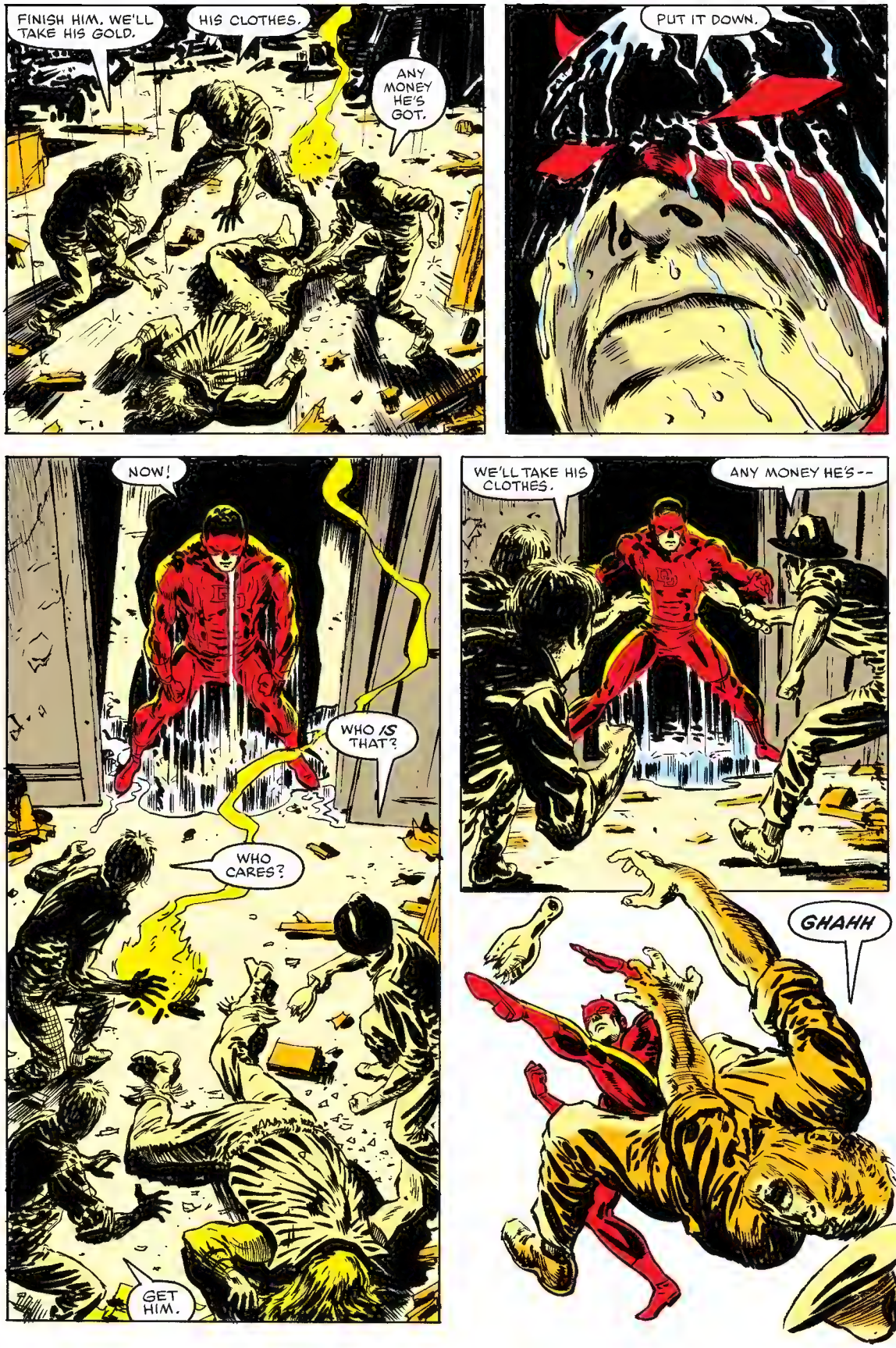
Y-YOU GOT NO GRIPE WITH ME. I'M JUST A DRIVER.
YOU'LL DELIVER A MESSAGE. YOU'LL TELL THE KINGPIN I WENT AFTER MICAH SYNN FOR MY REASONS. NOT HIS.
AND I'LL DEAL WITH MICAH MY WAY. I WON'T HAVE HIM SHOT DOWN LIKE AN ANIMAL. THAT'S HOW MICAH HIMSELF WOULD DO IT.
MICAH AND THE KINGPIN. THEY'RE REALLY NOT MUCH DIFFERENT.
BUT I AM. SO MICAH WILL FACE MY KIND OF JUSTICE.
OH, ONE MORE THING. TELL THE KINGPIN THAT I OVERHEARD HIM ORDERING MY ELIMINATION. I DON'T THINK THAT WAS VERY NICE. I DON'T LIKE THAT.
I PLAN TO DEMONSTRATE HOW MUCH I DON'T LIKE IT.
SOON.
GROUND'S NOT RADIATING HEAT. AIR'S CHILLY. MUST BE GETTING DARK.
GOOD. DARKNESS IS MY ELEMENT.
BUILDINGS AHEAD.
NO SOUND OF HUMAN ACTIVITY. SMELL OF DECAY. BREEZE COMING IRREGULARLY--THROUGH HOLES AND CRACKS IN WALLS.
THIS MUST BE THE AREA THAT CONTRACTOR STARTED TO RENOVATE-- BEFORE HE RAN OUT OF MONEY.
TERRIBLE, OPPRESSIVE SENSE OF EMPTINESS... OF DESPAIR.
HE IS SIGHTLESS. SOMETIMES, IT IS NOT A DISADVANTAGE.

ELSEWHERE--
YOU STILL ON TOP OF THAT SYNN STORY, JIMMY?
YOU JUST BET I AM.
WSAP
DUG UP A LOT OF BACKGROUND. THERE'S A LOT TO OUR NOBLE SAVAGE THAT I DIDN'T KNOW.
FOR STARTERS, HE ISN'T SO NOBLE.
SEEMS HE GOT INTO A MAJOR HASSLE WITH A BUNCH OF NEW YORK'S FINEST THE FIRST WEEK HE HIT TOWN.
LATER, HE TRIED TO PITCH ONE OF THEM OUT A WINDOW.
THE COP SAYS DAREDEVIL SHOWED UP IN TIME TO DISCOURAGE OUR MICAH.
THAT WASN'T HIS LAST RUN-IN WITH DAREDEVIL, EITHER--
--'CAUSE AT A PARTY THE NELSONS GAVE HE THREW DAREDEVIL OFF A ROOFTOP.
OBVIOUSLY THE GUY'S GOT A THING FOR TOSSING PEOPLE FROM HIGH PLACES.
ANYWAY, HE AND DAREDEVIL WENT AT IT AGAIN LAST CHRISTMAS AT MATT MURDOCK'S HOUSE.

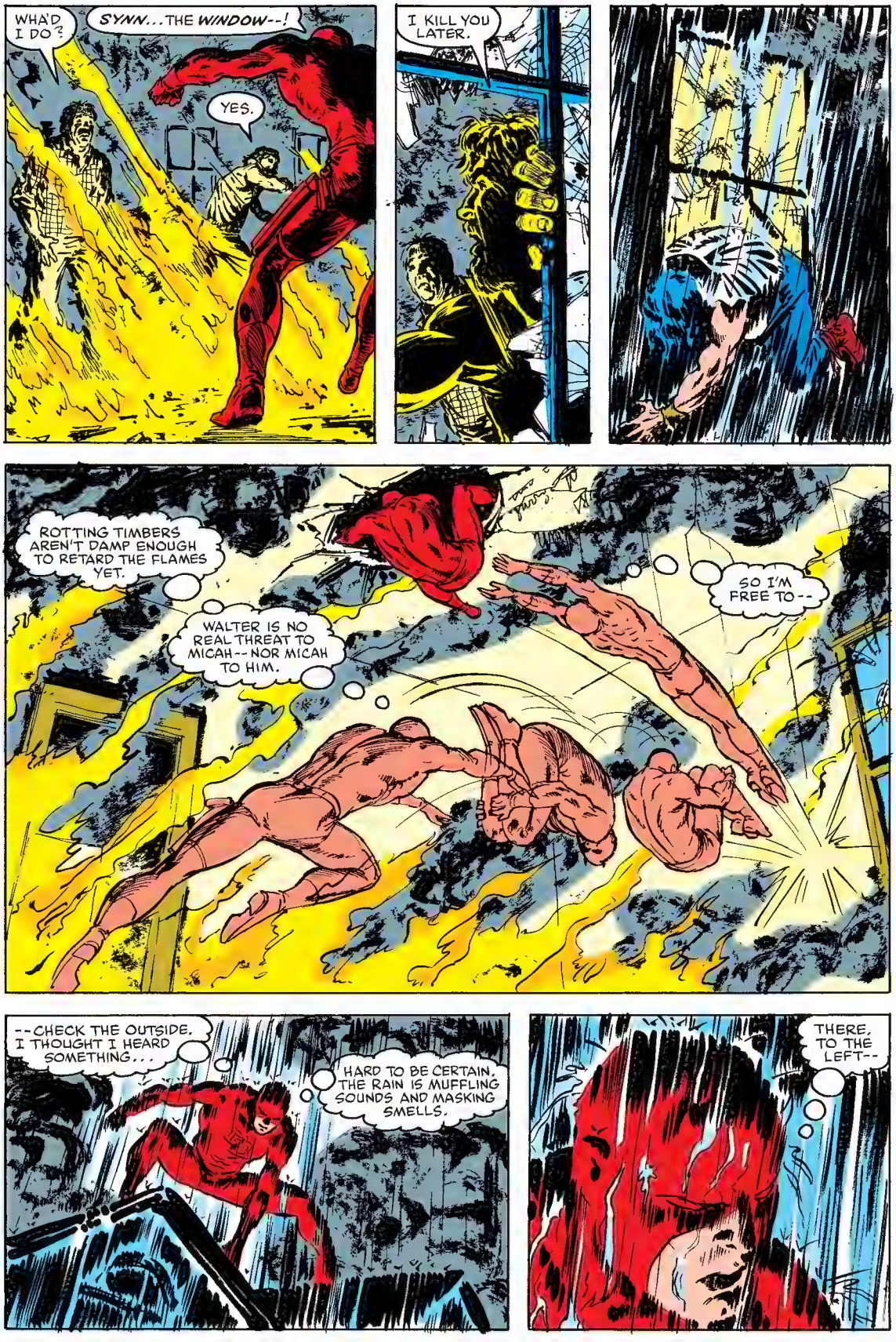

BECKY BLAKE SAYS THAT MICAH WAS BEATING DAREDEVIL TO A PULP--
--UNTIL THE KINGPIN WALKED OUT OF A SNOWSTORM AND STOPPED HIM.
BAD FELLA. YET THE FASHIONABLE TYPES AROUND THE CITY ADORED HIM. GUESS THEY'LL ADORE ANYTHING THAT'S NEW.
HEY, YOU CAN'T BLAME 'EM, FACE IT--HE IS ONE MAGNIFICENT SPECIMEN...
WHILE...
PAIN. SICK.
LIGHT. FIRE IN THE HOUSE. WARMTH. I WILL FEEL BETTER THERE.
AND...
...INFORM THEM THAT IF THEY FAIL AGAIN, IT WILL BE THEIR FINAL FAILURE.
I WANT MICAH SYNN DEAD!

AND DAREDEVIL. THEY SHOULD GET HIM, TOO.
OKAY, BOSS!
HE SAYS WE'RE GRASS AND HE'S THE LAWNMOWER...UNLESS WE DO THE JOB.
WE BETTER GET STARTED.
DAREDEVIL SHOULDN'T'A HIT ME SO HARD. I'M HURTIN'.
ME TOO.
NOT AS BAD AS YOU'LL BE HURTIN' WHEN THE BOSS GETS DONE WITH YOU.
AT LEAST WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT CIVILIANS. NOBODY COMES INTO THIS NEIGHBORHOOD ANYMORE. THEY'D BE CRAZY TO!
AND...
YEH, BO, C'MON IN.
SIT YERSELF DOWN BY THE FIRE.
WARM YEZ BONES.

FOOD!
HELP Y'SELF.
LEMME DO THE INTROS. I'M SARGE--
--AND THIS HERE'S THE LOOT. AND THAT'S WALTER.
WE WAS PO-LICEMEN.
'CEPT ME.
I WAS A DEPUTY MAYOR.
WE WAS KICKED OUT.
IT WASN'T FAIR.
THAT THING AROUND YER NECK--
--IS THAT REAL GOLD?
RAIN?
KRESH

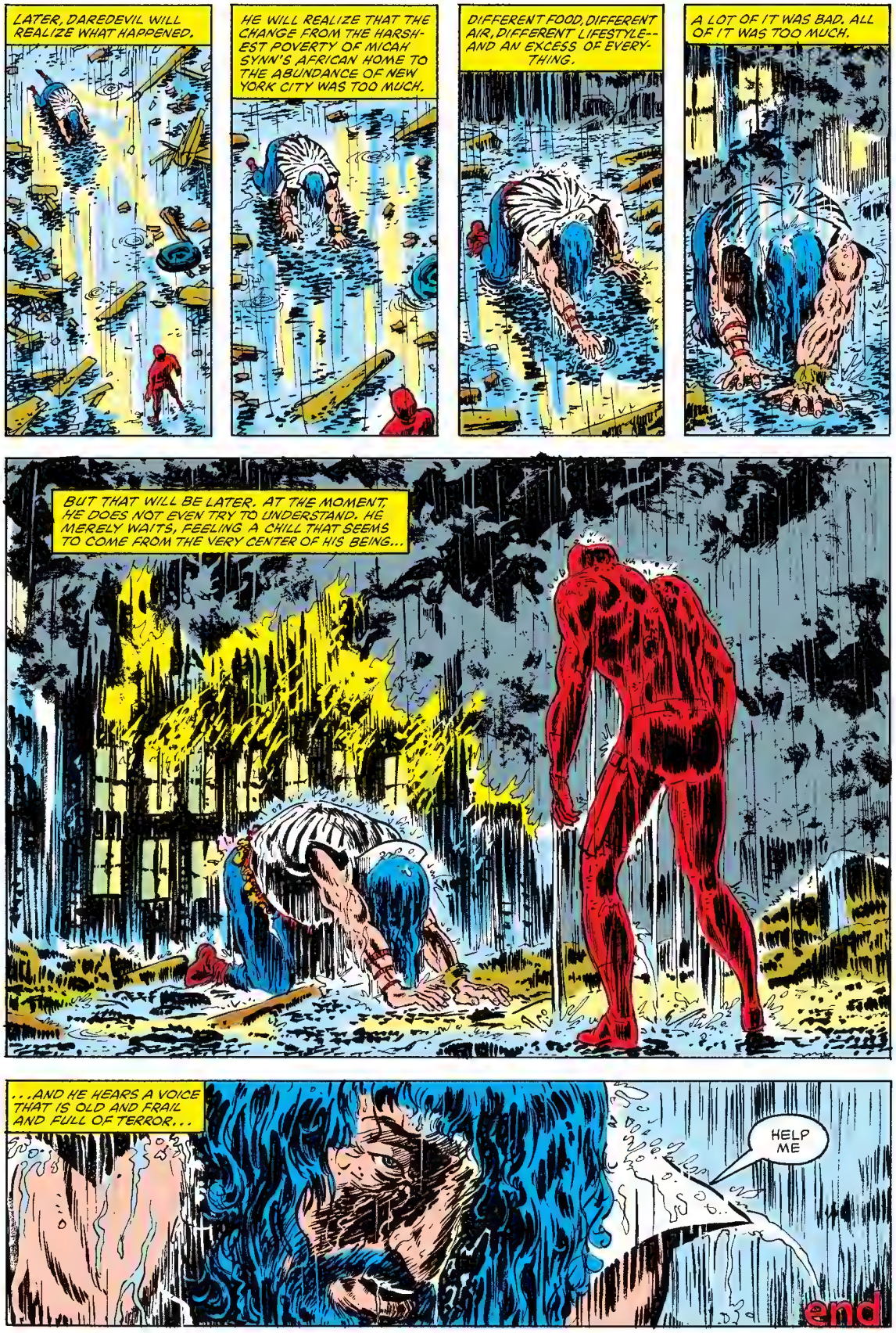

FINISH HIM. WE'LL TAKE HIS GOLD.
HIS CLOTHES.
ANY MONEY HE'S GOT.
PUT IT DOWN.
NOW!
WHO IS THAT?
WHO CARES?
GET HIM.
WE'LL TAKE HIS CLOTHES.
ANY MONEY HE'S--
GHAHH

TSOK
DON'T TOUCH ME, 'CAUSE THIS BOTTLE IS FULLA GAS WE STARTED THE FIRE WITH... AND I'LL DROP IT AND THE WHOLE PLACE'LL BLOW UP.
SCARE ME,
BREKCH
FOR AN INSTANT THERE IS THE STINGING ODOR OF GASOLINE--
--AND...
FWA-WHOOSH


WHA'D I DO?
SYNN... THE WINDOW--!
YES.
I KILL YOU LATER.
ROTTING TIMBERS AREN'T DAMP ENOUGH TO RETARD THE FLAMES YET.
WALTER IS NO REAL THREAT TO MICAH--NOR MICAH TO HIM.
SO I'M FREE TO--
--CHECK THE OUTSIDE. I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING...
HARD TO BE CERTAIN. THE RAIN IS MUFFLING SOUNDS AND MASKING SMELLS.
THERE, TO THE LEFT--

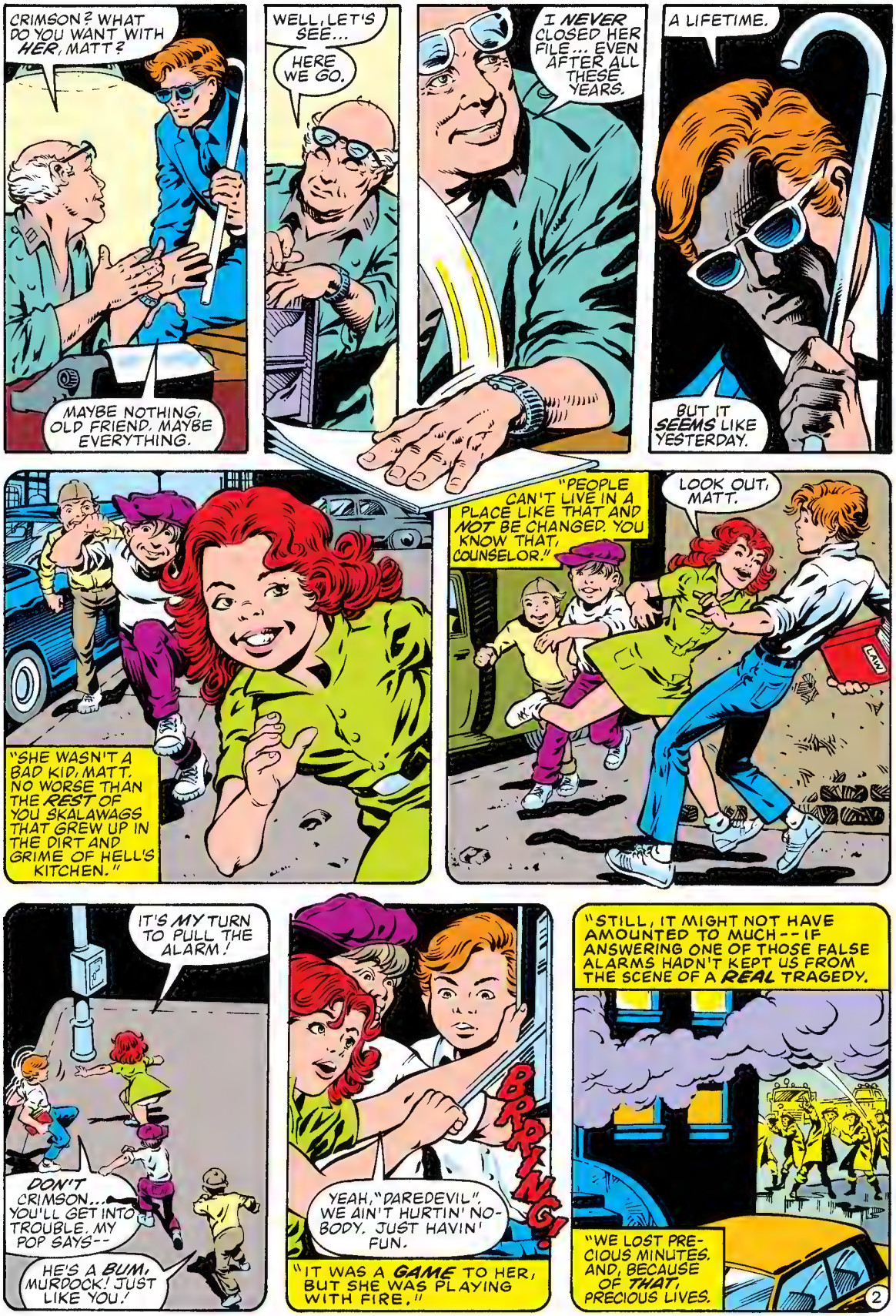
I SEE YA SYNN! AN YA KNOW WHAT?
YOU'RE DEAD!
BLAM
IT'S DAREDEVIL!
DON'T MISS HIM AGAIN!

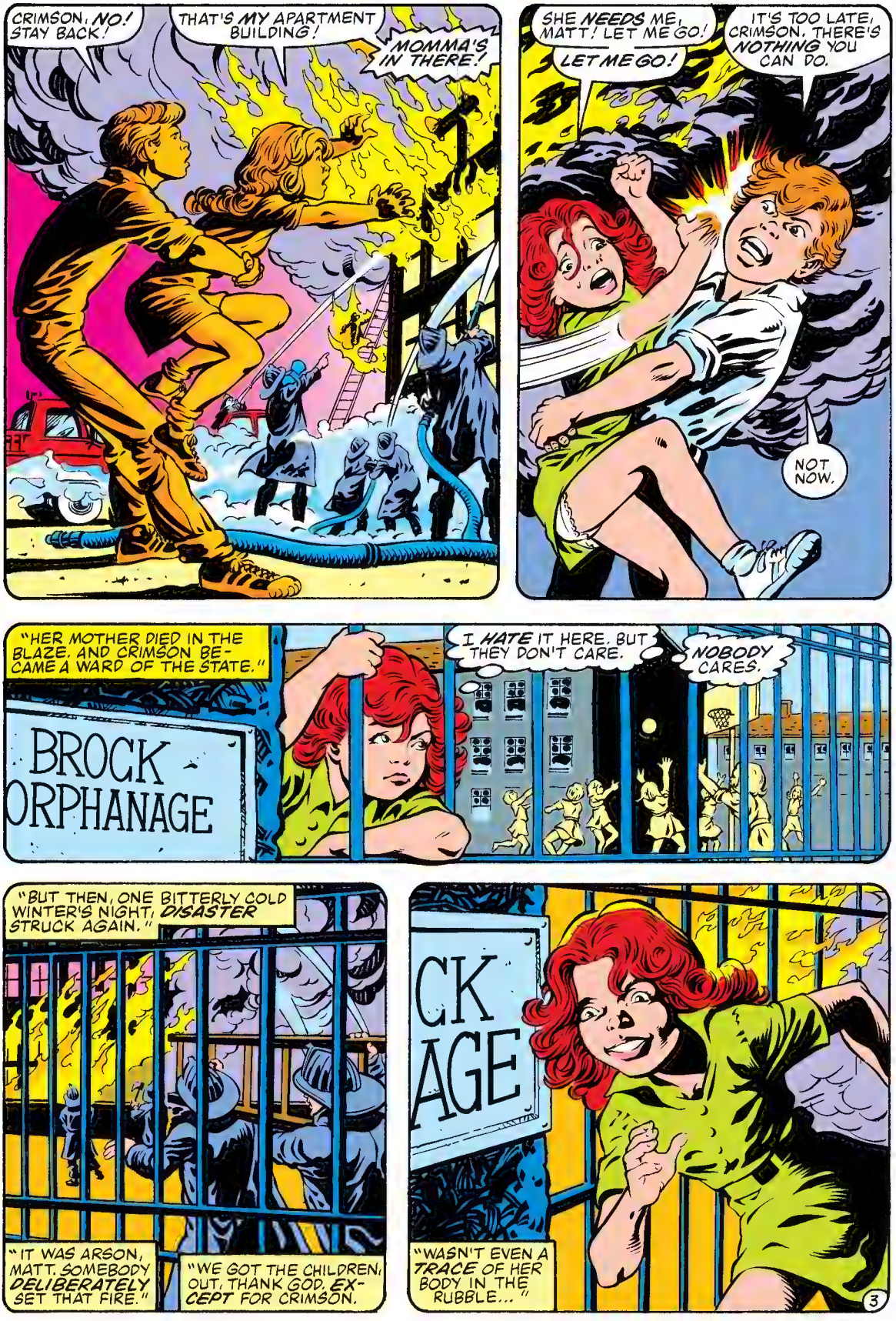
KWAK
KWOK
BLAM
BLAM
F-WHINGG
F-WHING
BLAM
F-WHINGG
SMOKE... RAIN... HARD TO SEE.
WHERE'D HE GO?
THODD
YOUR TURN, SYNN! DO YOU WANT TO FACE ME? OR DO I COME AFTER YOU?
DECIDE.

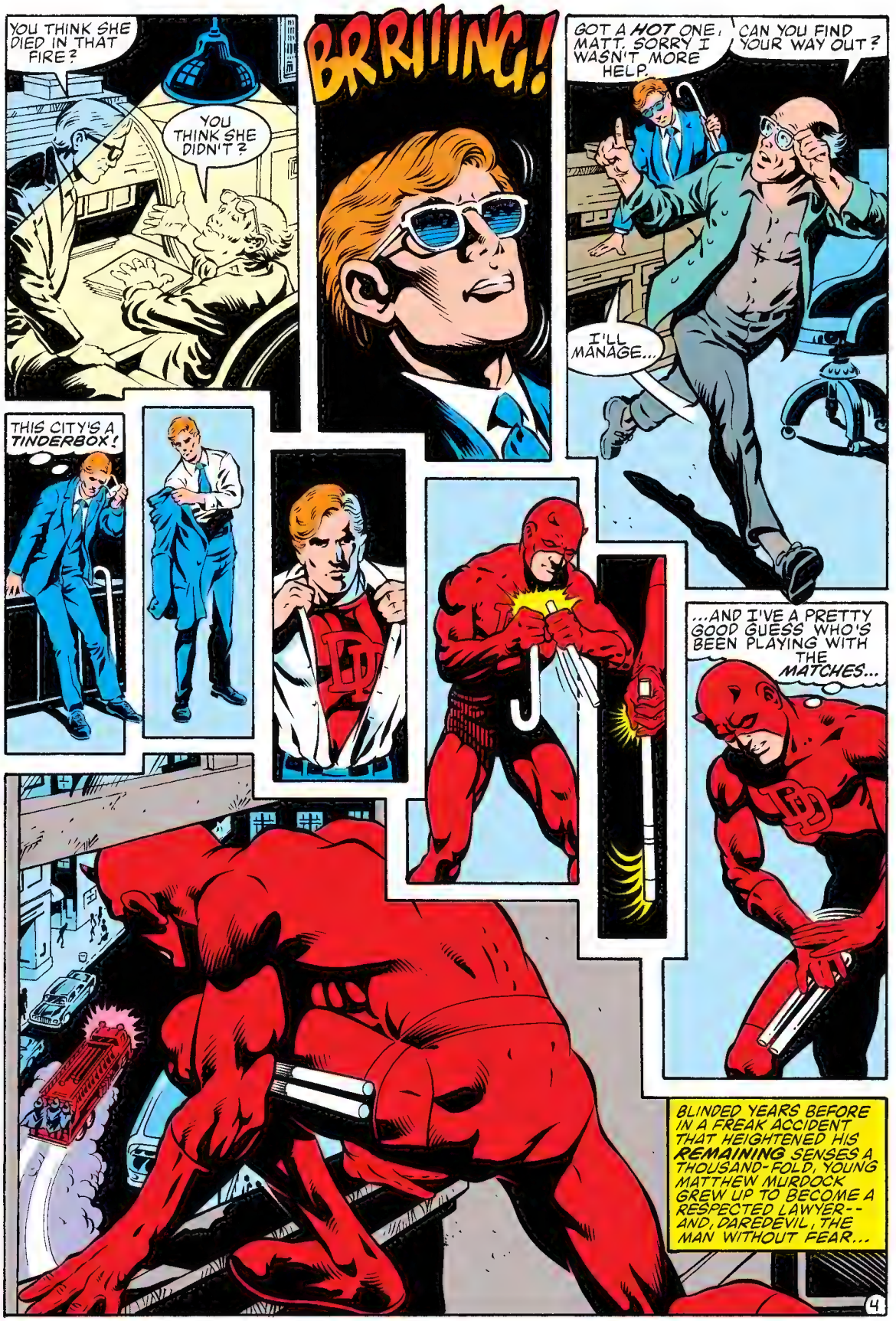

LATER, DAREDEVIL WILL REALIZE WHAT HAPPENED.
HE WILL REALIZE THAT THE CHANGE FROM THE HARSHEST POVERTY OF MICAH SYNN'S AFRICAN HOME TO THE ABUNDANCE OF NEW YORK CITY WAS TOO MUCH.
DIFFERENT FOOD, DIFFERENT AIR, DIFFERENT LIFESTYLE--AND AN EXCESS OF EVERYTHING.
A LOT OF IT WAS BAD. ALL OF IT WAS TOO MUCH.
BUT THAT WILL BE LATER. AT THE MOMENT, HE DOES NOT EVEN TRY TO UNDERSTAND. HE MERELY WAITS, FEELING A CHILL THAT SEEMS TO COME FROM THE VERY CENTER OF HIS BEING...
...AND HE HEARS A VOICE THAT IS OLD AND FRAIL AND FULL OF TERROR...
HELP ME
end

Special Bonus: Marvel Fanfare #15 (July 1984) featured a Daredevil backup story plus a pinup by Ian Akin & Brian Garvey.

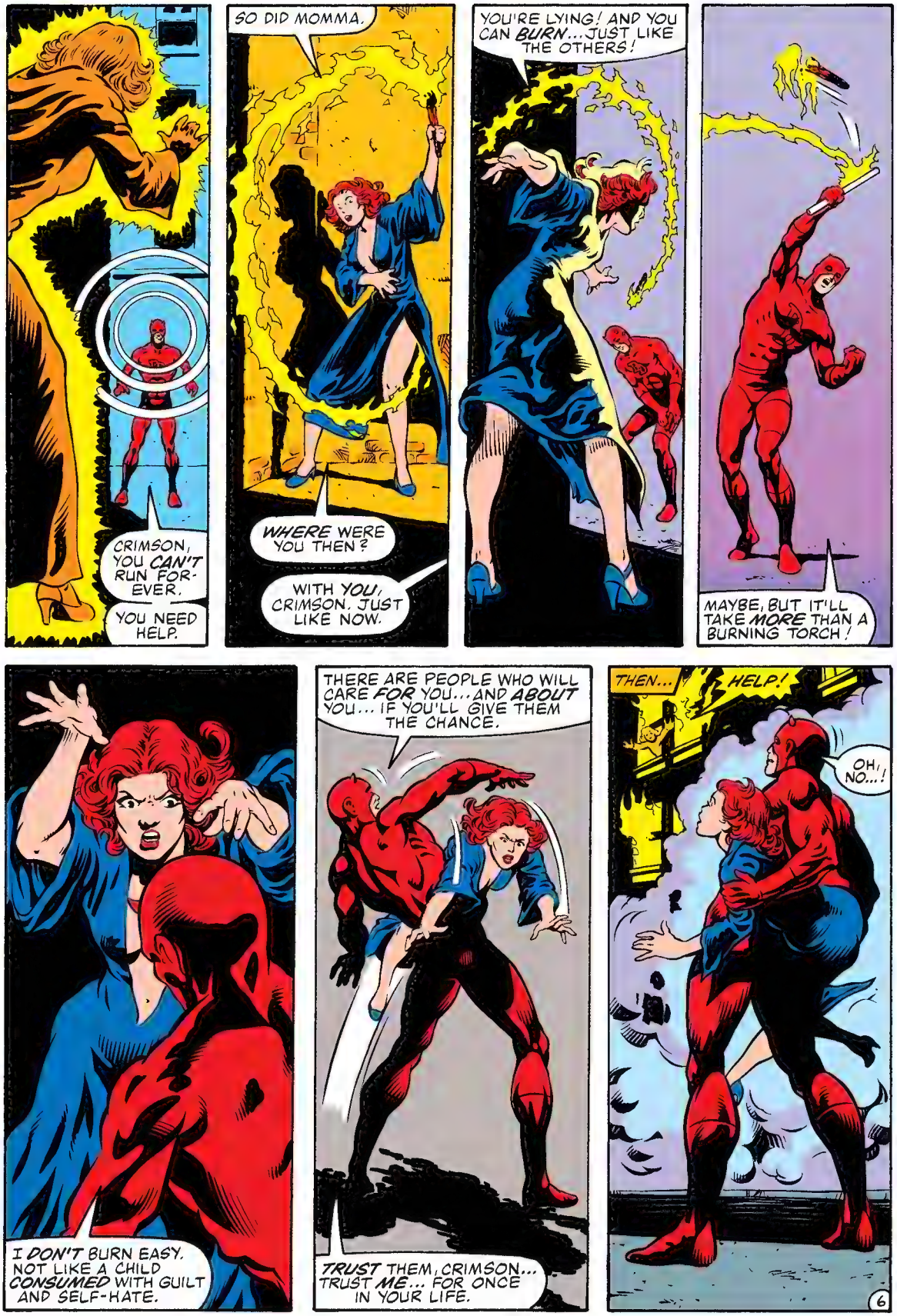
DAILY BUGLE
BIG APPLE BAKES
Special to the Bugle by BEN URICH
WHILE New York suffers through the worst heat wave of the century with no end in sight, arson hits epidemic proportions.
SO TELL ME, MATT... WHAT BRINGS MY FAVORITE LAWYER OUT ON A NIGHT LIKE THIS?
I NEED YOUR HELP, CHIEF DUTTON.
I'M LOOKING FOR SOMEONE.
CRIMSON. CRIMSON ASH...
HER NAME WAS ASH.
CRIMSON ASH
THERE WAS FIRE IN HER HEART - BUT SHE WAS COLD AS ICE!
OR SO THE STORY GOES...
STAN LEE PRESENTS:
DAREDEVIL--
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!
ROGER McKENZIE PLOT & SCRIPT | JACK SPARLING PENCILS | AKIN & GARVEY INKS
JIM NOVAK LETTERING | GLYNIS WEIN COLORING | ALLEN MILGROM EDITOR

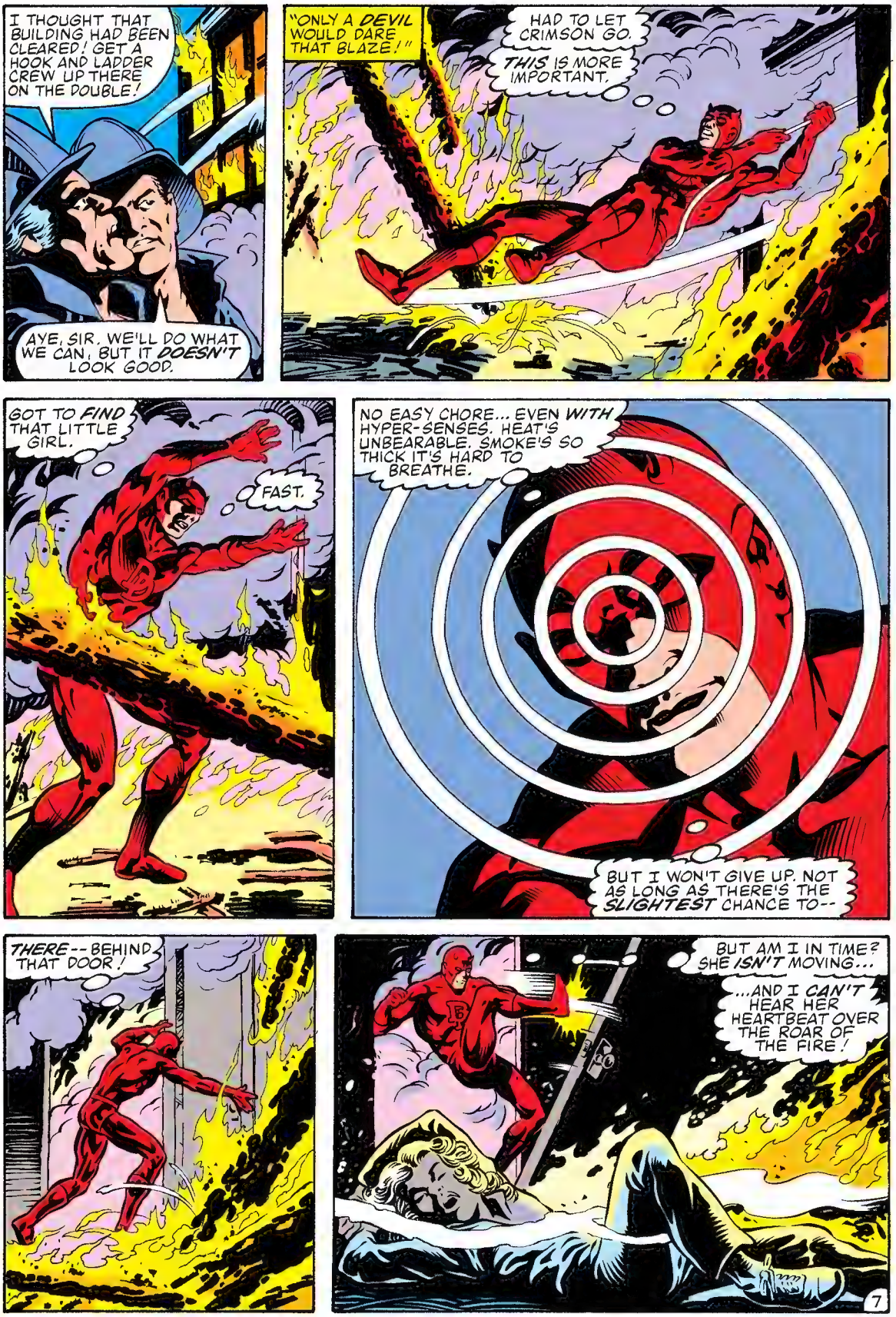

CRIMSON? WHAT DO YOU WANT WITH HER, MATT?
MAYBE NOTHING, OLD FRIEND. MAYBE EVERYTHING.
WELL, LET'S SEE...
HERE WE GO.
I NEVER CLOSED HER FILE... EVEN AFTER ALL THESE YEARS.
A LIFETIME.
BUT IT SEEMS LIKE YESTERDAY.
"SHE WASN'T A BAD KID, MATT. NO WORSE THAN THE REST OF YOU SKALAWAGS THAT GREW UP IN THE DIRT AND GRIME OF HELL'S KITCHEN."
"PEOPLE CAN'T LIVE IN A PLACE LIKE THAT AND NOT BE CHANGED. YOU KNOW THAT, COUNSELOR."
LOOK OUT, MATT.
LAW
IT'S MY TURN TO PULL THE ALARM!
DON'T CRIMSON... YOU'LL GET INTO TROUBLE. MY POP SAYS--
HE'S A BUM, MURDOCK! JUST LIKE YOU.
BRRRING!
YEAH, "DAREDEVIL", WE AIN'T HURTIN' NOBODY. JUST HAVIN' FUN.
"IT WAS A GAME TO HER, BUT SHE WAS PLAYING WITH FIRE."
"STILL, IT MIGHT NOT HAVE AMOUNTED TO MUCH--IF ANSWERING ONE OF THOSE FALSE ALARMS HADN'T KEPT US FROM THE SCENE OF A REAL TRAGEDY.
"WE LOST PRECIOUS MINUTES. AND, BECAUSE OF THAT, PRECIOUS LIVES.
2

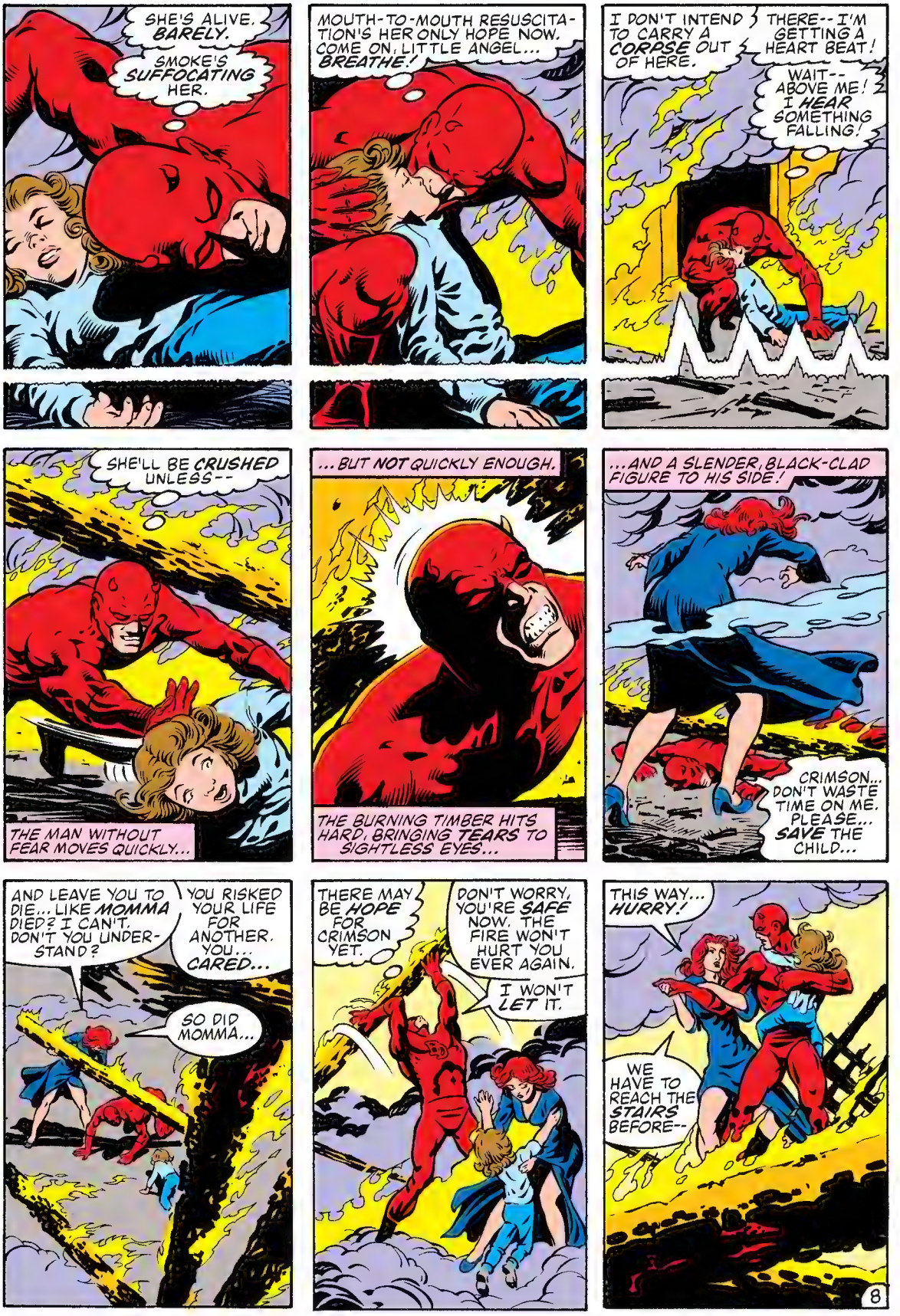

CRIMSON, NO! STAY BACK!
THAT'S MY APARTMENT BUILDING!
MOMMA'S IN THERE!
SHE NEEDS ME, MATT! LET ME GO!
LET ME GO!
IT'S TOO LATE, CRIMSON, THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.
NOT NOW.
"HER MOTHER DIED IN THE BLAZE. AND CRIMSON BECAME A WARD OF THE STATE."
BROCK ORPHANAGE
I HATE IT HERE. BUT THEY DON'T CARE.
NOBODY CARES.
"BUT THEN, ONE BITTERLY COLD WINTER'S NIGHT, DISASTER STRUCK AGAIN."
"IT WAS ARSON, MATT. SOMEBODY DELIBERATELY SET THAT FIRE."
"WE GOT THE CHILDREN OUT, THANK GOD. EXCEPT FOR CRIMSON.
CK AGE
"WASN'T EVEN A TRACE OF HER BODY IN THE RUBBLE..."
3

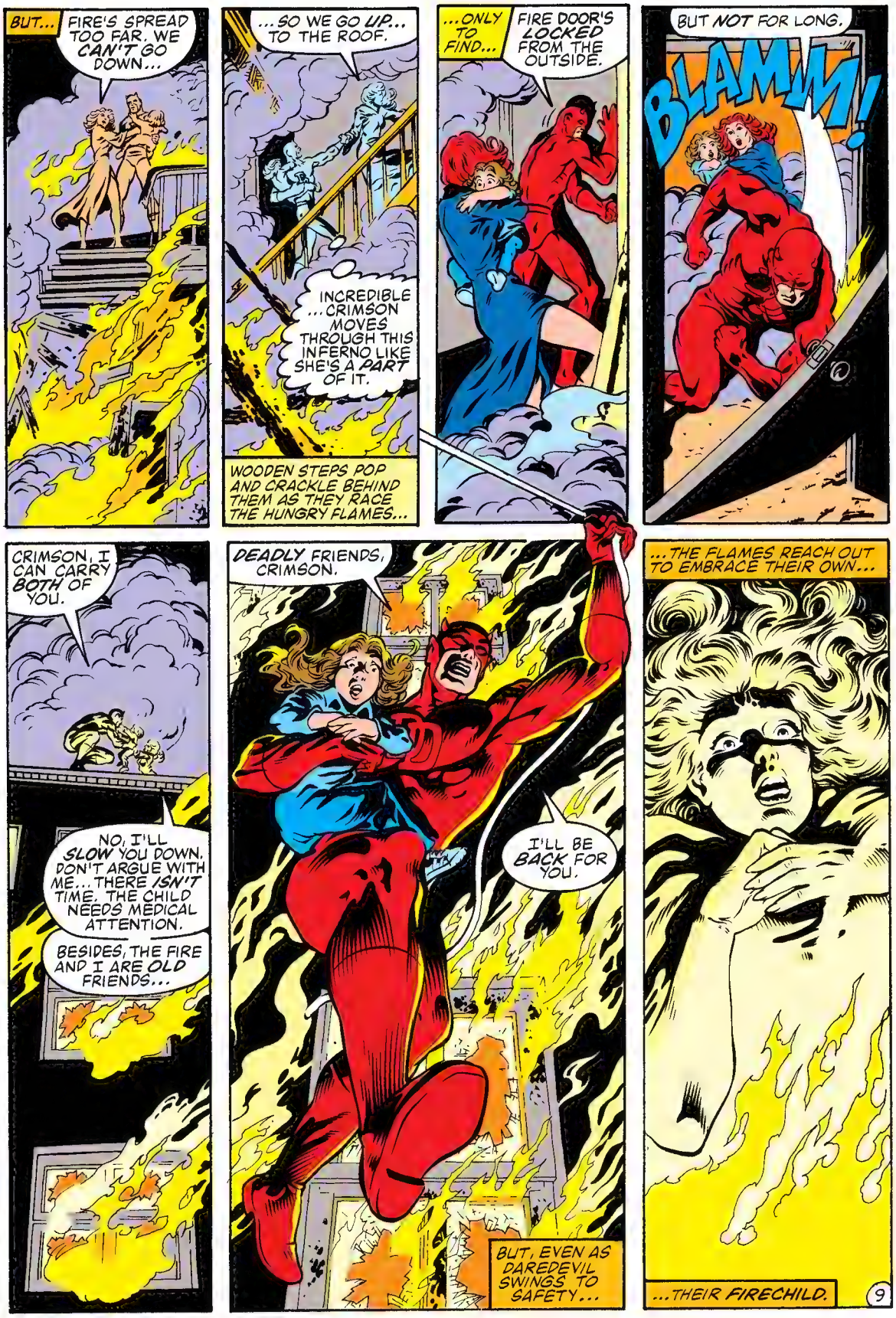

YOU THINK SHE DIED IN THAT FIRE?
YOU THINK SHE DIDN'T?
BRRIING!
GOT A HOT ONE, MATT. SORRY I WASN'T MORE HELP.
CAN YOU FIND YOUR WAY OUT?
I'LL MANAGE...
THIS CITY'S A TINDERBOX!
...AND I'VE A PRETTY GOOD GUESS WHO'S BEEN PLAYING WITH THE MATCHES...
BLINDED YEARS BEFORE IN A FREAK ACCIDENT THAT HEIGHTENED HIS REMAINING SENSES A THOUSAND-FOLD, YOUNG MATTHEW MURDOCK GREW UP TO BECOME A RESPECTED LAWYER--AND, DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR...
4

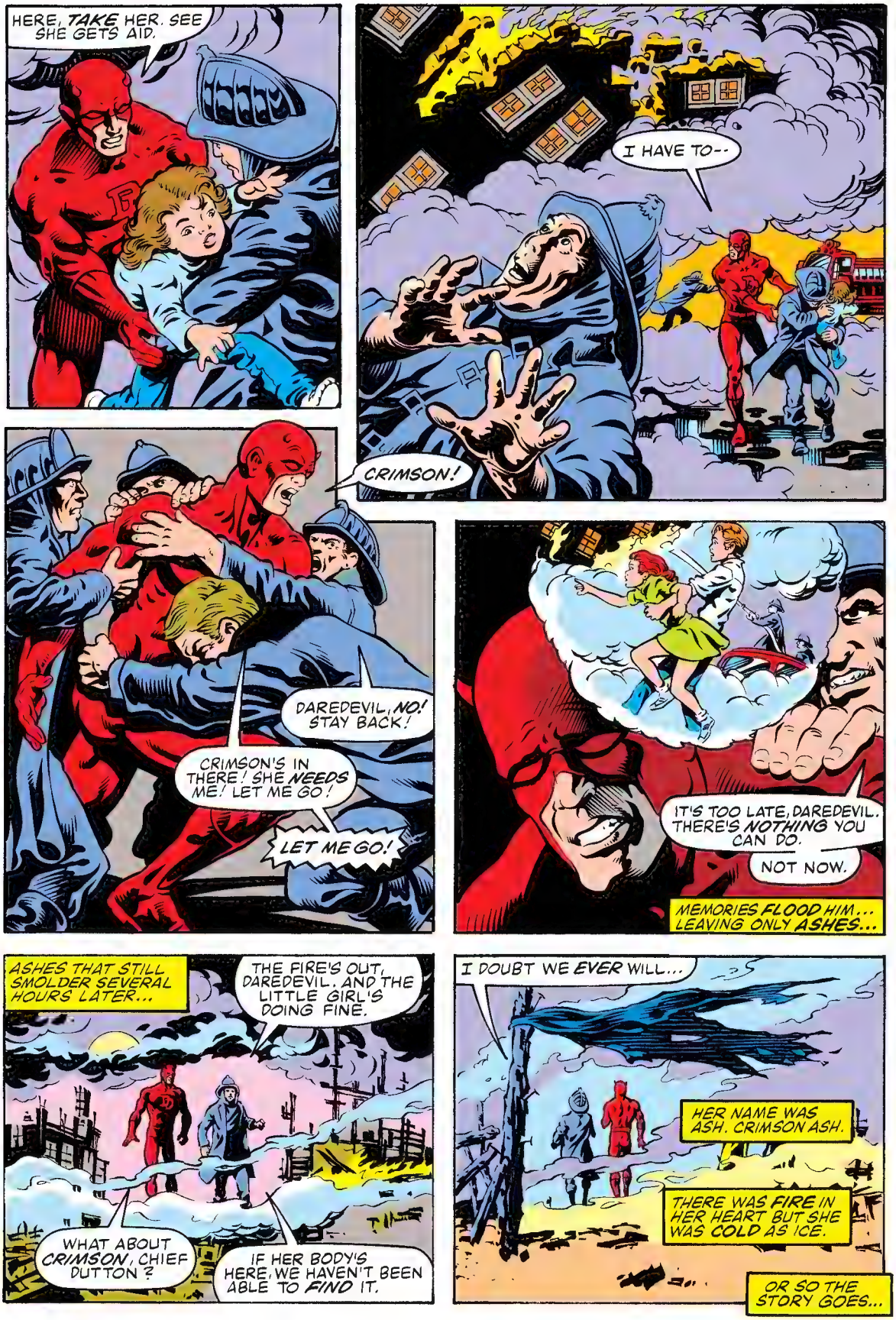
HE HAS NO TROUBLE FOLLOWING NEW YORK'S BRAVEST TO THE SCENE OF THE LATEST INFERNO...
I HAVE A NASTY FEELING THIS'S ANOTHER ARSON JOB.
KEEP THOSE HOSES STEADY!
FIRE'S OUTTA CONTROL, CHIEF DUTTON. WE MAY LOSE THE WHOLE BLOCK!
SO WARM, SO PRETTY.
JUST LIKE MOMMA...
CRIMSON... WE HAVE TO TALK.
WHO--?
A FRIEND. I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING THROUGH.
I CAN HELP.
NO!
SHE'S FRIGHTENED, RUNNING. NO PROBLEM CATCHING HER, BUT HOW CAN I MAKE HER SEE THE TRUTH?
SHE'S A VICTIM OF HER PAST. IN MANY WAYS WE ALL ARE...
5


CRIMSON, YOU CAN'T RUN FOR-EVER.
YOU NEED HELP.
SO DID MOMMA.
WHERE WERE YOU THEN?
WITH YOU, CRIMSON. JUST LIKE NOW.
YOU'RE LYING! AND YOU CAN BURN... JUST LIKE THE OTHERS!
MAYBE, BUT IT'LL TAKE MORE THAN A BURNING TORCH!
I DON'T BURN EASY. NOT LIKE A CHILD CONSUMED WITH GUILT AND SELF-HATE.
THERE ARE PEOPLE WHO WILL CARE FOR YOU... AND ABOUT YOU... IF YOU'LL GIVE THEM THE CHANCE.
TRUST THEM, CRIMSON... TRUST ME... FOR ONCE IN YOUR LIFE.
THEN...
HELP!
OH, NO...!
6


I THOUGHT THAT BUILDING HAD BEEN CLEARED! GET A HOOK AND LADDER CREW UP THERE ON THE DOUBLE!
AYE, SIR. WE'LL DO WHAT WE CAN, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK GOOD.
"ONLY A DEVIL WOULD DARE THAT BLAZE!"
HAD TO LET CRIMSON GO.
THIS IS MORE IMPORTANT.
GOT TO FIND THAT LITTLE GIRL.
FAST.
NO EASY CHORE... EVEN WITH HYPER-SENSES. HEAT'S UNBEARABLE. SMOKE'S SO THICK IT'S HARD TO BREATHE.
BUT I WON'T GIVE UP. NOT AS LONG AS THERE'S THE SLIGHTEST CHANCE TO--
THERE--BEHIND THAT DOOR!
BUT AM I IN TIME? SHE ISN'T MOVING...
...AND I CAN'T HEAR HER HEARTBEAT OVER THE ROAR OF THE FIRE!
7

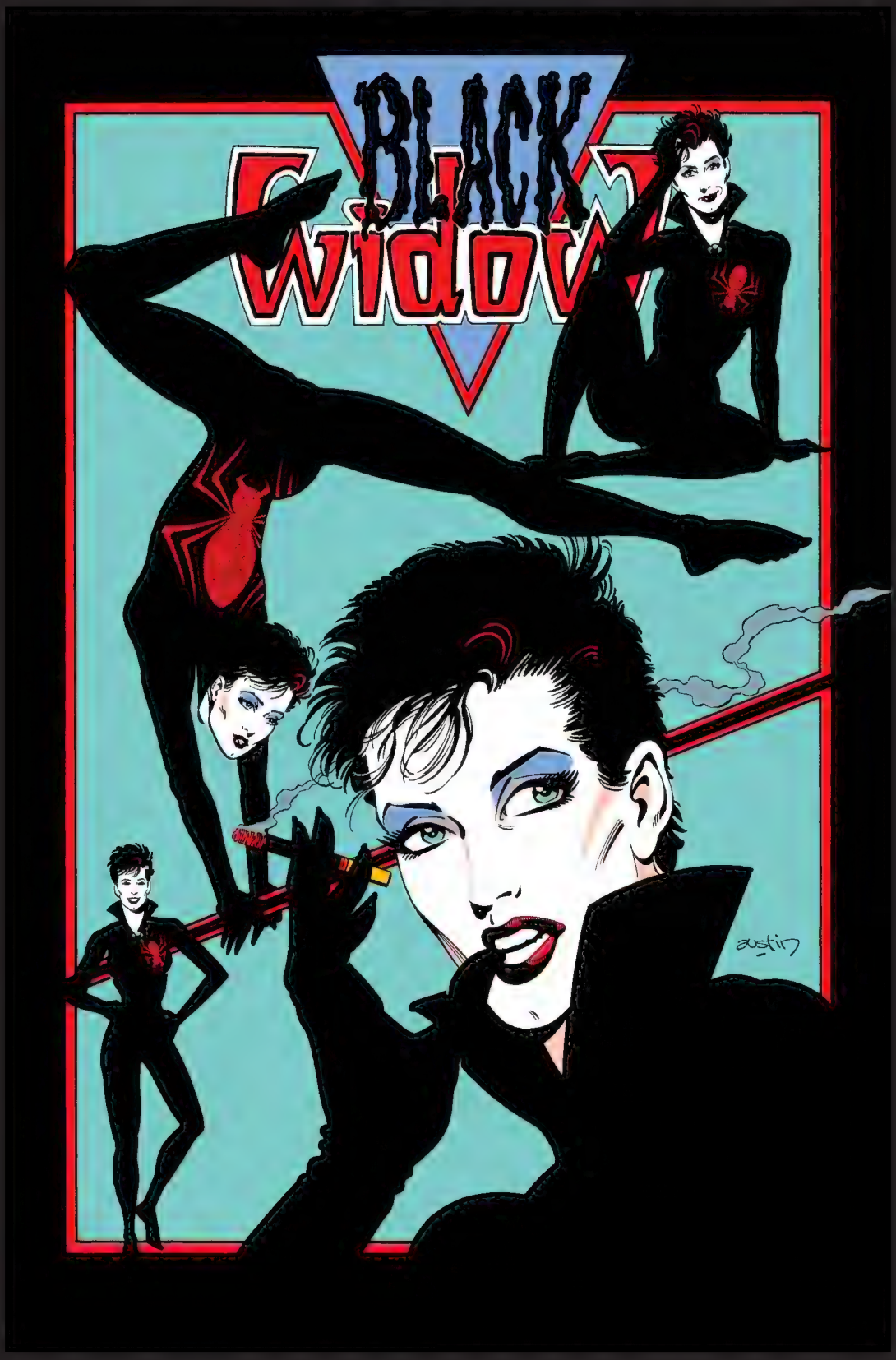

SHE'S ALIVE. BARELY.
SMOKE'S SUFFOCATING HER.
MOUTH-TO-MOUTH RESUSCITATION'S HER ONLY HOPE NOW. COME ON, LITTLE ANGEL... BREATHE!
I DON'T INTEND TO CARRY A CORPSE OUT OF HERE.
THERE--I'M GETTING A HEART BEAT!
WAIT--ABOVE ME! I HEAR SOMETHING FALLING!
SHE'LL BE CRUSHED UNLESS--
THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR MOVES QUICKLY...
...BUT NOT QUICKLY ENOUGH.
THE BURNING TIMBER HITS HARD, BRINGING TEARS TO SIGHTLESS EYES...
...AND A SLENDER, BLACK-CLAD FIGURE TO HIS SIDE!
CRIMSON... DON'T WASTE TIME ON ME. PLEASE... SAVE THE CHILD...
AND LEAVE YOU TO DIE... LIKE MOMMA DIED? I CAN'T. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
YOU RISKED YOUR LIFE FOR ANOTHER. YOU... CARED...
SO DID MOMMA...
THERE MAY BE HOPE FOR CRIMSON YET.
DON'T WORRY, YOU'RE SAFE NOW. THE FIRE WON'T HURT YOU EVER AGAIN.
I WON'T LET IT.
THIS WAY... HURRY!
WE HAVE TO REACH THE STAIRS BEFORE--
8


BUT... FIRE'S SPREAD TOO FAR. WE CAN'T GO DOWN...
...SO WE GO UP... TO THE ROOF.
INCREDIBLE ...CRIMSON MOVES THROUGH THIS INFERNO LIKE SHE'S A PART OF IT.
WOODEN STEPS POP AND CRACKLE BEHIND THEM AS THEY RACE THE HUNGRY FLAMES...
...ONLY TO FIND... FIRE DOOR'S LOCKED FROM THE OUTSIDE.
BUT NOT FOR LONG.
BLAMM!
CRIMSON, I CAN CARRY BOTH OF YOU.
NO, I'LL SLOW YOU DOWN. DON'T ARGUE WITH ME... THERE ISN'T TIME. THE CHILD NEEDS MEDICAL ATTENTION.
BESIDES, THE FIRE AND I ARE OLD FRIENDS...
DEADLY FRIENDS, CRIMSON.
I'LL BE BACK FOR YOU.
BUT, EVEN AS DAREDEVIL SWINGS TO SAFETY...
...THE FLAMES REACH OUT TO EMBRACE THEIR OWN...
...THEIR FIRECHILD.
9


HERE, TAKE HER. SEE SHE GETS AID.
I HAVE TO--
CRIMSON!
DAREDEVIL, NO! STAY BACK!
CRIMSON'S IN THERE! SHE NEEDS ME! LET ME GO!
LET ME GO!
IT'S TOO LATE, DAREDEVIL. THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO.
NOT NOW.
MEMORIES FLOOD HIM... LEAVING ONLY ASHES...
ASHES THAT STILL SMOLDER SEVERAL HOURS LATER...
THE FIRE'S OUT, DAREDEVIL. AND THE LITTLE GIRL'S DOING FINE.
WHAT ABOUT CRIMSON, CHIEF DUTTON?
IF HER BODY'S HERE, WE HAVEN'T BEEN ABLE TO FIND IT.
I DOUBT WE EVER WILL...
HER NAME WAS ASH. CRIMSON ASH.
THERE WAS FIRE IN HER HEART BUT SHE WAS COLD AS ICE.
OR SO THE STORY GOES...

Marvel Fanfare #18 (January 1985) Black Widow pinup
by Kevin Nowlan

Marvel Fanfare #18 (January 1985) Black Widow pinup
by Terry Austin



The Marvel Fumetti Book #1 (April 1984) went inside the Marvel Bullpen to highlight *Daredevil* editor Ralph Macchio's penchant for prank calls.

THE PHONE CALL

STARRING: DENNY O'NEIL, LINDA GRANT, RALPH MACCHIO, MIKE CARLIN and BOB HARRAS

IN THE OFFICE OF DENNY O'NEIL...
DENNY-- PHONE CALL!
THANKS, LINDA.
MARVEL COMICS!
YEAH, IS STAN LEE THERE?
I'M SORRY BUT STAN'S OUT IN CALI--
YEAH, ARE YOU GOING TO BE REPRINTING "IT, THE LIVING COLOSSUS"?
WELL, ACTUALLY, THE BOOK NEVER SOLD IN THE FIRST PLACE, SO WE'D HARDLY WANT TO RE--
YEAH, ARE YOU DOING AN ADOPTION OF ROCKY III?
YOU MEAN ADAPTATION. NO, WE'RE N--
YEAH, HOW ABOUT "TEXAS CHAIN-SAW MASSACRE II"?
WE TEND TO AVOID "R" RATED FILMS LOOK, WHO--
YEAH, YOU GONNA RERRINT "CAMELOT 3000"?
WE DIDN'T EVEN DO--!
YOU GUYS KILLING OFF MOON KNIGHT?
WHY IN HEAVEN'S NAME WOULD WE KILL OFF MOON KN--
I SAW "JOHN PAUL II" ON THE STANDS. WHERE CAN I GET "JOHN PAUL I"?
YARRRHH!
AND, IN RALPH MACCHIO'S OFFICE...
YEAH, AND WHAT ABOUT NIGHT NURSE? WHEN YOU BRINGING BACK... HELLO? HELLO? GUESS HE GOT TIRED OF IT, GUYS.
HA HA
HO
HAHAHE HO
DENNY?

STORY: ? PHOTOS: VINCE COLLETTA SPECIAL EFFECTS: ARTHUR ADAMS

Marvel Age #18 (September 1984) interviews writer/editor Dennis O'Neil on his groundbreaking career and then-current work on *Daredevil*, *Iron Man* and more.

The MARVEL AGE Interview: Denny O'Neil

Photo by Michael Weisbrot.

by **Mark Lerer**

Dennis O'Neil *is recognized by his peers and by fans as one of the best editors and writers in the comics field, His career, spanning over eighteen years, has included writing such diverse titles as* ***SPIDER-MAN***, ***SUPERMAN***, ***BATMAN***, ***DR. STRANGE***, ***THE SHADOW***, *and* ***CAPTAIN MARVEL***.

In addition to his editorial duties for ***G.I. JOE***, ***ALPHA FLIGHT***, ***MOON KNIGHT***, ***POWER MAN AND IRON FIST***, *and* ***BIZARRE ADVENTURES***, ***Denny*** *finds time to write* ***DAREDEVIL***, *and chronicle with stunning depth the effects of alcoholism on* ***IRON MAN***. ***IRON MAN*** *has garnered much fan acclaim and media attention as a result. This is nothing new for* ***Denny***, *whose work on* ***GREEN LANTERN*** *for DC in the early 1970's explored social issues such as drug abuse, and garnered him in 1971 the Academy of Comic Book Arts' first award for professional excellence in writing.*

Denny O'Neil *considers himself "an American writer working in comics" rather than a "comic book writer." In addition to TV and movie work, he has published five books, several dozen short stories, and hundreds of articles and reviews including a regular media column for* ***EPIC ILLUSTRATED***. *He has worked as a reporter, Navy journalist, radio commentator, and consulting editor for Ballantine Books' mystery line. He has lectured at dozens of colleges and universities and recently contributed articles to the prestigious "Historia de los Comics" published in Barcelona.*

In his spare time, ***Denny*** *enjoys Eastern philosophy, distance running and backgammon. He lives in Greenwich Village and has no cat.*

In recent issues of ***IRON MAN*** *it has appeared that* ***Tony Stark*** *may be on the road to recovery. Is he going to be all right?*

To be realistic, he's never going to be completely out of the woods. Alcoholism is a fatal disease for which there is no cure. Unlike other fatal diseases, alcoholism can be permanently arrested, but an alcoholic who gives up drinking can never drink again without once more suffering the full effects of the disease. In fact, the disease progresses so that if **Tony Stark** remains dry for ten years and then takes a drink, he'll suffer the increased damage as if he'd been drinking all those years. Only the proper help can keep alcoholism from killing you. So while **Tony** is indeed on the way to recovery, he will have to remain careful for the rest of his life.

What kind of a man is ***Stark****?*

He's brilliant, but not philosophical. **Iron Man** is a purely technological character, and **Stark**, who created **Iron Man**, reminds me of **Howard Hughes** in some respects. I've been doing a lot of reading on computer science to try to figure out how a lot of these guys think. His relationship, say, to **Captain America**, is like the relationship between a bright young computer whiz and his grandfather. These two men are close politically and socially, and they have a lot of mutual respect and love for each other, but probably not a lot to talk about!

Tony's natural impulse is to do good — that's why he used the **Iron Man** identity for good — but most of his life **Stark** has accepted the conventional notions of "good" without questioning them or developing his own set of values.

Many of us remember ***Tony Stark*** *as cool, invulnerable — a man who had it all together!*

I see the character differently. I've been following **Iron Man** since he starred in **TALES OF SUSPENSE**. In all my years as a writer of comics stories — I've written close to a thousand by now — I have never explored a char-

acter in such depth. I spent the last year just plumbing the depth of **Tony's** soul.

I always considered his wealth, fame, good looks, and all his glamorous accoutrements as a front, a way of keeping everyone at a distance. My impression from early on was that **Stark** hid behind his wealth and status as he hid behind his armor. He's always been the lonely hero in the Marvel Universe. He's gone through one relationship after another with women, and he never had any close male friends until he met **Rhodey**. He's been a profoundly lonely man.

Well, the devastating experience of losing his fortune because of alcoholism will change **Stark** a bit. Taking the responsibility for seeking help was **Tony's** first step in taking down the defenses and becoming honest with himself. Once you become honest about a drinking problem you tend to become honest about many other things. The Alcoholics Anonymous program insists that you become honest about who you are. Taking responsibility for alcoholism, the program explains, is the first step in taking responsiblity for your own life.

If **Stark** can regain his rich and glamorous life, he may have many of the same things he had before, but now he'll be aware of exactly what they are. Instead of the wealth using *him*, *he'll* be using *it*.

The **Erwins** are going to become very important friends to him. They're people he'll find he can talk to. **Clytemnestra** will become a crucial character in **IRON MAN** this year. She'll help **Tony** clarify a lot of his thinking and his decisions as he begins the next chapter of his life. And, of course, keep your eyes on **Rhodey**.

*Will **Iron Man** get back together with **The Avengers**?*

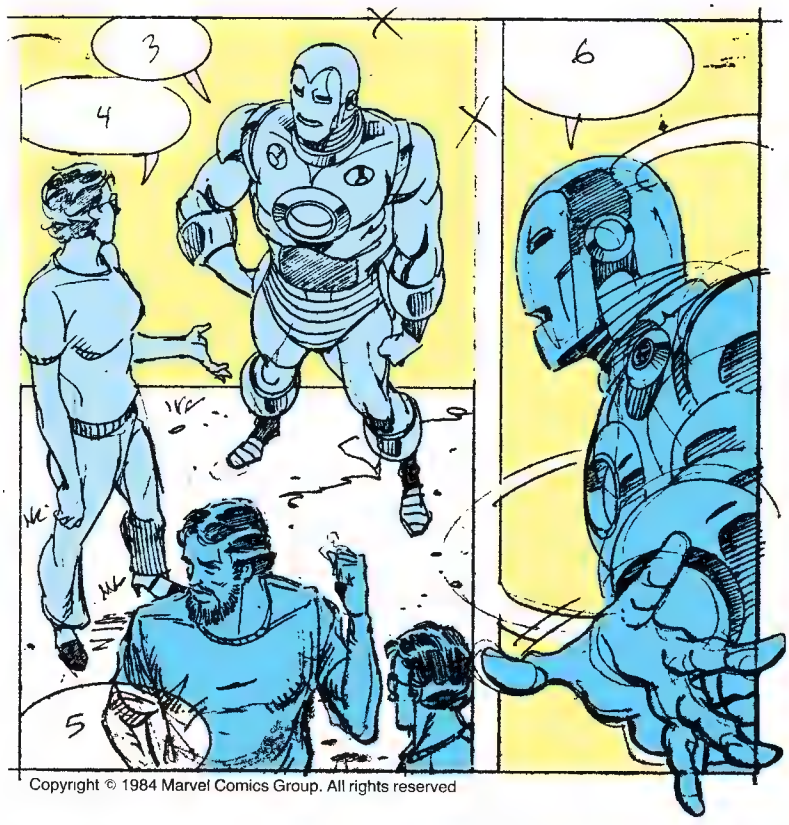
I don't know.

*The other character you write now, **Daredevil**, is quite a bit different from **Iron Man**, is he not?*

As opposed to **Iron Man**, Marvel's most technological character, **Daredevil** is our most humanist character. **DD** is a "right-side-of-the-brain" guy. He works on an intuitive level. If he ever stopped to *think* about where the flagpole was when he leapt off the top of a building, he'd fall and break his neck!

In upcoming stories, we'll shed a lot of light on **Daredevil's** super powers. Just how *does* **Daredevil** get around? "Radar" is a misnomer. Radar is actually a process of emitting a sound which bounces off an object and reports the object's position. But **Daredevil** senses the rhythms of the city differently. It's as if he becomes one with the city. He almost operates in a trance, wearing the city like a skin.

Daredevil seems to have an



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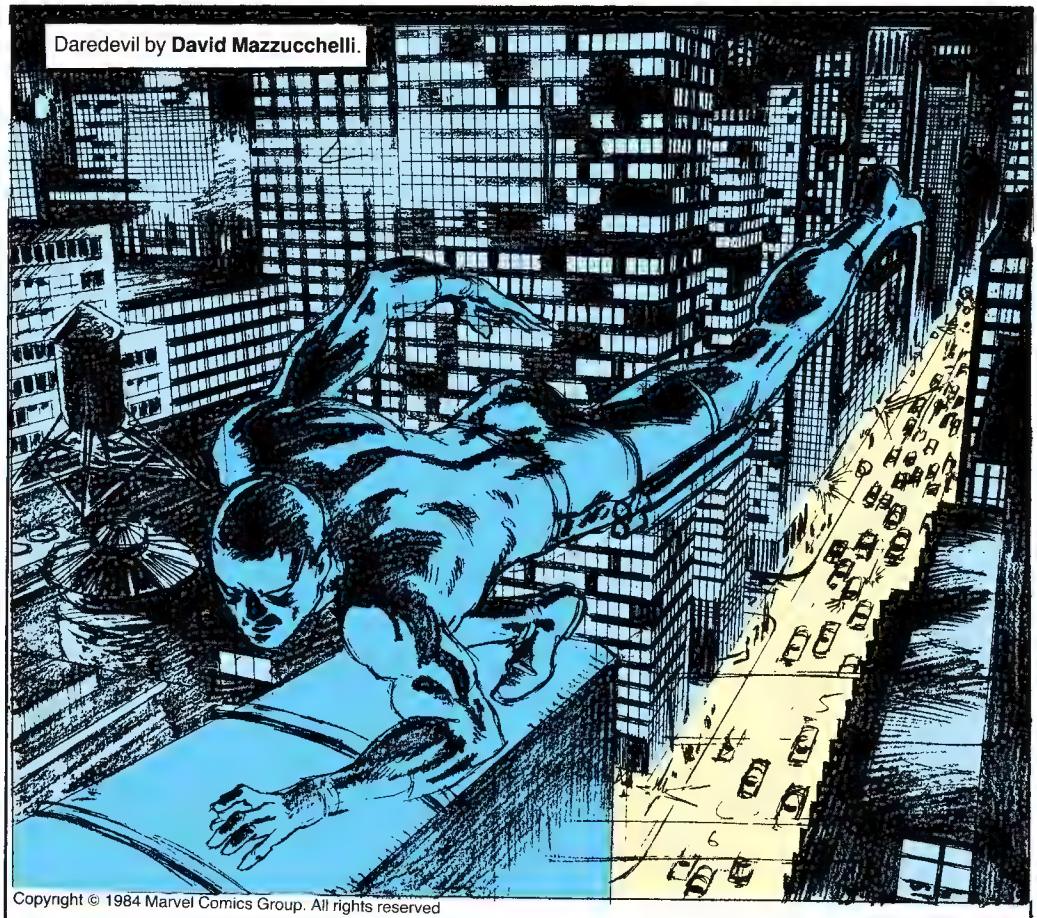

Daredevil by **David Mazzucchelli**.

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extremely refined attribute which Tai-Chi masters call a proximity sense. Tai-Chi is a form of meditation and exercise which originated in China and which has martial arts applications. One of its training techniques involves putting a subject in a dark room and asking him to describe his position with respect to his surroundings. **DD** kind of has the Tai-Chi flowing with his environment. His perfect balance and timing seem to rest on his instinctive knowledge of exactly where he is. That's what makes him extraordinary.

*That's all very interesting, but **Daredevil** never studied Tai-Chi.*

Didn't he? For the longest time, I've suspected that somewhere in **Daredevil's** past he may have gone off to study such a discipline. I think there's an untold **Daredevil** story floating around. I'll let you in on a secret — I've had an idea for a Graphic Novel in my head, perhaps to be called "Young **Daredevil**."

*Besides exploring the nature of his powers, what else does this year have in store for **Daredevil**?*

Matt's life will change significantly in the coming months. We're going to find out what his real problems are. One of his greatest personal conflicts is that **Matt Murdock** is a lawyer while **Daredevil** is a vigilante. This is a contradiction that **Frank Miller** examined in issue #181, and I'm going to give my own answer this year.

*Will **Matt** give up his law practice?*

It could happen.

Would he give up super heroing?

Oh, I don't think so. **Matt** needs to be a super hero a lot more than he needs to be a lawyer.

*What about **Foggy** and **Debbie**?*

There are going to be some traumatic changes in the lives of these characters. It's only natural. **Debbie** has betrayed **Foggy** and **Matt** out in the open, and the consequences must out. They may get divorced. They may reconcile. I can't say any more at this point.

The most exciting thing about **DAREDEVIL** these days is our new penciler, **David Mazzucchelli**. I just came back from a two hour lunch with **David**, and I'm really excited by the ideas he has. He's really bright, and he literally gets better from page to page. He doesn't draw a panel without thinking of the needs of the story. He's contributing a lot to **DAREDEVIL**, and it's all terrific.

*You've worked with many artists in your career. Describe your approach to writing a book like **IRON MAN** or **DAREDEVIL**.*

I usually have a vague idea of

FORTNEY.. DID THIS TO ME...FORTNEY MUST PAY!
ELSEWHERE...
WHERE YOU HEADING, JIM?
THE OIL RIG. WHERE ELSE WOULD I BE GOING?
YOU REALLY THINK THAT'S A GOOD IDEA? TO INTERFERE WITHOUT KNOWING EXACTLY WHAT THE SITUATION IS? ALL WE HAVE ARE A FEW SCRAPS OF INFORMATION FROM THE NEWSCAST--
LISTEN, TONY--
I'M HANDLING THE HERO CHORES THESE DAYS. YOU MIGHT WANNA WRITE THAT DOWN SOMEPLACE SO YOU REMEMBER IT
SURE.
THERE I GO AGAIN, MOUTHING OFF TO MY BEST FRIEND, THE MAN WHO MADE ME WHAT I AM TODAY.
YOU'RE ALL CLASS, MR RHODES.
WHAT'S WITH HIM?
I GUESS HE'S GOT A LOT TO PROVE

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What does the future hold for **Tony Stark** and **Iron Man**? Upcoming issues will continue the drama, with surprises!

where the characters are emotionally about six months in advance. For example, I had **Tony's** descent into alcoholism in my head about six months before it happened. Until recently, I would come up with a situation first and then write the characters into it. Now, though, I'm working in a more traditional literary way, starting first with the characters and having the story come naturally from them. **Tony Stark's** being an alcoholic, for example, dictated that certain events would happen. There's an old axiom, "character is action."

Then, say, **Mark Gruenwald** and I will go to an Indian Restaurant and talk out the plot over dinner. **Mark** contributes a great deal to **IRON MAN**. Most of the villains have been his suggestion — although I take credit for **Obadiah Stane**. I like to plot **DAREDEVIL** with **David.**

Why do you write in a complete script?

I like to pace my stories myself. Also, that way I have the option of changing my mind if something occurs to me half way through! **Luke** isn't always available for plotting, but ideally I'd like to plot every story in the presence of the artist who was going to draw it. Some artists like to contribute to the plotting and some don't. Some are content to get the story, to go home, and draw it. As far as I'm concerned, the more the artist is involved, the better. Still, every collaboration has different rules and I tailor the working relationship to the artist.

It usually takes me about three meetings to get to know a new artist. I enjoy working with **David** and **Luke** because they're "thinking artists" who take into account the needs of the story. Things like what clothes a character would wear, his characteristic gestures, his posture, and what the interior of his apartment looks like are vital to characterization and storytelling. Even when the artist works from a full script he provides all the story information except for the purely verbal. Comics have a reputation for being simplistic but they are far more complex to write than straight prose and only work when all the elements integrate.

A good artist or writer must know the rules of the craft, which we discard when there's a reason to. The greatest comics artists are those who create a world you can believe in. Outside the mainstream companies today, that would include guys like **George Herriman**, **Carl Barks**, **Milt Caniff**, **Walt Kelly**, **Will Eisner**, and **Charles Schulz**. Comics fans often leave out **Charles Schulz** from their discussions, but he's created a wonderful and believable world! I'd define art as a unique way of viewing the world combined with the technical skill to make others see that vision.

*Many of the books you edit are undergoing developments. We've already covered **G.I. JOE** and **ALPHA FLIGHT** in recent issues of **MARVEL AGE MAGAZINE**. Tell us about the new plans for **MOON KNIGHT.***

MOON KNIGHT, THE FIST OF KHONSHU #1 goes on sale soon. As you know, this hero will be undertaking a completly new direction. We've reconceptualized him from the ground up. He'll have new weapons and a modified costume. **Marc Spector** has a new profession. He'll be an art dealer, lending an international jet-set flavor to the mystical adventures he has as **Moon Knight**. Some of the supporting cast will depart. Furthermore, there will be a major rift between **Marc** and **Marlene** in the first issue.

No other hero operates like **Moon Knight** will. Three blind

monks in Egypt once a month become aware of an evil presence which threatens the spirit of **Khonshu**. They call upon **Moon Knight** regularly to combat such an evil — but **Moon Knight** doesn't always want to! They don't have total control over him — nor does he always have complete say in the matter.

Alan Zelenetz will write the new series. We've selected a brand new surprise artist from half a dozen whom we auditioned for the strip. Oh, and newcomers need not worry — we'll be retelling **Moon Knight's** origin.

*What's up in **POWER MAN AND IRON FIST**?*

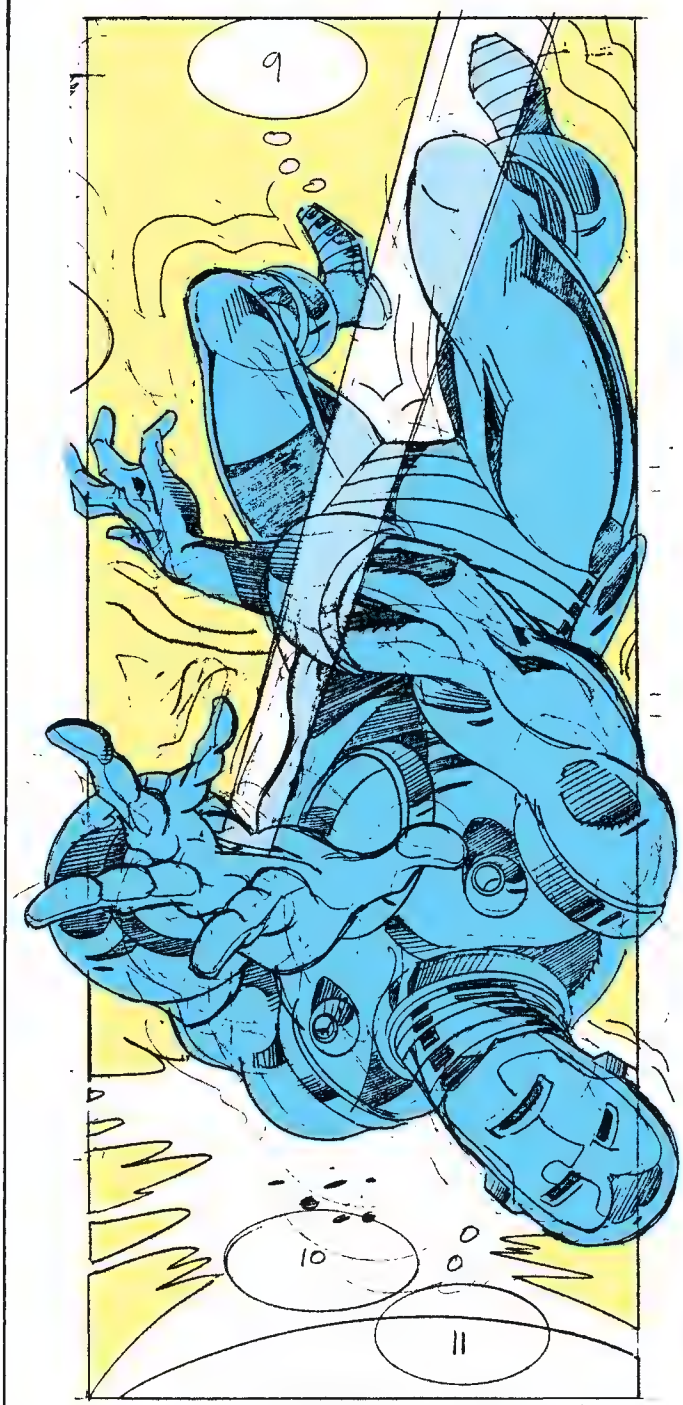
This title has a new writer, **Jim Owsley**. I predict that within two years he'll be one of the best writers working in comics. His prose is witty and musical, and he's learning plotting very well and very quickly. I suppose that I'll serve as **Jim's** teacher for about six months, after which time I'll have nothing left to teach him. He's got new ideas, a new style, and entirely new notions of who the characters are. It's a pleasure to be working with him.

*How about **BIZARRE ADVENTURES**?*

Ah, yes. There will be three issues of **BIZARRE ADVENTURES** this year. Look for "Strange Beasts" by **Chris Claremont** and **Michael Golden**, a "Revenge" issue, and once again a "Hate the Holidays" issue, this time hitting *all* the holidays, not just Christmas. **BIZARRE ADVENTURES** is our maverick book. We like to keep it, shall we say, non-commercial in nature!

*Finally, a question about your career in comics. From your award-winning work in the early 1970's to today's **IRON MAN**, realism and social issues have been concerns of your writing. Can comics be a vehicle for serious treatment of social issues?*

Well, introducing current events into my stories is natural for me because my training was in journalism and I still do reporting occasionally. I think it's something we ought to try from time to time. Anything we *can* do, we ought to do. ●



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Marvel Age #14 (May 1984) highlighted David Mazzucchelli's soon-to-be historic *Daredevil* debut and teased Harlan Ellison's return to Marvel.

NEWSWATCH

Gusts and gales to spin your weathervane!

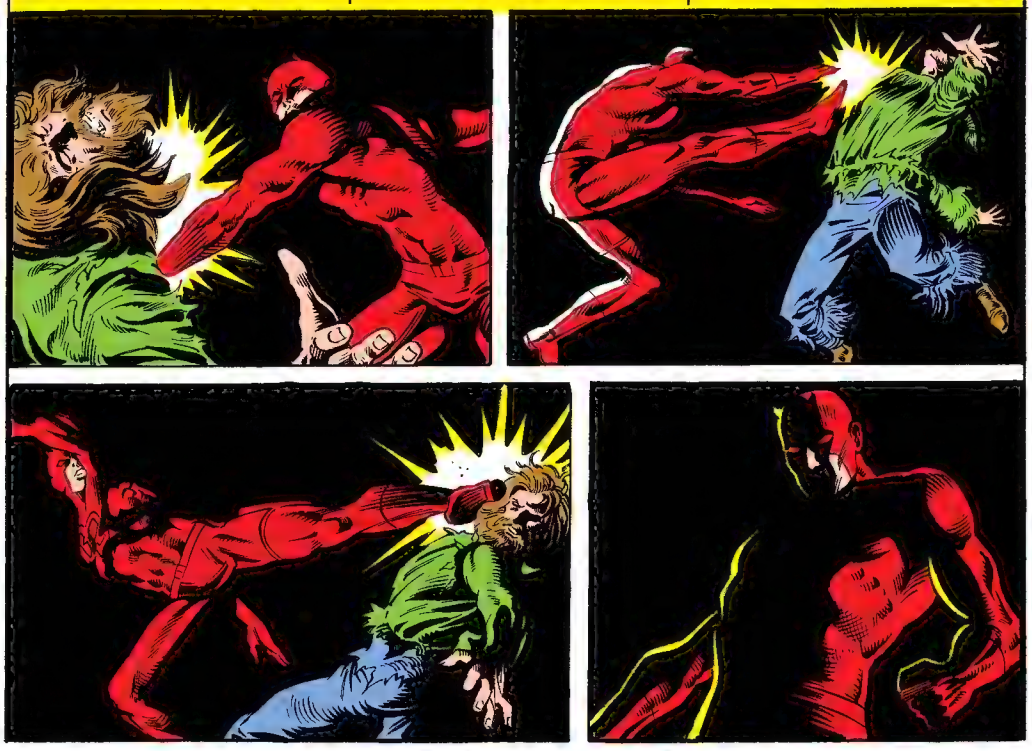
ITEM! Welcome aboard **Steve Saffel**! Steve is Marvel's new Assistant Promotion Manager, replacing **Lea Sapp**, who left our hallowed halls last November. A native of West Virginia, **Steve** has a bachelor's degree in journalism from West Virginia University. In additon to his background in public relations, **Steve** is a comics fan from way back. He's organized and consulted to numerous conventions in both the comics and science fiction fields! "My major interest has always been comics," confesses **Steve**, "and I've been reading Marvel comics for as long as I can remember. I've always felt that comics held great artistic potential, and Marvel has always made the best use of it! Now I have the opportunity to be a part of that effort." Best of luck, **Steve**!

ITEM! It *had* to happen! Editor in Chief **Jim Shooter** will be at the mercy of his peers when **Bob Layton** hosts "The Jim Shooter Roast" at the Atlanta Comic Festival this February! Inspired by the now-classic **FANTASTIC FOUR ROAST**, the event will feature **Tom DeFalco**, **Mike Zeck**, **John Beatty**, **John Byrne**, **John Romita, Jr.**, **Bob McLeod**, and **Butch Guice** offering their insights and quips about the world's tallest comic book editor! It all happens Saturday, February 12, at 6 p.m., at the Howard Johnson's Motor Lodge at 10th Street and Interstate 75 85 in Atlanta, Georgia, and it's one of many exciting activities planned by Festival Chairman **Herb McCaulla**. Persons (or alien beings) interested in attending the convention should contact Glenwood Distributors, 2997 North Decatur Road, Decatur, Georgia 30033. All *we* can say is . . . Big **Jim** has no idea what he's in for!

ITEM! There are some big surprises in store for **DAREDEVIL**! First, the adventures of our blind swashbucklin' super hero have a new penciler! He's **David Mazzuchelli**, and we think you'll find his interpretation of ol' **Hornhead** to be pretty amazing! Next, editor **Bob Budiansky** and assistant editor **Mike Higgins** have all but finished up the deal of the century — to get a world famous author to write a **D.D.** adventure! But the deal isn't completly final yet — so we're not allowed to tell you who it is! Which means, you'll have to just *keep reading*!

ITEM! Congratulations to **Jo Duffy** and **Laurie Sutton**! They've been promoted to Managing Editor and Associate Editor, respectively, of the Epic Comics Line! It's all part of the exciting expansion of the Epic department, so that overworked Editorial Director **Archie Goodwin** can keep up with all the great new series that Epic will be producing in 1984! Also welcome **Arlene Puentes**, Epic's newest editorial assistant! If you think that this talented group of people is going to put together some of the most extraordinary comics of all time — you guessed right!

ITEM! That's all for now, gang! Westward, ho!



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Daredevil #209 page 1 original art
by David Mazzucchelli & Danny Bulanadi

DAREDEVIL 209 1
Stan Lee PRESENTS: DAREDEVIL, THE MAN WITHOUT FEAR!™
LAST NIGHT DAREDEVIL WAS ALMOST IMPALED ON A WALL OF SPIKES, SWAM OUT OF A POOL OF QUICKSAND, DANCED UP A ROW OF MACHETE BLADES, AND--NOT INCIDENTALLY--CONQUERED HIS GREATEST FEARS.
TONIGHT HE'S RECUPERATING!
MY ACHING BACK! IF I WERE ANY STIFFER, I'D BE RESTING UP IN THE MORGUE.
WHAT'S THAT? SOMEONE RUNNING?
KA BOOM
BLAST FROM THE PAST!
From an idea by HARLAN ELLISON
ARTHUR BYRON COVER
WRITER
DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI
PENCILER
DANNY BULANADI
INKER
JOE ROSEN
LETTERER
CHRISTIE SCHEELE
COLORIST
BOB BUDIANSKY
EDITOR
JIM SHOOTER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

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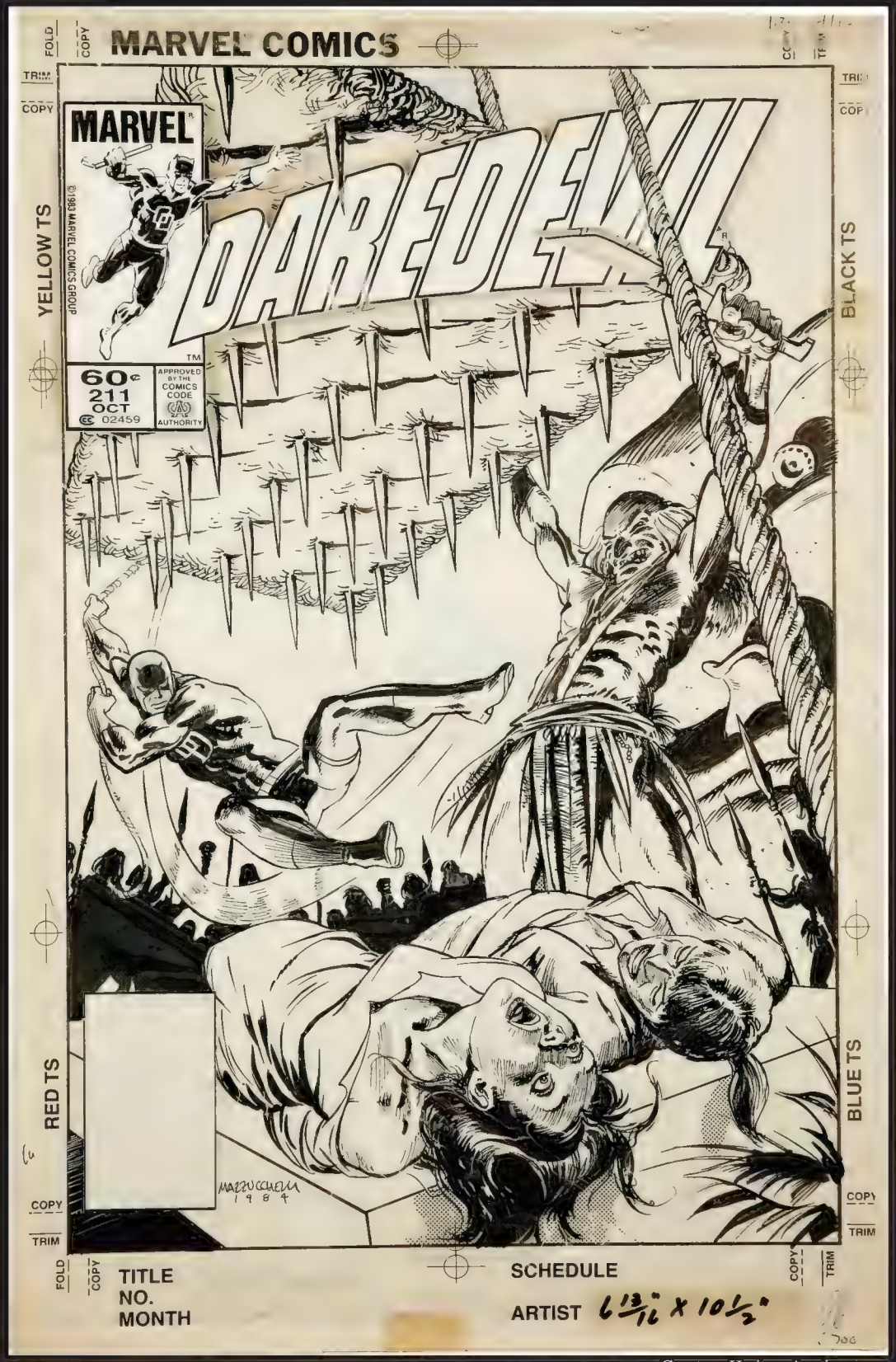
Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #211 cover original art
by David Mazzucchelli



Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #211 page 17 original art
by David Mazzucchelli & Danny Bulanadi

DAREDEVIL
211
22
22
AND I CAN HEAR CHOPPERS CIRCLING OVERHEAD.
IT'S A CINCH THE PLACE IS BATHED IN LIGHT, TOO.
FOR HOURS I'VE BEEN DASHING AROUND IN A PANIC...BLEEDING ALL OVER TOWN...SCURRYING LIKE A FRIGHTENED ANIMAL...
...GETTING NOWHERE. GOT TO RELAX, REFLECT, UNDERSTAND...
EXACTLY 500 YARDS AWAY...
OH THE VIKAH, THE SACRIFICES ARE READY.
CLAP
WE BEGIN.

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #212 page 10 original art
by David Mazzucchelli & Danny Bulanadi

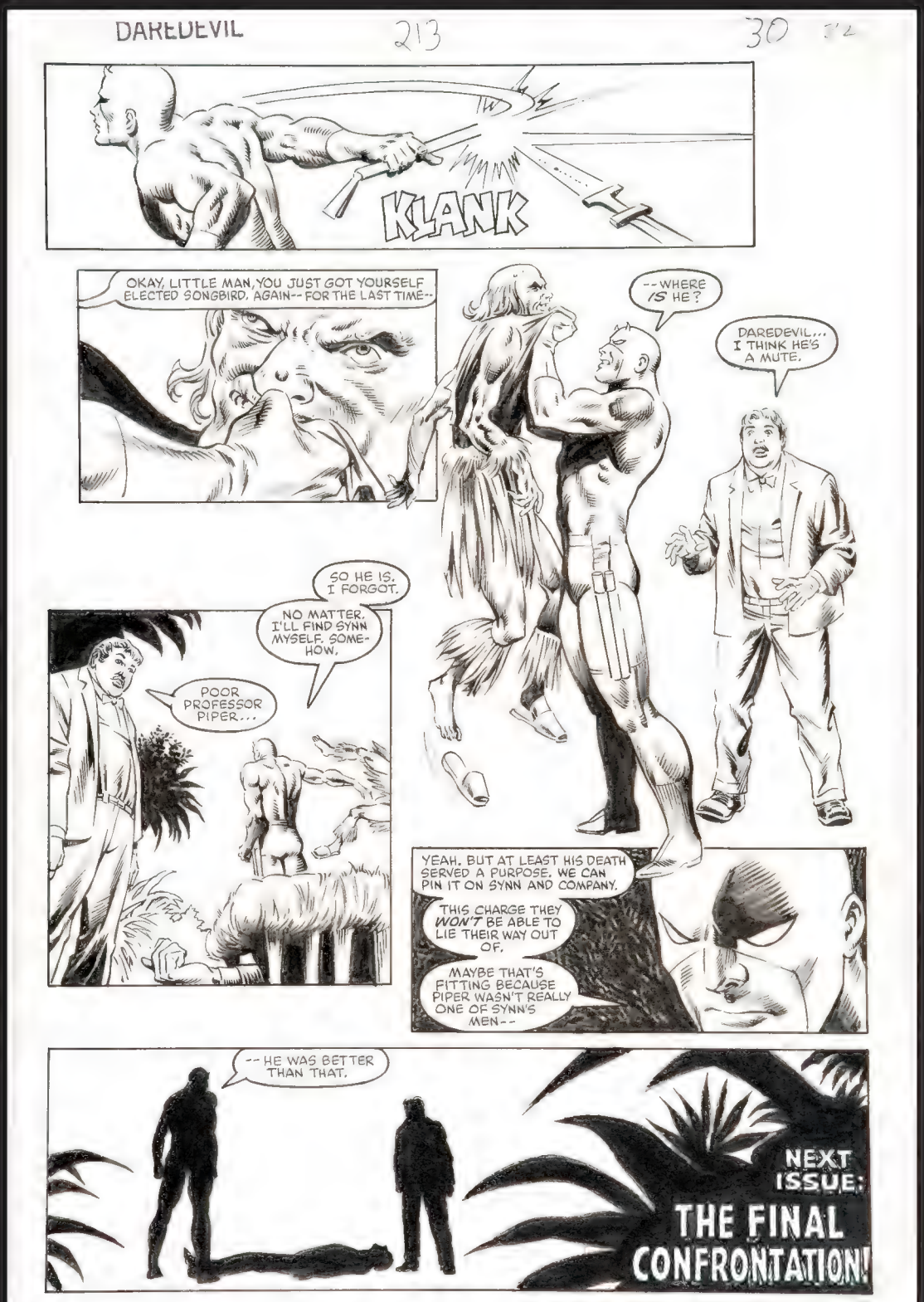
DAREDEVIL
THE KINGPIN SAID SYNN'S BOYS WILL BE RECEIVING A PAYOFF HERE TONIGHT... PROTECTION MONEY.
A ZOO! APPROPRIATE ...CONSIDERING WHERE THE KINGORGE COME FROM!
CITY ZOO
IT'S A BIG PLACE...GOT TO LOCATE THEM.
SCRAPE OF CLOTH AGAINST CLOTH/MOVEMENT/SMELL OF PROCESSED FOOD--
THIS WAY!
ZOO
YER SURE THIS IS OKAY WIT' THE KINGPIN?
GIVE--
--TO ME!
THIS, GENTLEMEN, IS KNOWN AS EVIDENCE!
CONSIDER YOURSELVES UNDER CITIZEN'S ARREST!
2
3
4
1

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #212 page 11 original art
by David Mazzucchelli & Danny Bulanadi

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #213 page 22 original art
by David Mazzucchelli & Danny Bulanadi


DAREDEVIL
213
30
KLANK
OKAY, LITTLE MAN, YOU JUST GOT YOURSELF ELECTED SONGBIRD, AGAIN-- FOR THE LAST TIME--
--WHERE IS HE?
DAREDEVIL... I THINK HE'S A MUTE.
SO HE IS. I FORGOT.
NO MATTER. I'LL FIND SYNN MYSELF. SOMEHOW.
POOR PROFESSOR PIPER...
YEAH. BUT AT LEAST HIS DEATH SERVED A PURPOSE. WE CAN PIN IT ON SYNN AND COMPANY.
THIS CHARGE THEY WON'T BE ABLE TO LIE THEIR WAY OUT OF.
MAYBE THAT'S FITTING BECAUSE PIPER WASN'T REALLY ONE OF SYNN'S MEN--
--HE WAS BETTER THAN THAT.
NEXT ISSUE:
THE FINAL CONFRONTATION!

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

Daredevil #214 page 19 original art
by David Mazzucchelli

DAREDEVIL
214
25
WHA'D I DO?
SYNN...THE WINDOW--!
YES.
I KILL YOU LATER.
ROTTING TIMBERS AREN'T DAMP ENOUGH TO RETARD THE FLAMES YET.
WALTER IS NO REAL THREAT TO MICAH--NOR MICAH TO HIM.
SO I'M FREE TO--
--CHECK THE OUTSIDE. I THOUGHT I HEARD SOMETHING...
HARD TO BE CERTAIN. THE RAIN IS MUFFLING SOUNDS AND MASKING SMELLS.
THERE. TO THE LEFT--

Courtesy HeritageAuctions.com

BIOGRAPHIES

DENNIS O'NEIL

Dennis O'Neil debuted on the comics scene in the mid-'60s and by the end of the decade forced the mainstream comics world to recognize that comics weren't just for kids anymore. By connecting comic-book adventure to social issues and current events, O'Neil worked to bring super-hero comics in conversation with the culture around them, unlike anyone before.

After taking Stan Lee's Marvel writing test at the behest of fellow Missourian Roy Thomas, Denny's first assignments were scripts on *Modelling With Millie*, *Patsy and Hedy*, *Daredevil* #18 and a stint on *Strange Tales*, including the last Doctor Strange stories drawn by Steve Ditko.

Clearly a talented young man on the move, after a few years honing his craft at Marvel, he took the reins of DC's flagging *Green Lantern* title. Reviving the title by pitting a worldweary, activist Green Arrow and a naïve, aloof Green Lantern against real-world problems like racism and pollution, O'Neil and artist Neal Adams stripped away the typical super-villain threat for a menace that was something more profound. Though the new dramatic thrust of the title wasn't able to stave off cancellation, it is considered a watershed moment today.

While writing Batman stories through much of the 1970s, O'Neil established his reputation as one of this era's elite writers by restoring the character to his roots as the mysterious and sophisticated Dark Knight, an aspect that years of campy treatment had all but destroyed. As his career evolved, he held editorial reins at DC and Marvel, becoming one of the industry's most-respected editors and educators, developing talents like Frank Miller and teaching at New York's School of Visual Arts while continuing to write comics like *The Question*, *Daredevil* and *Azrael* into the late '90s. O'Neil retired from his editorial role in 2001, but remained busy with writing, serving on the Hero Initiative's board and other pursuits until his death in 2020.

DAVID MAZZUCCHELLI

Born in 1960 in Rhode Island, David Mazzucchelli studied painting at the Rhode Island School of Design. He embarked on a career in professional comic book art with a style grounded in the work of Alex Toth, Chester Gould and Hergé. By 1982, a mere two years after receiving a rejection letter from Marvel editor-in-chief Jim Shooter, Mazzucchelli had upped his game enough to earn penciling jobs on *Master of Kung Fu*, *The Further Adventures of Indiana Jones* and *Star Wars*. It was the latter story that caught the eye of *Daredevil* editor Bob Budiansky, who hired Mazzucchelli as ongoing artist of the Man Without Fear. Stepping on board in early 1984, Mazzucchelli began a stint that lasted over two years where his art rapidly progressed in confidence and skill. His tenure with *Daredevil* would bring him together with Frank Miller for the character-defining "Born Again," a story that stripped the character down and raised him back up in gripping fashion. Immediately following "Born Again," Mazzucchelli and Miller collaborated on the equally influential *Batman: Year One*. Mazzucchelli had a small handful of other credits at Marvel after *Daredevil*—penciling an issue of *X-Factor*, a backup story in *Marvel Team-Up Annual* #7 and an Angel story published in *Marvel Fanfare*—which represented his last high-profile work with the company. In 1991, Mazzucchelli joined with his wife, artist Richmond Lewis, to self-publish the comics anthology *Rubber Blanket* that explored more diverse subject matter and a more expressionist style of art. In 2009, Mazzucchelli published the graphic novel *Asterios Polyp*, based on ideas generated for *Rubber Blanket*. Other credits in comics in the '90s include work published in the anthologies *Drawn & Quarterly*, *Zero Zero* and *Snake Eyes*, and the graphic novel *Paul Auster's City of Glass*. Mazzucchelli has also taught art and design at the School of Visual Arts in New York City.

ARTHUR BYRON COVER

Sci-fi/fantasy author and Harlan Ellison protégé Arthur Byron Cover lodged several credits in comics in the 1980s. Cover found early success in writing when he was selected by Ellison to be published in the author's Discovery Series, focusing on emerging talents in sci-fi, published by Pyramid Books. That novel, *Autumn Angels*, would be one of several novels authored by Cover, including *An East Wind*, *The Sound of Winter* and *Planetfall*. Cover co-wrote *Daredevil* #208-209 with Ellison; at DC he scripted *Fury of Firestorm Annual* #2 and the *Space Clusters* graphic novel, and at Comico he wrote a pair of 1988 *Jonny Quest* specials. Cover's animation scripting credits include *The Transformers*, *Defenders of the Earth* and *The Real Ghostbusters*. He also wrote a novelization of the 1980 film *Flash Gordon*, novels set in the Buffyverse (*Night of the Living Rerun*) and in J. Michael Straczynski's *Rising Stars* mythos and was also one of the contributors to George R.R. Martin's Wild Cards, a sci-fi/super-hero shared universe of novel and anthology tales.

HARLAN ELLISON

Since his first published writings in 1955, writer Harlan Ellison (1934-2018), carved himself a career as one of the top authors in "speculative fiction"—a term the writer prefers over the more commonly applied "science fiction." It is this kind of iconoclasm that has made Ellison one of literature's most controversial and flamboyant personalities, but also one of its most prolific multidisciplinarians.

Born in Cleveland, Ohio, Ellison spent little time in university and instead soaked up the experiences of the world, working in fishing, farming, sales and service industries. It was perhaps his lust for the many possibilities that life offered that caused him to take his burgeoning writing talent not just to literature, where he wrote many short stories and novels, but also to the field of journalism, the writing of screenplays and teleplays, and dalliances with the comic-book medium.

The first comics adaptation of an Ellison plot was in *Weird Science-Fantasy* #24, when his short story "Mealtime" was translated into an E.C. classic by Al Feldstein and Al Williamson. In the early '70s, writer Roy Thomas adapted more Ellison short stories in issues of *The Avengers*, *The Incredible Hulk* and *Chamber of Chills*. In each of these tales, Ellison's sophisticated grasp of speculative fiction blended with Stan Lee's Marvel Age style, creating a handful of milestone Marvel comics. Later comics work from Ellison included several indie publishing efforts through the late-'90s, as well as various graphic novels and one-offs from Marvel, DC and other publishers; many of these efforts were adaptations of Ellison stories, and many were wholly original concepts developed for comics.

Ellison won eleven Hugo Awards and five Nebula Awards and received the mantle of Grand Master from the Science Fiction and Fantasy Writers of America.

WILLIAM JOHNSON

William Johnson illustrated *Daredevil* in 1983—84, bridging the Frank Miller and David Mazzucchelli runs on the series. Other credits for Johnson included the final issues of *Shang-Chi, Master of Kung Fu*, the 1984 *ROM Annual* and stories in *The Savage Sword of Conan* and *The Transformers*.

LUKE McDONNELL

Luke McDonnell broke into comics in 1981 at Marvel, drawing three issues of *Star Trek* as well as issues of *Iron Man*, *The Spectacular Spider-Man* and *The Amazing Spider-Man*. In 1982, he became the series regular artist on *Iron Man*. His three-year tenure included the historic passing of the mantle of Iron Man from Tony Stark to James "Rhodey" Rhodes. McDonnell also penciled issues of *Daredevil*, *Star Wars* and *The New Defenders* before departing Marvel for DC in 1985. There, he penciled the final sixteen issues of the Detroit-era *Justice League of America*. He went straight from that to the biggest milestone in his career: the creation of *Suicide Squad* with writer John Ostrander. McDonnell would draw the first 24 issues of the series featuring a team of super villains working for international law enforcement; he returned a year later for another eight-issue run. During his time on *Suicide Squad*, McDonnell also penciled a spin-off miniseries starring Deadshot and drew several issues of Jim Starlin's *Dreadstar* at First Comics, after which he launched a thirteen-issue run of DC's adaptation of Lee Falk's newspaper comic hero the Phantom. His 1990s work was mostly for DC, though he did draw a pair of *What If?* stories at Marvel. In 2012, McDonnell returned to comics as a colorist for IDW's *Popeye*.

ROGER McKENZIE

Kentucky-born Roger McKenzie began scripting comics in 1976 on Warren mags *Vampirella*, *Creepy* and *Eerie*. Influenced by both mystery and sci-fi writers, McKenzie was soon at Marvel adapting Battlestar Galactica for *Marvel Super Special* and picking up the reins of *Daredevil*. Several of his first issues were drawn by legendary *Daredevil* artist Gene Colan, but it was Frank Miller's debut in the title's 158th issue that gave McKenzie his most timeless collaborator. While he wrote the first year of Miller's *Daredevil*, McKenzie was also the ongoing writer of *Battlestar Galactica* and *Captain America*. During his tenure on the latter title, McKenzie and artist collaborator Don Perlin devised the plot of Captain America running for president. Later writer Roger Stern deployed the idea to much acclaim, making sure to credit McKenzie and Perlin for their inspiration. McKenzie's DC credits include *Men of War*, *Weird War Tales* and *House of Mystery*. He also premiered the red-headed gunslinger Cinnamon in the pages of *Weird Western Tales*. In the mid-'80s, McKenzie teamed with artist Pat Broderick on Pacific's *Sun Runners* and launched *Next Man* at Comico. McKenzie left the industry in the late '80s.

JACK SPARLING

Born in 1916 in Winnipeg, Manitoba, artist Jack Sparling had a long and varied career in comic illustration. Certain he wanted to be an artist from a young age, Sparling learned to draw at the Arts and Crafts Club of New Orleans, then attended formal art school at the Corcoran College of Art and Design in Washington, D.C. A prolific strip artist during the '40s, Sparling drew *Hap Hopper, Washington Correspondent* and *Claire Voyant*. His journeyman schedule also allowed for various comic projects across all genres for Lev Gleason and Fawcett, and, in the '50s and '60s, Dell (*The Outer Limits*, *Mission Impossible*), Gold Key (*Mighty Samson*) and DC (*House of Secrets*, *The Witching Hour*). His Marvel credits included a Captain America story in *Tales of Suspense* #87, *The X-Men* #30, and an early '80s run on *Ghost Rider*.

Biographies researched and written by John Rhett Thomas

MARVEL MASTERWORKS

THE MARVEL MASTERWORKS LIBRARY PRESENTS THE WORLD'S GREATEST COMIC BOOKS, PAINSTAKINGLY RESTORED FROM THE HIGHEST-QUALITY SOURCES AND WITH THE MOST DILIGENT ARCHIVAL METHODS.

THE GOLDEN AGE

As the Great Depression wore on and the specter of war hung over America, a new storytelling medium was born: the comic book. Within their four-color pages, larger-than-life super heroes could make short work of America's foes, giving readers of all ages hope for victory against the real-life enemies that faced the United States. At the forefront of this new medium was Timely Comics, a young company staffed by such legendary creators as Carl Burgos, Bill Everett, Joe Simon, Jack Kirby and Stan Lee.

GOLDEN AGE ALL-WINNERS VOLS. 1-4
GOLDEN AGE CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-6
GOLDEN AGE DARING MYSTERY VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE MARVEL COMICS VOLS. 1-7
GOLDEN AGE MYSTIC COMICS VOL. 1
GOLDEN AGE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-3
GOLDEN AGE U.S.A. COMICS VOLS. 1-2
GOLDEN AGE YOUNG ALLIES VOLS. 1-2

THE ATLAS ERA

Seeing super heroes waning, Timely Comics evolved into Atlas Comics and took on a vast new range of genres: science-fiction tales of outer space adventures; realistic war comics; buxom jungle heroines; horror comics that would become the center of a moral panic that rocked the industry; and romance comics for the emerging teen audience. Even the classic costumed heroes of the Golden Age retooled to take on the threat of Communism. From Western gunfighters to crime to horror, the Atlas Era had it all!

ATLAS ERA BATTLEFIELD VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA BLACK KNIGHT/YELLOW CLAW VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA HEROES VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA JOURNEY INTO MYSTERY VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA JUNGLE ADVENTURE VOLS. 1-3
ATLAS ERA MENACE VOL. 1
ATLAS ERA STRANGE TALES VOLS. 1-6
ATLAS ERA TALES TO ASTONISH VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA TALES OF SUSPENSE VOLS. 1-4
ATLAS ERA VENUS VOL. 1

THE MARVEL AGE

In August 1961, change hit newsstands: *The Fantastic Four* #1 did not feature the squeaky-clean heroes of yesteryear. They were real characters placed in extraordinary circumstances. They lived together, they fought among themselves — and sometimes, they even lost to the bad guys. This was more than a change in attitude: It was the beginning of something entirely different — the beginning of the Marvel Age of Comics!

Thanks to the fertile imaginations of Stan Lee, Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko and others, an unending list of heroes followed the FF with ever-increasing acclaim and popularity: the Amazing Spider-Man, the Mighty Thor, the Incredible Hulk, Daredevil, Iron Man and the X-Men, to name but a few. These were the Marvel heroes, born of conflict and a continuous struggle to balance human lives with superhuman responsibilities.

THE AMAZING SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-26
ANT-MAN/GIANT-MAN VOLS. 1-3
THE AVENGERS VOLS. 1-25
THE AVENGERS WEST COAST VOL. 1
THE BLACK PANTHER VOLS. 1-3
BROTHER VOODOO VOL. 1
CAPTAIN AMERICA VOLS. 1-16
CAPTAIN MARVEL VOLS. 1-6
THE CHAMPIONS VOL. 1
DAREDEVIL VOLS. 1-19
DAZZLER VOLS. 1-4
DEATHLOK VOL. 1
THE DEFENDERS VOLS. 1-9
DOCTOR STRANGE VOLS. 1-11
THE FANTASTIC FOUR VOLS. 1-26
GHOST RIDER VOLS. 1-6
HOWARD THE DUCK VOLS. 1-2
THE HUMAN TORCH VOLS. 1-2
THE INCREDIBLE HULK VOLS. 1-18
THE INHUMANS VOLS. 1-2
THE INVINCIBLE IRON MAN VOLS. 1-18
IRON FIST VOLS. 1-2
KA-ZAR VOLS. 1-4
KILLRAVEN VOL. 1
LUKE CAGE VOLS. 1-3
THE MAN-THING VOL. 1
MARVEL RARITIES VOL. 1
MARVEL TEAM-UP VOLS. 1-8
MARVEL TWO-IN-ONE VOLS. 1-7
THE MIGHTY THOR VOLS. 1-23
MS. MARVEL VOLS. 1-2
NICK FURY, AGENT OF S.H.I.E.L.D. VOLS. 1-3
NOT BRAND ECHH VOL. 1
OMEGA THE UNKNOWN VOL. 1
RAWHIDE KID VOLS. 1-2
THE SAVAGE SHE-HULK VOLS. 1-2
SGT. FURY VOLS. 1-4
THE SPECTACULAR SPIDER-MAN VOLS. 1-8
SPIDER-WOMAN VOLS. 1-4
THE SILVER SURFER VOLS. 1-2
THE SUB-MARINER VOLS. 1-8
THE TOMB OF DRACULA VOLS. 1-4
THE VISION AND THE SCARLET WITCH VOL. 1
WARLOCK VOLS. 1-2
WEREWOLF BY NIGHT VOLS. 1-3
THE X-MEN VOLS. 1-8
THE UNCANNY X-MEN VOLS. 1-16

KAMIC RIDER
MARIKA